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McCLURE'S

Win-the-War Magazine

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The menace of Hindenburg makes no American tremble. But it makes us grit our teeth and either fight or give! What the Government (which is the people) wants to borrow, we, the people, as individuals will lend.

The menace of Hindenburg shall cease to exist in the world even as a shadow; and we shall return to our individual pursuits under the protection of our national ideal successfully defended; and, please God, other nations, as the result of this struggle, shall join us and our already free Allies in the enjoyment of our blood-bought and blood-held freedom.

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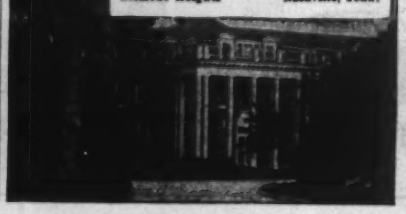

Volume 50 Number 12

McClure's Service Flag

"New Occasions Teach New Duties"

FREDERICK L. COLLINS *President*
HOLLAND S. DUELL *Vice-President*
CONRAD MILLIKEN *Secretary*
ARTHUR S. MOORE *Treasurer*

THIS IS OUR PLEDGE:
to devote the pages of
McCLURE'S WIN-THE-WAR MAGAZINE
to the national service by doing everything we can, in every way we can, to help
WIN THE WAR

Contents for October

McCLURE'S

The Gains of War . Mary Roberts Rinehart 5
Illustrations by Hamlin Gardner

The Hateful Person . . . Holworthy Hall 7
Illustrations by R. M. Crosby

Caught on a German Raider . . F. G. Trayes 9
Illustration by W. H. D. Koerner

The Fate of France [*Poem*] . . Edwin Markham 10

The Hostage . . . . Andrew Soutar 11
Illustration by Grant T. Reynard

"Y" [*Poem*] . . . . . Arthur Guiterman 12
Illustration by Thomas Fogarty

The Great American Smelter Gertrude Atherton 13
Illustration by Tony Sarg

Bluffing the Boche . . "Black Devil" Combe 14

Through the Haze [*Serial*] Porter Emerson Browne 15
Illustration by Clarence F. Underwood

The Stuff of Heroes . Anna Steese Richardson 17
Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty

"I'm Flying To-day!" . . . . W. B. Trites 20

Dummkopf! . . Frederick Irving Anderson 22
Illustration by Charles E. Chambers

Am I the One to Go to France? Grace Humphrey 24

Do You Believe These Things? Cleveland Moffett 27

Unmasking the Slacker . Waldemar Kaempffert 28

With Milk and Honey Blest Mabel Dulon Purdy 36

The Good Angel of the Battle-fields 48

Work or Fight! . . . . Paul Tomlinson 50

Cover by Neysa McMein

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The McClure Publications, 76 Fifth Avenue, New York

Executive and Editorial Offices, Berkeley Building, New York

How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed. I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

****

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"*You can do this just as easily as I do.* Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did: I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years became president of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

> "Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have *enjoyed* the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure *pleasure* all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instruction and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to my mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and *see* instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased earning power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES

While Mr. Jones has chosen the story form for this account of his experience and that of others with the Roth Memory Course, he has used only facts that are known personally to the President of the Independent Corporation, who hereby verifies the accuracy of Mr. Jones' story in all its particulars.

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So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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PROCTER & GAMBLE ESTABLISHED 1837

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Number 12

McCLURE'S

OCTOBER
1918

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

The parasite woman has disappeared since this War began. The idle rich, as a class, have gone. It is no longer fashionable to be idle

The Gains of War

by

Mary Roberts Rinehart

Illustrations by Hamlin Gardner

AT the beginning of the war in Europe, I was greatly amazed to find in England a certain percentage of thoughtful people who persisted in saying that they had needed a war. They went further, some of them, and insisted that war—any war—was good for a country. Our German friend, Bernhardi, you may remember, had the same idea.

These English maintained their position by pointing to the entire disappearance of what they termed the ladi-da youth, who, they mentioned, had been prone to display his ladi-da-ness by wearing pumps on the street. He had doubtless other attributes equally objectionable, but I do not recall them. General uselessness was probably the gist of them.

What they meant was that before the war England had been overrun by a myriad of gilded youths, sons of the rich who formed a parasitic class of their own, assumed indifference as a pose, idleness as a career, and sport as a religion, and were each and all of them heading for perdition at the expense of their parents and the country at large.

The very start of the war saw the passing of the ladi-da boy. In thousands they volunteered. One could see them that first winter, struggling in the muddy parade-grounds of Salisbury Plain, learning the rudiments of their first honest activity in boots that were certainly not even first cousin to pumps; or one met them in France, enduring cheerfully such hardships as once would have set them to howling with the loud, indignant voice of the outraged Britisher.

Suddenly, all at once, they had become men. They fought and died. They flew the perilous airplanes of the early days of war. I saw one, the scion of an old titled family, too short for army requirements, serving as a cook's helper.

England had had the largest leisure class of any country in the world, in proportion to her population. The young women of aristocratic families did not even fasten their own shoes, or draw their own baths. Suddenly there came a change. It ceased to be fashionable to be idle. It became, indeed, a matter for apology and explanation. High heels and white gloves disappeared from the streets. As early as January of the first winter of the war, England ceased using her pleasure cars for that purpose, and began sending wounded soldiers out to ride in them. It became bad form to have elaborate meals or a number of men servants about a house. And in France and in England the young women who had not been equal to drawing their own baths were scrubbing floors and emptying slop-pails.

And this has gone on for four years. A few months of it, and the change might not have been so permanent. But four years of hard labor, whether that labor be fighting, digging trenches in the mud, or scrubbing floors, means a deep and lasting change in the people who have done it. These people will again employ labor, when the war is done, but never again with the complete lack of understanding of other years. They will understand the deadly ache of the laundress over her tubs, the weariness of the laborer in the mill. And they themselves will have learned what they would never have learned in any other way—the joy of service, the sweetness of rest that has been earned.

The same situation confronts *us* to-day. We have had a large parasitic class. A certain number of men, a much larger number of women, have been living the careless, self-indulgent lives of those for whom others have endlessly labored that they may spend and play. We have had huge fortunes, quickly acquired, and with no resultant sense of the responsibility of the wealth. We have had less of that sense of responsibility even than the English, who, having their money mostly in great estates, at least had the welfare of their tenants to consider. France as a republic has never been extravagant. Of all the Allies, only Russia vied with us in the reckless expenditure of the rich, and of what happened to Russia we know well.

The truth is that reckless spending among the leisure classes has always produced revolution. It was the contrast between the extravagance of the French court and the poverty of the masses that overthrew the old

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régime. It was the greed of England for more money to spend, and ever more money, that lost her these Colonies. Russia fell, from the same cause. And before our entrance into the war, we were facing trouble well deserved.

Reckless waste, extravagant display, the ostentation of wealth, were threatening us with moral disintegration. But they were bringing on us something far worse—the overthrow of our stable government. Only those who have watched have seen, in the last ten years, the growing discontent of that vast mass of men, women and children, who have labored that the rich may be more idle; that more women should drive automobiles with a footman beside the chauffeur, that more champagne might be drunk, more jewels sold. And vast, reckless, spendthrift America played on. It made of Fifth Avenue, New York, the show place of the world, and every great city had its Fifth Avenue. The press recorded the movements of the rich from Lenox to Palm Beach. The hotels left their shades undrawn, so that in the evening tired shop-girls paused and peered in, at a world that excited their envy to the point of prostitution. Not so very long ago a laboring man, out of work, heaved a brick through a window of the great dining-room of one of the most famous of these hotels. He was one man; but he was a symbol. That brick bade fair to be epochal.

Then the war came to us. One day we were thinking in terms of dollars and cents. The next day we were thinking in terms of life and death. To some, the awakening from our dream came quickly. To others it drifted slowly. Some met the issue squarely from the start. Some evaded. They would buy immunity with money. They would give everything—but life. But we passed the draft law, and the shadow hung close over every house in the land.

What, then, of reckless America, playing in the sun? What of spendthrift America, wasting and buying and flaunting itself?

Let me speak for a moment of the community in which I lived before this war took away the men of my family. Its story is significant because it represents so many similar communities throughout the country. Also, just as the war, to the man at the front, is not a great thing of millions of men and vast sectors but is a matter of his own small group, so to us war-time America as a whole is too large to grasp. It becomes a matter of our own communities, our own small groups.

A small residence town, outside a great manufacturing city, our population was drawn from the men who had developed the industries of that city to international fame. There was great wealth among some of the families, considerable luxury and ease among the others. It spent its money lavishly. It ran some great houses and many large ones. It was comfortable, respectable, happy, prosperous and leisurely. It played golf, it week-ended, it gave dinners and it danced.

It was a cultured community inclined to be complacent, but fine and essentially made up of that peculiarly American institution, the family. For nowhere else in the world is there a people laying such stress on family life as the American. We do not, even yet, as the British do, send our boys away to school before they are ten. We part with them in their teens, grudgingly. And the French, for all their domesticity, draw the line sharply between parents and children.

So our community worked and played, but always with the family as a sort of working unit.

Then the war came, and our little family groups were threatened. There was no complaining. Among the elders there was a quiet exaltation; a feeling that at last something had come which was bigger than our claims, that if we had meant all the things we had taught our boys we would have to let them go.

Almost immediately there were no boys left. Long before the draft came, they were off, volunteers in the great crusade.

About the year 1100, when the Crusaders had failed to rescue the Holy Sepulchre, a great army of children started from western Europe afoot for Jerusalem. And as they marched their ranks grew. They left each town they passed empty of its youth. Clad in long gray habits each with a red cross on the breast, they marched on their famous crusade against the infidel. And many, many of them never returned.

So this crusade came and took our children. Before that, the war had been in our minds and our hearts. Now it was in our very souls. We must win, that our sacrifices should not be in vain. To win, the community must work. To work, it must organize. The result is that out of a population of 5000, in this town of mine, there are 490 men and boys in the service of their country—an amazing showing.

SOMEONE has called McClure's "the magazine in khaki." It is writers like Mrs. Rinehart who are making it live up to that patriotic name

In this last year, traveling as I have from camp to camp, I have found our men everywhere; boys I had last seen at the country club playing golf I met again in officers' training camps, drilling incessantly, studying at night, rising at an hour when during the midwinter social season they would ordinarily have been going to bed. Many of them are now in France, and several times I have seen the name of my little town on the honor roll of the country.

But that was not all. Some of the great houses were closed, and their owners, not young enough for service in the field, were laboring long hours for the Government in Washington. From the very beginning the women organized themselves for war work of every sort; huge sums were raised. And every now and again I see or hear of something that brings forcibly to my mind the amazing change that has taken place back home.

In the sun on a parade-ground in a camp not long ago I saw one of our men, whom I had last seen at a dinner, a captain leading his company across a sandy parade-ground. He is a man with a family. He is well on in his forties, and to him the war was not a great adventure, but a piece of work that had to be done. And the physical end, at first, must have been torture. Indeed, I know that it was, for in one of the officers' training camps I had happened to see him at the physical-training hour. All around him were boys who found it more or less easy to lie in the mud of the parade-ground and lift themselves out of it again and again by their arms to the vigorous lead of a college football tackle. But although he did it well, it was work for him—grinding work.

I am very proud to know that man. He is in France now. I hope he will come back. We need his sort.

Only yesterday I was called up by another man whom I last saw at one of my own dinner parties. He was unfitted for military service, so he goes back and forth on the transports, taking his perilous voyages week after week, to help keep the boys cheerful and happy. Another, a manufacturer, has returned from Y. M. C. A. work in France with an infected arm. The rector of my church is in France now, as an army chaplain.

To me one of the most vivid contrasts of America before and since we went into the war has this clergyman as its central figure.

I had last seen him at a fashionable wedding. With all the pomp and dignity of the Church, two young people of my town were being married. The church was lavishly decorated. There was all the panoply of such occasions. But I was present, just before he sailed, at a very different wedding ceremony which he performed. It was at a military camp, and the division was about to leave for France. At the last hour there came to the camp four young girls, to be married to soldiers. All day the rector, now a chaplain, struggled with the state law, for the soldiers were forbidden to leave the camp, and the city official, who should normally have arranged the preliminaries of the ceremony was, by the terms of his office, unable to issue a license at the camp.

In the end the General of the division took matters into his own hands and assumed the responsibility. There was a tiny wooden church within the camp limits, and there, at 9:30 the night before the division moved, with the General giving the brides away, this same clergyman, in khaki now with the gold cross of his calling on his collar, performed four marriage services at once.

There were no music and no flowers. The little church was almost empty. But for sheer dignity and impressiveness there has never been a marriage more wonderful. The four boys who stood in uniform before that plain little altar, with its great flag, are in France now. The clergyman is in France. And four young wives will treasure in their hearts so long as they shall live, that strange and wonderful service.

As my little town has changed, so the country. It is strange that war, the business of killing, should bring kindliness. But it does. Suddenly we realize that life is a fugitive thing, short at the best and so likely now to be tragically shorter. We must love more, show our love more. And this is one of the greatest gains of war, that we are no longer ashamed of our better impulses.

Time was when we jeered at sentiment. We buried our love of our country and our pride in it. It was rather the thing to decry ourselves, nationally. When, early in our participation in the war, bands took to playing the national anthem, audiences rose reluctantly, smiled sheepishly. We preferred taking those things for granted. Watch now. See the reverence with which they stand, these people whose boys are fighting and perhaps dying for the thing of which the anthem is symbolical.

Watch the crowds on the street when the flag passes. From an upper window in New York I have watched the change there; a year ago the occasional bared head, now the general salute. And I have in mind very clearly the parade of an infantry division during the early morning hours, through [*Continued on page 29*]

What has become of the man who lighted his cigar in a café with a ten-dollar bill?

"You're a sweet boy," said the young lady

Illustrations by R. M. Crosby

The Hateful Person

by Holworthy Hall

IN the living-room of a college club not far from the Avenue, two men, whose combined ages couldn't have been more than sixty, sat and regarded each other with deadly seriousness. Half an hour ago they had met with vociferation, and shaken hands interminably, and struggled to re-create the atmosphere of unqualified friendship and fraternity which once had existed between them; and, failing this, they had masked their embarrassment at the impossibility by talking at high speed, and asking questions of superb generality and unimportance. And at last Sherman, who had come in this morning from the West, had ventured a scenario of his purposed enterprise in the metropolis; and Rossing, although inured by birth and education to social cataclysms of whatever quality and extent, had gasped and ejaculated in protest.

"Good Lord!" he said, nonplused. "You can't *mean* that, Hal! You can't mean that literally!"

Sherman nodded in the affirmative.

"I mean every word of it."

Rossing inspected him closely. The man from the West had the forehead of a student, and the eyes of an idealist, and the mouth of a humorist, and the jaw of one who fights, if pushed too hard, with both hands — thumbs on the outside. He was well-built, and well-conditioned.

"I think that's the most extraordinary idea I ever heard in my life!" Rossing said, breathless.

Sherman smiled gravely.

"For three solid years," he said, "I've been telling other people how to live. . . . I've damned the usual vices, and laid emphasis on the usual virtues . . . and then all of a sudden it occurred to me that I'm worse than an ordinary hypocrite; I'm also a mighty inefficient workman. . . . I don't even know my own business. So I thought it over awhile from all angles — and here I am."

Rossing shivered with the inherent squeamishness of a Sybarite who beholds an ascetic coming in the glory of his innocence to Sybaris. Not that Rossing was to be catalogued as an undesirable citizen; on the contrary, he was among the men most importuned by the class of hostesses who count; but he took his pleasures where he found them. Sherman, however, he reflected, ought to be ultra-conservative if for no other reason than that renunciation was a part of his job.

"I don't believe you'd get any satisfaction out of it," said Rossing uncomfortably. "You can't go out and hunt for statistics that way. You'll be disappointed, and you won't prove anything."

"But I'm not hunting for statistics," persisted Sherman. "I'm not hunting for anything but impressions. I want to get a broad survey of the whole situation.

"You've probably forgotten a lot of things you knew about me. Just consider what handicaps I've had. I was brought up in cotton-wool in the first place; then, in college I wasn't in touch with anything real and vital. Then my devout foster-parents sent me straight to Divinity. I pounded along until I got my degree, and I got my parish. I've preached, and I've interpreted, and I've expounded, and I've kept my own private brand of preachment on tap for everybody who came along. People seem to like what I say — that is, most of 'em do. But here's what's upsetting me — I'm not an independent thinker—I haven't enough data to think for myself; I'm a parrot, a trained parrot. I've had to be. I say to my congregation: 'Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging' — and I don't even know what it tastes like!"

"Well?" said Rossing.

"Well, what right have *I* got to talk to men about temptation?" demanded Sherman. "Here I go ranting against cards, and alcohol, and women and a thousand other items — and I can't *understand* why men come to me for spiritual uplift, Jimmy! I can't understand why they *need* to come to me. I can't understand why they like these things! Can I blame a man for what I call a transgression when I haven't the faintest conception of what made him commit it? *No*, of course I can't! I've got to go down to the fundamentals. I've got to know for myself what the *motives* are, and then combat 'em. I want the *truth*. And that's why ——"

"But, hold on!" interposed Rossing. "Hold on a second! It doesn't follow that the best man to lecture on honesty is an ex-burglar, does it? You're getting into sophistry, Hal. And it's dangerous."

"Not necessarily," denied Sherman. "It doesn't have to be more dangerous than I care to make it. I tell you, I'm sick of parceling out nice little packages of doctrine. I want to *know!* So I'm asking you to help me.

"What I've planned is to live for two weeks in New York as a free, inquisitive, open-minded layman. I want to sample every drink you ever heard of. I want to get, if I can, the distorted perspective these men seem to have. Incidentally, when I've got it, I want to be in the places where men are when they forget themselves—cabarets, you know, all that sort of thing — in order to see how differently things look, if they *do* look differently, which I doubt. In other

words, I'm speculating whether all unrighteousness is of itself, or if it's booze. You guide me around, Jimmy. I've got to be one of the group that Barrie calls the *hateful persons* — original researchers."

Rossing shrugged his shoulders.

"Unfortunately, I admitted at the beginning that I've got plenty of time to spare. And the worst of it is that I'd rather go with you than have you scouting around by yourself. I'd feel safer, somehow. If you've once resolved on this trip, *I* know you well enough to know you'll see it through. But do this for me, Hal — shorten your time-limit."

"Can I?"

"Within twenty-four hours," said Rossing soberly, "I can show you more than you'll wish you'd seen — more than you'll forget as long as you live. If you'll promise me to take a train for Chicago to-morrow."

"Is it possible, Jimmy?"

"Absolutely."

"Then," said Sherman, "I'll promise. What's the first step?"

"The first step," said Rossing, "is to go where nobody knows us. Come on, Hal. I'll show you how quick the trip can really be."

Sherman was radiantly youthful. He was eager, and he was unafraid; and he had resolved unswervingly to discover for himself why men are yielding. He was utterly sincere with himself; he had stagnated in his own virtues, comprehending that he lacked a formula which he could conscientiously apply to seekers after regeneration.

Ignorant of the joys which lurk in ancient vintages, he had shouted officially for prohibition; and when he came to dissect his personal philosophy, he realized promptly that his dogmas were no more flexible than the utterances of a phonograph record. He had neither done, nor observed. The potentiality of research had whimsically occupied his mind, and he couldn't eject it. From whimsicality, the concept had broadened into a fetish in his mind, until gradually he had come to hold that consistency required of him this pilgrimage to the flesh-pots of New York.

Nevertheless, he conceded both to himself and to Rossing that a certain nervous excitement took possession of him when he held in his hand the initial concoction of vermuth and Hollands, and eyed it with apprehension.

"That," said his friend, Rossing, enthusiastically, "is the best Bronx in New York City. Don't sip it, Hal — get outside of it all at once."

Sherman gave him a queer, ludicrous, frightened smile, and presently obeyed orders. He glanced at Rossing, as he replaced the glass on the table.

"That's comparatively harmless, isn't it?"

"Not so you could notice it, Sherman," said Rossing. "Do you care for the bouquet?"

"I . . . hardly . . . know. I'm trying, Jimmy, to put myself in the shoes of the man who thinks it's wonderful ——"

"We'll have another by and by," said Rossing.

"Jimmy!" exclaimed Sherman. "I've made a most illuminating discovery! I like it!"

"Naturally. It's the best in the city. It's illuminated thousands before now. Everybody likes it."

"And yet — it's so wrong."

"Tommyrot!" said Rossing. "Are we still living under the laws of Solon or Draco? Don't you suppose moral maxims are subject to repeal just as much as civil ordinances?. . . . Here's the next consignment."

Sherman was seized with incontinent misgiving.

"Jimmy! If anything should happen. . . . You know, I'm not accustomed to these things ——"

"I'm with you, Hal. I'm responsible. You trust me, and go right ahead with your original research."

A GENTLE, and a not unwelcome warmth was creeping over him, and consternation showed in his eyes as he appealed to Rossing.

"Jimmy! I'm in pretty fair shape, of course. . . . I box at the gym every day, and all that. . . . but you *will* be careful, won't you? This is a shattering sort of ordeal for me. I'm leaping in the dark. You'll ——"

"I certainly will," Rossing reassured him.

Sherman sighed in gratitude.

"Intermittently," he said, "I'm thinking of all sorts of curious things. I know it's nonsense, but I feel as though I'm altering somehow. But it doesn't seem plausible that a pleasant little drink like that can hold so much harm."

"According to the aphorism," said Rossing sententiously, "it's one of the best little paving materials there is.

"Now, we'll have lunch right here, and along about two o'clock we'll pick up some friends of mine and see what the excitement is."

Sherman glanced sharply at him, and then at the burden borne by their waiter.

"I thought you said we'd gone far enough for now, Jimmy?"

"This is ale," said Rossing. "It fits in very well with our lunch."

"I'm leaving the details to you," acknowledged Sherman, viewing the ale critically. "Is it anything like the Bronx?"

"Hardly. What's the matter?"

"'Something went wrong with it," said Sherman, grimacing. "It's as bitter as gall."

"It's bully ale, Hal — if you don't like it, I'll order something else. We'll try some old sherry instead. Old and sweet. That ought to tickle your palate for you."

"It's going to be hard for me to adjust these mental processes," confessed Sherman. "I'm too objective about it. You see, Jimmy, I'm trying to get myself, if I can, into such a position that I'll *want* this stuff. I want to realize what it's like to have a craving. So if there's any one poison that's any more devilish than any other, you feed it to me."

Rossing examined the label of the sherry, and approved it.

"You test *this* stuff," he invited.

"Not bad," commented Sherman, a trifle timorously.

"Mild and innocuous, too."

"Is it really?"

"I should say so."

Sherman laid his hand against his cheek, and laughed shamefacedly.

"Just the same," he said, "I'm traveling a tiny bit too fast, Jimmy. I want to keep my mind on the metaphysics of it — don't forget that. . . . What are we going to do this afternoon?"

"Follow the crowd, I suppose. You won't get the inside information on this alcohol bee until you've caught the mob spirit. You take a congenial crowd, and it's like a snowball rolling down hill. You lose your proportions. So I thought we'd play around awhile, and get in the five o'clock set at one of the hotels, and have dinner with another gang, and go to a show, and ——"

"Yes?" said Sherman, straightening.

"I'm still undecided. It may be that I'll resign before that."

"If you do, I'll never forgive you, Jimmy. You promised."

"By midnight," said Rossing, "perhaps you'll wish I hadn't. Oh, you don't dance, do you?"

"No."

"All the better."

"Why's that?"

"You'll know," said Rossing, with calculating stress.

The din of the room at midnight was, to Sherman's untrained ears, unbearable. And he was puzzled and bewildered by the frankness and openness of it all; he was baffled by the total absence of caution from this so public a gilded rendezvous.

He had pictured the night life of the city in tones of gray and scarlet; he found it kaleidoscopic. He had expected that the vulgarity of it would be instantaneously patent; but he could see within a radius of a dozen feet men and women whose respectability was beyond discussion. He heard the significant popping of imported corks; and simultaneously he heard orders given for Vichy Célestin and lemonades. The orchestra was circumspect; and those who danced were uniformly repressed, at least in manner. A world of laughing, chattering, spontaneous men and women, some young, some middle-aged! No one was noticeably obnoxious, no one was overboisterous; and yet it was midnight, in a restaurant known from sea to sea for its clientele; and he, Henry Sherman, was seated across the table from a girl of the type he publicly had denounced a hundred times; and on his right, opposite Rossing, was another. So far he had sought in vain; he was still repelled by the evils which he had come to diagnose, and he was arraigning the race of men as a race of deliberate and wilful sinners.

Rossing and his partner rose, and threaded a circuitous path to the space reserved for dancing, and Sherman watched them unsmilingly. He was depressed and silent in the consciousness of his treachery to his ideals. It would, he thought, require weeks of demolition before he could interpret scenes like this in terms of value to his ratiocination. Instead of succumbing to the lure of the mass, he had become taciturn, and abstracted, and intolerant of the excuses of backsliders who claimed to have been conquered by forces irresistible. There was nothing in it; any man could stop drinking when he chose. The musical comedy selected by Rossing had both shocked and bored him. Finally, he had been puzzled at the appearance and at the discourse of the two girls; they were merely shallow, not meretricious, and not essentially alluring, but thoroughly plebian. Pretty — yes; but Sherman had accustomed himself to discount features, and to prospect for brains. Altogether, then, he was rather hopelessly disillusioned and floundering; and the source of his very greatest disappointment was that the champagne with which he had recently made acquaintance, [*Continued on page 55*]

"I'm altering somehow, but it doesn't seem plausible that a little drink like that can hold so much harm"

Here is the most graphic and romantic story of an actual experience that the Great War has yet brought forth. The author was formerly principal of the Royal Normal College at Bangkok, Siam, and the record of how he and his wife together with a number of other travelers were captured by the Wolf, *makes thrilling reading*

We all felt uneasy as to what kind of treatment our women were to receive at the hands of the Germans

Caught On a German Raider

Part I

by F. G. Trayes

Illustration by W. H. D. Koerner

THE SS. *Hitachi Maru*, 6916 tons, of the Nippon Yushen Kaisha (Japan Mail Steamship Company), left Colombo on September 24th, 1917, her entire ship's company being Japanese. Once outside the breakwater, the rough weather made itself felt, the ship rolled a good deal and the storms of wind and heavy rain continued more or less all day. The next morning the weather had moderated, and on the succeeding day, Wednesday, the 26th, fine and bright skies prevailed; but the storm had left behind a long rolling swell.

My wife and I had joined the ship at Singapore on the 15th, having left Bangkok, the capital of Siam, a week earlier. Passengers who had embarked at Colombo were beginning to recover from their seasickness, and had begun to indulge in deck games, and there seemed every prospect of a pleasant and undisturbed voyage to Delagoa Bay, where we were due on October 7th.

The chart, at noon on the 26th, marked 508 miles from Colombo, 2912 to Delagoa Bay, and 190 to the Equator; only position, not the course, being marked after the ship left Colombo. Most of the passengers had, as usual, either dozed on the deck or in their cabins after tiffin, my wife and I being in deck chairs on the port side. When I woke up at 1:45 P.M. I saw far off on the horizon, on the port bow, smoke from a steamer. I was the only person awake on the deck at the time, and I believe no other passenger had seen the smoke.

It was so far away that it was impossible to tell whether we were meeting or overtaking the ship. Immediately thoughts of a raider sprang to my mind, though I did not know that one was out. It is generally understood that instructions to captains in these times are to suspect every vessel seen at sea, and to run away from all signs of smoke. The officer on the bridge with his glass must have seen the smoke long before I did, so my suspicions of a raider were gradually disarmed, since we did not alter our course a single point, but proceeded to meet the stranger whose course toward us formed a diagonal one with ours. If nothing had happened she would have crossed our track slightly astern of us.

But something did happen. More passengers were now awake, discussing the nationality of the ship bearing down on us. Still no alteration was made in our course, and we and she had made no sign of recognition. Surely, everything was all right, and there was nothing to fear. Even the Japanese commander of the gun crew betrayed no anxiety in the matter, but stood with the passengers on the deck watching the oncoming stranger. Five bells had just gone when the vessel, then about 700 yards away from us, took a sudden turn to port and ran up signals and the German Imperial Navy flag.

There was no longer any doubt — the worst had happened. We had walked blindly into the open arms of the enemy. The signals were to command us to stop. We did not stop. The raider fired two shots across our bows. They fell into the sea quite close to where most of the passengers were standing. Still we did not stop. It was wicked to ignore these orders and warnings. Most of the passengers went to their cabins for life-belts and life-saving waistcoats, and at once returned to the deck watching the raider. As we were still steaming and had not obeyed the order to stop, the raider opened fire on us, firing a broadside.

While the firing was going on, a seaplane appeared above the raider. Some assert that she dropped bombs in front of us, but personally I did not see this happen.

The greatest alarm now prevailed on our ship. My wife and I returned to our cabin to fetch an extra pair of spectacles, our passports and my pocketbook, and at

the same time picked up her jewel case. The alleyway between the companionway and our cabin was by this time strewn with splinters of wood and glass and wreckage; pieces of shell had been embedded in the paneling, and a large hole had been made in the funnel.

We returned once more to the port deck, where most of the first-class passengers had assembled waiting for orders — which never came. No instructions came from the Captain or officers or crew; in fact, we never saw any of the ship's officers until long after all the life-boats were afloat on the sea.

The ship had now stopped and the firing had apparently ceased, but we did not know whether it would recommence, and, of course, imagined the Germans were firing to sink the ship. It was useless trying to escape the shots, as we did not know then at what part of the ship the Germans were firing. There was only one thing for the passengers to do, and that was to leave the ship, as we all thought she was sinking. Some of the passengers attempted to go on the bridge to get on the boat-deck and help lower the boats, but we were ordered back by the Second Steward, who, apparently alone among the ship's officers, kept his head throughout.

No. 1 Boat was now being lowered on the port side; it was full of Japanese and Asiatics. When it was flush with the deck the falls broke, the boat capsized, and it, with all its occupants, was thrown into the sea. One or two, we afterward heard, were drowned. The passengers now went over to the starboard side, as apparently no more boats were being lowered from the port side, and we did not know whether the raider would start firing again. The No. 1 Starboard Boat was being lowered; and still there was no one to give orders. The passengers themselves saw to it that the women got into this boat first, and helped them in, only the Second Steward standing by to help. The women had to climb the rail and gangway which was lashed thereto, and the boat was so full of gear and tackle that at first it was quite impossible for anyone to find a seat in the boat. It was a difficult task for any woman to get into this boat. My wife fell in, and in so doing dropped her jewel case out of her handbag into the bottom of the boat, and it was seen no more that day. The husbands followed their wives into the boat and several other men among the first-class passengers also clambered in.

DIRECTLY after the order to lower away was given, and before anyone could settle in the boat, the stern falls broke, and for a second the boat hung from the bow falls vertically, the occupants hanging on to anything they could. Then, immediately afterward, the bow falls broke, or were cut, the boat dropped into the water and righted itself. We were still alongside the ship when another boat was being swung out and lowered immediately upon our heads. We managed to push off just in time before the other boat, the falls of which also broke, reached the water.

Thus, there was no preparation made for accidents — we might have been living in the times of profoundest peace for all the trouble that had been taken to see that everything was ready in case of accident. Some passengers had asked for boat drill when the ship left Singapore, but were told there was no need for it, or for any preparations till after Cape Town, which, alas! never was reached. Accordingly, passengers had no places given to them in the boats, the boats were not ready, and confusion prevailed. It was nothing short of a miracle that more people were not drowned.

If the ship had only stopped when ordered by signals to do so, there would have been no firing at all. Even if she had stopped after the warning shots had been fired, no more firing would have taken place, and nobody need have left the ship at all. It seemed, too, at the time, that if only the *Hitachi* had turned tail and bolted directly the *Wolf's* smoke was seen on the horizon by the officer on watch on the bridge — at the latest, this must have been about 1:30 P.M. — she might have escaped altogether, as she was a much swifter boat than the *Wolf*. At any rate, she might have tried. Her fate would have been no worse if she had failed to escape, for surely even the Germans could not deny any ship the right of escape if she could effect it. The seaplane might have taken up the chase, and ordered the *Hitachi* to stop. We heard afterward that one ship — the *Lairuna* from New Zealand to San Francisco —had been caught in this way. The seaplane had hovered over her, dropped a message on her deck ordering her to follow the plane to a concealed harbor near, failing which, bombs would be dropped to explode the ship. Needless to say, the ship followed these instructions.

"There was no panic, and the women were splendid." How often one reads that in these days of atrocity at sea! We were to realize it now; the women were indeed splendid. There was no crying or screaming or hysteria, or wild inquiries. They were perfectly calm and collected, none of them showed the least fear, even under fire.

As we thought the ship was slowly sinking, we pushed off from her side as quickly as possible. There were now four life-boats in the water at some distance from each other. The one in which we were contained about twenty-four persons. There was no officer or member of the crew with us, while another boat contained officers and sailors only. No one in our boat knew where we were to go, or what we were to do. One passenger wildly suggested that we should hoist a sail and set sail for Colombo, two days' steaming away! Search was made for provisions and water in our boat, but she was so full of people and impedimenta that nothing could be found. It was seen, however, that water was rapidly coming into the boat, and before long it reached to our knees. The hole which should have been plugged could not be found; so for more than an hour, some of the men took turns at pulling, and baling the water out with their sun-helmets. This was very hot work, as it must be remembered we were not far from the Equator. Ultimately, however, the hole was found and plugged. An Irish Tommy going home from Singapore was in our boat. He was most cheerful and in every way helpful, working hard and pulling all the time. It was he who plugged the hole, and as he was almost the only one among us who seemed to have any useful knowledge about the management of life-boats, we were very glad to reckon him among our company.

The four boats were now drifting aimlessly about over the sea when an order was shouted to us, apparently from a Japanese officer in one of the other boats, to tie up with the other three boats. After some time this was accomplished and the four boats in line drifted on the water. The two steamers had stopped. We did not know what was happening on board either of them, but saw the raider's motor-launch going between the raider and her prize, and picking up some of the men who had fallen into the sea when the boat capsized. Luckily, the sharks with which these waters are infested had been scared off by the gun-fire. We realized, when we were in the life-boats, what a heavy swell there was on the sea, as both steamers were occasionally hidden from us when we were in the trough of the waves. We were, however, not inconvenienced in any way by the swell, and the life-boats shipped no water. There was no one in command of any of the boats, and we simply waited to see what was going to happen.

Escape was obviously out of the question. At last the raider got under way and began to bear down on us. Most of us thought that the end had come, and that we were up against an apostle of the "sink the ships and leave no trace" theory — which we had read about in Colombo only a couple of days before — the latest development of frightfulness. Our minds were not made easier by the seaplane circling above us, ready, as we thought, to administer the final blow to any who might survive being fired on by the raider's guns. It was a most anxious moment for us all, and opinions were divided as to what was going to happen. One of the ladies remarked that she had no fear, and reminded us that we were all in God's hands, which cheered up some of the drooping hearts and anxious minds. Certainly most of us thought we were soon to look our last upon the world — what other thoughts were in our minds as we imagined our last moments were so near will remain unrecorded.

HOWEVER, to our intense relief, nothing of the sort happened, and as the raider came slowly nearer to us, an officer on the bridge megaphoned us to come alongside. This we did; three boats went astern, and the one in which we were remained near the raider's bows. An officer appeared at the bulwarks and told us to come aboard; women first, then their husbands, then the single men. There was no choice but to obey, but we all felt uneasy in our minds as to what kind of treatment our women were to receive at the hands of the Germans on board.

The ship was rolling considerably, and it is never a pleasant nor easy task for a landsman, much less a landswoman, to clamber up a rope ladder some twenty feet up the side of a rolling ship. However, all the ladies acquitted themselves nobly, some even going up without a rope around their waists. The little Japanese stewardess, terrified, but showing a brave front to the enemy, was the last woman to go up before the men's ascent began. Two German sailors stood at the bulwarks to help us off the rope ladder into the well deck forward, and by 5:20 we were all aboard, after having spent a very anxious two hours, possibly the most anxious in the lives of most of us.

It was at once evident, directly we got on board, that we were in for kindly treatment. The ship's doctor at once came forward, saluted, and asked who was wounded and required his attention. Most of the passengers — there were only twenty first- and about a dozen second-class — were in our boat. Among the second-class passengers with us were a few Portuguese soldiers going from Macao to Delagoa Bay.

Some of us were slightly bruised, and all were shaken, but luckily none required medical treatment. Chairs were quickly found for the ladies, the men seated themselves on the hatch, and the German sailors busied themselves bringing tea and cigarettes to their latest captives. We were then left to ourselves for a short time on deck, and just before dark a spruce young Lieutenant came up to me, saluted, and asked me to tell all the passengers that we were to follow him and go aft. We followed him along the ship, which seemed to be very crowded, to the well deck aft, where we met the remaining few passengers and some of the crew of the *Hitachi*.

We had evidently come across a new type of Hun. The young Lieutenant was most polite and courteous and attentive. He apologized profusely for the discomfort which the ladies and ourselves would have to put up with. "But it is war, you know," he said, "and your Government is to blame for allowing you to travel when they know a raider is out." He assured us he would do what he could to make us as comfortable as possible, and that we should not be detained more than three or four days. This was the first of a countless number of lies told us by the Germans as to their intentions concerning us.

We had had nothing to eat since tiffin, so we were ordered below. We clambered down a ladder to partake of our first meal as prisoners. What a contrast to the last meal we enjoyed on the *Hitachi*, taken in comfort and apparent security! But, had we known it, we were doomed even then, for the raider's seaplane had been up and had seen us at 11 A. M., had reported our position to the raider, and announced 3 P. M. as the time for our capture. Our captors were not far out, for it was between 2:30 and 3 P. M. when we were taken. The meal consisted of black bread and raw ham, with hot tea served out of a tin can. We sat around on wooden benches, and noticed that the crockery on which the food was served had been taken from other ships captured: one of the Burns Philp Line, and one of the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand. Some of the Japanese officers and crew were also in the 'tween decks—later on, the Japanese Captain appeared (we had not seen him since he left the saloon after tiffin) and he was naturally very down and distressed. [*Continued on page 44*]

The Fate of France

by Edwin Markham

Author of "The Man with the Hoe"

As dawn's last dreams are vanishing from me,
The thrush comes singing in the orchard tree.
Then as I startled from the slumber road,
The earth sweeps on with its sorrow load —
Over me crashes the sense of her mischance:
All hopes are hanging on the fate of France!

I rouse my soul: I plunge into the day:
Bargain and barter in the usual way —
Rip open letters pouring from the mail —
Smile where I triumph, ponder where I fail.
Yet all goes by me like a misty trance:
All hopes are hanging on the fate of France!

When all floors murmur with departing feet,
I lock the door and take the throbbing street.
The great crowds thunder round me and depart;
But over it all I hear a cry in my heart
That bodes the ruin of all the world's romance:
All hopes are hanging on the fate of France!

And in the evening hush of home, I hear
Beyond the Marne the marching heroes cheer:
I see brave lines that waver and gain breath
To hurl their valors into the front of death.
Their glad cry thrills me like a lifted lance:
The whole world's future is the fate of France!

The Hostage

by Andrew Soutar

Illustration by Frank T. Reynard

IF you like your romance strong and full-flavored, you will have little sympathy with Rendlesham, who slipped through the fingers of the Sultan's soldiery as the result of a piece of sheer bluff on the part of a woman who loved him, but had no right to love anyone. But I plead for leniency in behalf of Rendlesham, although the reason advanced may at first thought give affront: Rendlesham was young, only moderately clever, but lucky in that he had been pitch-forked into the Secret Service because he had an elderly aunt with a big heart and a deep purse; moreover, he was an average young man, without sufficient vices to make him obnoxiously worldly, and not so full of virtues that an enemy could fairly call him priggish. Very average was Rendlesham, as I shall show, since he allowed a woman to fall in love with him without telling her that he was married already. Still, Rendlesham's very frailty emphasized the strength of the woman when the crisis was reached, and, between you and me, I don't think that he should be denied half the credit. Don't be too hard in your judgment of Rendlesham. I know that there is a circumspect world of men and women who cherish what in reality is a mad fallacy, that the moment any man says "I will" in response to the demand for one of the biggest sacrifices a young man can make — his freedom — they cherish a fallacy, I say, that an invisible sword descends from the rafters of the church and severs him completely from his past life, scrapes away the old ruts, and cuts out the impulsiveness of youth. Now, a man cannot turn over a new leaf in the book of his life so suddenly as all that. I am thinking of the average young man — he who has moved about the world a little. Something that isn't quite downright wickedness is so horribly nice to the average young man that he would be a superman if he turned his back upon it. Women are much stronger in their resistance to temptation; they seldom yield to gratify personal desire; the man always does.

"I am Richard Rendlesham's wife!"

And just one more plea, and I am done with polemics: in these days, when one can move across the globe and back again in an incredibly short space of time, it has become quite a habit for the average young man to leave his wife at home, in the same spirit that he leaves his best clothes in the wardrobe.

Rendlesham, as I have said, was moderately clever in his profession, and not without sentiment; but, on that night in Constantinople, when the white moon was silvering the minarets of the mosques, when the Bosphorus seemed to open black lips to emit the sighs of its long-dead, when he stirred a moribund emotion in the breast of the beautiful Haidee, he ought to have told her that he was married. I say that, although the exigencies of his profession made it incumbent upon him to exercise supreme caution, not only in articulation, but even in gesture.

A fascinating woman was Haidee, friend of a thousand men from the Black Sea to the Biscay, yet lonely as the Two Friars that rise black and cheerless out of the Mediterranean. She was young; she never would be old, for, as she told her friends in jest — jest that had a curious lingering note of pathos — she would never have time to grow old. Her hair was black, with a brownish, tawny tinge; the face full, the features well modeled. But even if Nature had been tempted to be excessively unkind in her gift of looks, Haidee's rapier-like tongue, bright, intelligent eyes, and laugh that tinkled like ice in a tumbler — these would still have made her enviable among women. And there was art in the manner in which she dressed. Some women may give half a day to the study of the mirror, and then please no more than is expressed by the single movement of an eyebrow. If Haidee had given a year to her dressing, the result would have been well worth waiting for. A well-traveled woman was Haidee, and if she had but a smattering of languages, it was a wonderfully pretty smattering. She knew her Paris perfectly, had swept through the Bois in the most gorgeous six-cylinder runabout that ever a millionaire ordered for the pleasure of his friends, and once — she told Rendlesham of this — she had told her beads at the bedside of a mediocre artist who was dying in poverty, an artist who gave her the first five francs she earned as a model. She knew Berlin; she had danced in Vienna; and in Rome an infatuated sculptor obliged her by shooting himself because she resented his attentions.

Just about the time that Turkey was trying to make up her mind whether or not to throw in her lot with the Germanic powers, Haidee, in Constantinople, whither she had drifted from Vienna, made up hers. She decided that Dicky Rendlesham was different from every other man that she had met. She would have been ashamed to tell him why, because the mentioning of the village that he referred to would have broken up her tinkling voice, and, as she said afterward to herself, the tears trickling down her cheeks would have utterly spoilt the work of two hours.

That night, when the soul of Haidee awakened from a long sleep, she and Dicky had wandered across the Galata Bridge, and come to rest, their elbows on the parapet, their eyes watching the twinkling reflections of masthead lights in the water, yet seeing only "ghosts." In the city beyond, the silver minarets gleamed like snow-capped mountain peaks; St. Sophia, that monument of Byzantine art, frowned upon the meaner work of mortals.

"Do I love you, Dicky? Why, no. Not if you ask me so carelessly. It sounds like: 'Do you drink, Haidee?' to which I answer, 'Yes, when I am thirsty.'"

"I was never clever as a lady's man."

"No, but that is a virtue, not a fault. I like you when you ask me to give you this and give you that; when you say to me, 'Sing, Haidee; I wish it,' you make me feel the joy of being commanded; and when you command, Dicky, I — I adore you."

"Why?" He screwed up his small, penetrative eyes, and scrutinized her face.

"Because you are so English, Dicky, with your brown crisp hair and fierce little mustache so like the horns of a snail. . . . You make me so nervous, Dicky, of late. Why do you stay so long in Constantinople?"

"To be near you, of course."

There was a cold snap in his voice; she shivered, slightly.

"There, little dog"— as she smiled, sadly, at an imaginary thing at her feet —"you have had your piece of sugar; now run away."

Rendlesham said, "Absolutely,"— that comprehensive, one-word vocabulary of the average Englishman.

She lowered her voice to whisper: "Turkey will decide against the Allies, Dicky."

"Who told you?"— with avidity that didn't pay much of a tribute to his fitness for his job.

"I cannot tell you. It was in Vienna I heard it."

"Von Schuster?" The jealous note in his voice thrilled her.

"And if I said 'yes,' Dicky?"

"I should still doubt. I've heard of von Schuster."

"You hate me for — for knowing him?"

"No,"— reflectively. "You're the kind of woman whom I admire, Haidee. You must have known of the risks you were running in Vienna."

"Risks hold a joy of which the timid never dream."

"Good for you, Haidee. You ought to have been a man."

"Then I should never have heard a man say, 'I love you,' and that — that is the greatest moment in the life of a woman."

"But what a friend you would have been, Haidee. And that's something worth hearing about yourself. Say, you and I could accomplish big things together."

"Dicky, I'm not — not a hireling."

"No, by Jove. You're immense! You're bigger than any woman I've ever met, and . . . you don't believe it?" He was looking her full in the eyes.

"No, Dicky. I don't think you do love me. Why, you've never asked me whence I came. You wake, one morning, in your hotel in Constantinople, curse very loudly in English because you must share the same bath water with six highly respectable merchants from Stamboul, then come down to coffee and find me staring at you across the table."

"We've been pals ever since."

"But you have never asked me ——"

"Only a fool asks to see behind the happiness of the moment."

Galata Bridge was deserted; the distant rumbling of the city had died away. Haidee moved very close to him and rested a hand upon his. In her voice there was a wistful note, hovering on the verge of tragedy, as she said: "You and I *could* accomplish big things."

He winced at the recalling of his words. Dicky, being a creature of shifting moods, had already forgotten them and the wave of emotion which gave them birth.

"You were very useful to von Schuster — so I've heard."

He might have been inquiring into the credentials of a new secretary.

"I hated von Schuster," said Haidee, her face a shade paler, her eyes brighter.

He nodded, as if to say: "I've heard all that before." Then —"You told me he was very fond of you?"

"He was loathsome." She shuddered. "But I had reasons for returning his smiles. . . . Love helps a woman to ——"

Dicky stopped her there. "Love is a dangerous ally in some professions; it plays the deuce with the nerves." Again he stopped abruptly, this time to listen. She remained motionless, her eyes fixed on his, the light of understanding in them. From somewhere — from the other side of the parapet — had come the unmistakable sound of a gasp, such as one might give in avoiding a sudden danger. Dicky's face became a study in mercilessness. He surreptitiously tapped his lips in a strange signal to her to continue the conversation, thus to deceive the spy into a sense of security.

"Love strengthens the nerves." . . . Haidee's eyes showed not the slightest trace of horror, as his hands began to creep over the parapet . . . "and, some day — some day — Ah!"

"Don't be afraid. Go on talking. Cover me."

She moved so that he was between her and the parapet. He was leaning over, and his shoulders were working convulsively. . . .

"Some day, Dicky, I shall convince you that. . . ." She closed her eyes as a deeper and louder gasp was heard.

"S-s-h!" from Dicky.

There came the sound of a splash in the water far beneath them. Haidee drew the lace shawl more tightly around her shoulders.

"Let's walk back quickly," said Dicky, fidgeting with his collar. "Hang it! My nerves are rattling like hairpins in a can. . . . What were you saying?"

"Nothing, Dicky."

"Oh. . . . Wonder how long that beggar had been crouching there?"

"He must have followed us from the hotel. . . . He couldn't have heard much."

"Enough to get you bowstrung before morning."

She thrilled a little. It was for her sake that he had leaned over the parapet.

They reached the hotel, said their "good-nights" in the vestibule, and went to their respective rooms.

Haidee came down late to breakfast the next morning. The buzz of conversation among the guests sank instantly. She glanced around, and was conscious of a dozen pairs of eyes turned curiously upon her. One of the guests, a merchant from Scutari, with whom she had exchanged some commonplace views on the European imbroglio, sauntered carelessly past her table. A slip of paper dropped on her plate:

"Your husband arrested as a spy."

Her expression never changed from that moment till she went to her room. Then, it was nobody's business how she pressed her cold hands over her eyes.

Now was the time to convince him of her love. He was jealous of von Schuster, although he had shown all the typically British phlegm when speaking of a rival. If he had known how thoroughly she hated von Schuster he might have been more emotional. She had used von Schuster as a foil in the pursuit of her profession, cleverly mollifying his violent temper and averting suspicion from herself when he learned from headquarters that in some way the French had anticipated a secret move against Verdun. She left him by the simplest ruse — a quarrel based on supposed jealousy. . . .

Two days! [*Continued on page 38*]

"Y"

by **Arthur Guiterman**

Illustration by Thomas Fogarty

WHEN he wants to write a letter
(And you know that he had better)
To his mother, or his father — or
The Girl;
Or he's feeling sort of lonely,
And the thing he craves is only
An oasis in the racket and the whirl;
Or he yearns for conversation,
Or the glad exhilaration
Of a movie with a comic custard pie,
He will hurry, helter-skelter,
To the Y. M. C. A. shelter
Hereinafter to be spoken of as "Y".

It's a cozy little cot
When it's chilly or it's hot,
For a fellow needs a spot
Where it's dry.
'Tis a happy little hut
Where they do not pose or strut,
And the door is never shut
At the "Y".

NO, they don't care what his creed is;
They're concerned with what his need is
And to help him in whatever way they can;
And no matter what his rating,
There's a welcome always waiting
For a soldier and a brother and a man.
There are lots of books and papers,
There are talks and shows and capers,
And a pleasant voice to cheer him if he's shy;
And they're glad to see him smoking,
And they love to have him joking
In the hut or tent or dugout known as "Y".

When he wants a friendly face
At the front or at the base,
It's a handy sort of place
To be nigh.
'Tis a free and easy shanty,
Homey, pleasant-like and canty,
And the greeting isn't scanty
At the "Y".

SO, that nothing need be lacking,
Lend the Hut your earnest backing —
Let the boy who bears the battle have his club!
Give more often than you care to;
Draw the biggest check you dare to,
For the entry will look well upon the stub.
Help to cheer the youthful fighter;
Help to make his lot the brighter;
You can spare a little extra if you try,
That the lonely, sad, or weary
Shall have comfort, warm and cheery,
In the winsome little wigwam known as "Y".

It's a heavenly retreat
For the lad on weary feet
(Where we possibly shall meet
By and by).
'Tis a happy little hut
Where they do not pose or strut,
And the door is never shut
At the "Y".

The Great American Smelter

by Gertrude Atherton

Illustration by Tony Sarg

EUROPEANS contend that American education is superficial; and no doubt it is. For half a century, at least, we have been a nation in a hurry and content to skim the surface of learning as well as of a few other things. Parents want their children rushed through "schooling" in order to "get started in life" as early as possible; and as the economic pressure of life in the United States exceeds that of any country in the world, one can hardly blame them. It is fight or go to the wall in our business and professional world. Practically only the laboring classes of Europe feel the same unrelenting pressure as ours, although in Germany they used to knock off to eat five times a day. In certain countries which shall be nameless, now that they are our Allies, workers were notoriously slack, and in others, racial passion for economy made them love work for its inevitable rewards — in a severely economical nation.

I shall have nothing to say here about the favored and comparatively small class that are able to attend the Universities; many of its members do not work themselves into a state of invalidism, and no insignificant number fail when cast to the wolves. As for the millions, they must begin early and work unremittingly, and this, no doubt, is one reason why patriotism has never been included in our school curriculum. If we were still a race of Americans undiluted there would, of course, be no need of such a course, for the real American not only is patriotic by tradition, but loves a fight. But in view of our enormous and undigested immigration our policy of taking patriotism for granted has been a serious oversight.

We are, however, a notoriously short-sighted people; short-sighted and self-satisfied; we trained the youthful mind in such elements as were necessary to save him from the handicap of illiteracy and felt that our whole duty was done, especially if "The Star Spangled Banner" and "My Country 'Tis of Thee" were sung on state occasions. Moreover, we went on from generation to generation using history books which induced in the genuine American youth the desire to grow up as quickly as possible and lick England; to say nothing of the fact that we quite overlooked the German schools where the text-books inculcated unswerving devotion to the Kaiser. As long as this war had to be it is a God-send that we were drawn into it, jolted out of our smug sense of isolated security. If Germany had been clever, instead of the stupidest nation in history, she would have left us with no reason but altruism to join the ranks of her opponents, and altruism never yet drove a nation into war. All wars are composed of just two opponents — the aggressives and the defensives, and it is a cold fact that we plunged into this war to save our own skins. If Germany had forced her enemies to their knees, or even to a draw, she would merely have taken time for a second wind and then turned her attention to us. We would have fought, but as a lone man fights a tiger that has him between her paws.

Now, no matter what may have been our density in the past, there is no doubt that the entire country is awake to the danger that threatens us even yet, and the few voices that cried so long in the wilderness are listened to with eager respect; what is more to the point, they are in command of the civilian army whose efforts are as essential as those of the men in France. The National Security League, The Vigilantes, the eminent citizens who speak constantly to the masses, and the loyal press, have made every citizen with any intelligence at all burn to do his part and at the same time assist in creating a state of mind that will forbid any sort of unpreparedness in the future history of the United States.

Naturally, the great majority, willing as they are, hardly know how to go to work on anything but the immediate job. All men may not be leaders. But they are willing to learn, and the National Security League is issuing thousands of pamphlets daily for their instruction.

The supreme conclusion it has come to is that the future of the country is in the hands of the children at present in the school-room. All that loyal men and women of the present generation can do is to stand fast and help the Government by every means in their power. But to any student of history the present war is merely the war of to-day. Wars appear to be as inevitable as the passions and weaknesses of mankind. Of what is history made up but wars? The intervals are so dull that one skims them as hastily as possible in order to get on to the next series of exciting events.

In Poultney Bigelow's recent book, "Genseric," the life, character and performances of his fifth-century hero are so much like the life, character and performances of Genseric's descendant (and no doubt fervent admirer) Kaiser Wilhelm II, that it reads almost like a romantic historical novel of our illustrious contemporary, artistically "set" in the past. Gibbon, Mr. Bigelow also reminds us, congratulated himself a few years before the Napoleonic wars began that Europe might now look forward to a long period of peace and plenty. War seems to be a law of Nature, and although the complete demolition of the Hun, and the control of the world by civilized nations may enforce a pact that *may* endure for the best part of a century, human nature will break loose sooner or later and fight; because it no more can stand the monotony of too much peace than the human mind can be evacuated of its love of variety and adventure, the desire to prove itself better than the next man, to make more money and achieve more power; to say nothing of the outstanding reputation. Love of fame is one of the greatest passions of the human heart, and when a man feels that he is equipped with the gifts and the energies that make for immortality (as immortality goes) he lets little stand in his way. And nations are composed of individuals.

Gibbon is not the only short-sighted prophet on record. History is full of instances where great men have drawn the long sigh of relief at the final extermination of the war bogie, of men who centuries ago gasped at the sudden outbreak of war, exactly as we did in 1914. "But war! — war is impossible! War in these days! In this era of civilization!"

Well, war is never impossible. What happens on other planets I know not, but it may be that Nature for purposes of her own created this planet for perpetual unrest, and laughed consumedly when we named another world Mars.

To-day there seem to be a few men who recognize the possibility as well as the probability of future wars, and who are determined to improve this late awakening of the American mind and prepare for what no human prescience can forefend. Germany, it is known, is already talking of the "next war," but that is because she is bent upon the conquest of the world. We are not, and it is the more to our credit that we have men among us, who, profoundly as they may love and enjoy the ripe fruits of peace — and it must be remembered that the thinkers are past the fighting age; it is not the business of soldiers to think — are what we gracefully call "on the job." They have received the severest jolt in the history of American thinkers, and they are determined that the United States of America shall not be imperilled a second time.

THE New York Times *recently said of Mrs. Atherton, that she simply cannot write anything uninteresting. And nothing truer was ever said. Here is one of her most brilliant incisive articles, filled with meat. It is for every American — and for every German among us*

Therefore, they have come to the logical conclusion that they must begin at once upon the plastic minds of the American youth of both sexes, and that there is only one avenue of approach — the schools. They are the generals, and their officers of the rank and file must be the teachers, the hundreds of thousands of teachers, throughout this great country.

It is useless to rely upon parents. Parents have multifarious affairs. Many parents are fools. Moreover, it is a practical impossibility to reach all the parents in the land and mobilize them into a unit for home instruction, then to be after them constantly to keep them up to the mark.

Moreover, the mental and ethical receptivity of growing boys and girls can be reached only in the school-room; they want, and healthily, to spend their off-hours in recreation, and would resent being sat upon a stool as soon as they reached home and having patriotism preached at them; or to have it for breakfast and dinner. They would soon hate the word and the last instance might be worse than the first.

The work must be done by intelligent and tactful school-teachers, and by them alone. Patriotism, the amalgamation of a heterogeneous mass into a nation with a common ideal, an ardent love of the country whose bounty and advantages and protection they enjoy, an alertness of mind to future danger — which includes a thorough knowledge of history and historical deductions — must become as much a part of the curriculum as spelling and arithmetic. The children will drink it as they drink a refreshing glass of water, instead of making a face over the routine doses of anxious and too often tactless parents. Teaching is one of the high arts.

No children in the world have the natural aptitude for politics that the little Americans have. I never shall forget, on the night of Cleveland's lamentable defeat, hearing a procession of small boys out in the street singing: "Grover's in the soup! Grover's in the soup!" These children may have been the hopefuls of Republican parents, but the point is that they knew what was going on and took a consuming interest in the result of a Presidential election. Just now their hatred of the German and the Kaiser would be funny if it were not so significant. Their minds are ripe for preparation for what may be the principal work of their manhood, and while it is not necessary to teach them hatred of any nation, as the German children were taught to hate (and despise) their potential enemies, they easily may be made to realize that there are always enemies of peace and civilization ready to pounce and prey the moment vigilance is relaxed.

But that is not enough. For boys to grow up in the sure knowledge that they must at any moment be prepared to defend their country, and that patriotism is the noblest of the virtues, is but a part of the task that confronts their instructors. Intelligent youth is logical. If it were still a question of Americans undiluted, instead of the original American being represented in but one-fifth of our population, we should have no problem on our hands. The old-stock American is not only automatically loyal, but has never failed to prove himself one of the crack fighters of the earth.

But Europe has emptied herself through our insatiable maw, and our digestion has been so overtaxed that we have almost died of it. It was one of those rare cases of indigestion without pain, one of those ulcers in the stomach that eat silently for years until they reach a blood-vessel and cause a hemorrhage, sometimes fatal. We needed the immigrant and we talked grandly about the melting-pot and our powers of assimilation. The trouble was there existed no precedent in history from which even our wiser heads might take warning. In Europe the various Teutonic races have many points of similarity, although they may often hate one another like brothers; before the War we talked vaguely of "The Latins." But never had there been anything comparable to the fantastic mixture of races which gradually accumulated on this continent; and in our easy-going way we took it as a matter of course. We always referred to the army of Germans in our midst as "among our best citizens," they were so unobtrusive; and to the Irish as corking politicians. It never occurred to us to ask whether this isolated United States of America, with its reckless individual liberty, had uprooted the fundamentals in these alien races or merely lulled where it did not antagonize. We took the best for granted.

We also made another fatal mistake. Welcome as we made foreigners, we despised them. Good-naturedly, but nevertheless whole-heartedly, because they were not born Americans. God had been unkind to them, and while we were willing to make use of them to increase our wealth and develop the resources of our vast country, and even to be quite nice to them if we did not happen to be brutes, foreigners they were and foreigners they must remain. Even God could not make them real Americans.

It never occurred to us that these Europeans were people of every ancient race, full of the wisdom of centuries. Our perspicacity, blunted by our national conceit, did not drive far enough to observe that in nine cases out of ten they were far cleverer than a new race that had been so long cut off from its original roots that it was a very crude and a very young people, careless of wisdom and contemptuous of intellect and too much book or even general knowledge. Moreover, the Germans, at least, were far better educated. We know now that even those that left their "Fatherland" to escape military service or to better their condition, never relinquished the intention to convert the land of their adoption into a second Germany, and inoculate it with their infernal Kultur. Not that they wished — the majority of them — to see the United States, with its illimitable wealth and opportunities, under the Prussian yoke; merely to destroy the old brand of Americanism they despised, and satisfy both their instincts and their obsession.

The Irish, owing to the poverty of their mother country, had not much education, but they had bright, energetic, aggressive minds, and soon made themselves a power. Some of our best citizens are of Irish birth or extraction, and so are some of our worst.

The Italians, for the most part, came with the deliberate intention of making little fortunes out of our sweat-shops, or whatever occupation Nature and circumstances had equipped them for, in order to return to their lovely country and own a piece of land, if no larger than a table-cloth. They are as keen as mustard, as saving as the French, and as coldly calculating as a Prussian junker. A few became anarchists, but there are defectives in every land, and although the majority are socialists they bided their time and were content to make their nest-egg before interfering with Governments. A few came to us to remain, and we have no better recruits. When, after the insurance payments following the San Francisco earthquake and fire, other small citizens, intoxicated with having so much money in their possession at once, were indulging in an orgy of spending, the Italians were the first to rebuild. Telegraph Hill, their chosen quarter, was the first section of the city to rise from the ruins.

And so it goes. We have taken into our mighty stomach a mass of foreign peoples, cleverer than ourselves, treated them as if they were born yesterday, and then wondered why the American spirit was not strong enough to change their national genius overnight, make them ardent devotees of everything American. In other words, we wondered — when we thought about it at all — why they were not all Carl Shurzes and Mary Antins.

About ten years ago I came from Fiume, the seaport of Hungary, to New York on a Cunarder, and in the steerage were some two thousand Hungarians, big, virile men and women, showing no sign of the poverty which drives the lower classes as a rule to emigration. The anomaly was explained to me by a Hungarian statesman who was on board. These peasants were merely coming to us for two or three years to learn our methods of farming in order to improve conditions in their own country, not only for themselves, but for all. I thought it a pity we should not add such splendid specimens to our own race, but when I suggested to my informant that they might like the new world too well to leave it, he shook his head. "There are great resources and thousands of fertile (*Continued on page 37*]

Bluffing the Boche

by "Black Devil" Combe

Private C. V. Combe, No. 238, Canadian Expeditionary Forces, "Little Black Devils" of Winnipeg

IN the forty hours between four o'clock Saturday morning and eight o'clock Sunday evening, April 25th, 1915, I was gassed, shot through the head and taken prisoner by the Germans in the now historic Second Battle of Ypres in which the Canadians saved the city of that name and the Channel Ports from the rapacious Hun.

After spending five weeks in hospital in crucified Belgium, during which time Belgian sisters of charity dragged me back from the edge of the grave (that was at Roulers), I was taken into Germany proper where I remained until August, 1916, when I was exchanged to Switzerland.

In January, 1916, however, while in prison at Lichtenhorst, Hanover, I decided that I was sufficiently strong to attempt an escape. To accomplish my end I needed a compass, a wrist watch, a suit of civilian clothes, and food — all I could carry away with me.

To get the first I wrote home for "that game of sapmoc (compas spelled backward) we used to play on the lawn." The compass came — in a piece of cheese. My luminous wrist watch I secured by trading food to a hungry Russian. Generally, we gave them our excess but this was an unusual case.

From January to May, I kept all the beef cubes I could get my hands on. In the end I had saved three hundred cubes, forty soup powders, ten pounds of hardtack biscuits, several tins of bully beef, tea, cocoa, sugar, etc., from my parcels. I estimated that I had thirty days' food stored away.

In those days we were allowed to receive civilian clothing from home. I managed to get a coat through without having the German prisoner color cut into the sleeve. I got a pair of wide trousers and cut the stripe out of them, ironing the seam flat again with a hot brick and damp blanket. I secured civilian boots by trading with a Belgian and made a tie from a piece of starched cotton stuff. I had several soft collars and I begged a soft hat from a comrade.

I owned a civilian coat which had been painted with red stripes at Giessen. I carefully worked out these colors with stolen gasoline and then decided — fatal blunder — to leave the overcoat and my sweater behind that I might take more food. After adding a dozen boxes of matches, wrapped water-proof, and a tin "drum" to my pack, I was ready for the great adventure.

I had already secured, in a manner which can be revealed only after the War, an excellent ordnance map of Western Germany which aided me greatly in my plans. My journey would divide itself into three stages: crossing the Weser, traversing the one hundred and twenty miles between that river and the Ems, and then crossing the Ems and the Holland frontier. [*Continued on page 47*]

Illustration by Clarence F. Underwood

"So," he said, "you're going away, are you?" She did not answer. She could not

Through the Haze

by Porter Emerson Browne

Chapter XXII

IT will always be difficult for the rest of the world to understand the United States of America of 1915. Yet France and England, too, had long dozed in the languor of peace. Lord Roberts had cried out to them. And they had smiled and once again closed easy eyes. But at length the storm had broken. . . .

The Bryce report came. Those who were awake shuddered, awaking others. The murder of Edith Cavell! Awakening hearts of America went out to the victim of a monstrous crime; awakening sympathies went out to Brand Whitlock, that gentle soul, self-caged with the German Beast.

But, alas! too often did these awakening souls come but from sleep to confusion. For even as they became conscious on a conscious world, into one ear were dinned the febrile platitudes of pacifists, theorists and fools; into the other, the muttered lies of German agents who appeared unctuously at every turn. Nor could they seem to thrust all these aside and think for themselves.

And, moreover, fine phrases were found in which the ignoble could cloak their yellow souls.

All this was reflected at Miramar.

Boelke was frankly for anything that would aid Germany and confuse her enemies. His Teutonic mind took no account of such negligible figments as morals, ethics, equities and justice.

"We should stop sending munitions to the Allies," he declared. "It is indefensible."

"America is running a shop for all comers," rejoined Hathaway. "If Germany can't get here to trade with us, whose fault is that? If I had a grocery store and you and Anstruther were both customers, and you should happen to be put in jail, should I refuse to sell Anstruther any goods until you got out?"

"It's no longer a question of business," interrupted Anstruther. "It's a question of murder. Murderers should be allowed to trade with nobody. They should be hanged or electrocuted."

"The Germans are fighting only in self-defense," said Boelke, hotly.

"So is any other murderer, when the police are about to take him," returned Anstruther, his voice taking on a hot and dangerous tone.

Senator Evans raised a Delsartian palm.

"There, there, gentlemen," he said. "Let us not get excited. Truly, it is a most horrible cataclysm that has come upon the world. While the nations of Europe are thus at war, we can only account them madmen not to be held to the rules of ordinary reason. Peace will come. And when it does America must stand, proud in wisdom, conscious in strength, lofty in motive, to adjudicate with even hand the justice that must be meted out to all."

But all this Constance had not heard, nor Craig. Instinct had vanquished reason. Outside, on the terrace, Craig had made good the first of his promises.

Just before they were to go back to the city, Constance received another letter from Don. It was an inexorable reminder of how she had neglected Uncle Victor. She had seen him but once during the whole summer, and then merely to stop while passing in the motor. After the customary amenities, she had asked him, with a cordiality as effusive as unfelt, to drop in on them. He had thanked her. But he had not come.

Don's letter came both as an excuse and a command. . . . As the car bounced up the rough lane, she noticed, walking slowly down the meadow toward the valley, a girl, in apron and sunbonnet.

Uncle Victor came around from the woodpile, axe in hand.

"A letter from Don," said Constance. "I thought you might like to see it."

The old man's eyes gleamed eagerly.

"He's all right?" he asked, quickly.

"Yes," she sighed. "But I worry constantly."

He nodded, gravely.

"It must be perfectly terrible over there!" she exclaimed.

"I reckon it ain't no lawn party," he agreed. "Fightin' ain't never pretty. Neither is operations. Only when nothin' else won't do, they ain't nothin' else to be done. I'll read it right away and bring it back to you."

"Don't bother," she said. "I've already answered it."

"Oh," said Uncle Victor.

"You've been getting along well?"

He nodded.

"I'll try to see you again before we go back to the city. If there's anything at all that we can do, don't fail to let us know."

He thanked her.

"Same address. And we'll be back next spring. Good-bye," she said. And then, to the driver, "All right, Jean."

Even before she had rounded the turn of the road, Uncle Victor had shambled to the gate. His cupped hands to his old lips lent distance to his call. . . . The slender girl, now far down the green meadows, heard and turned. Frantically he beckoned to her.

She retraced her steps.

Side by side, in the soft light of the dying day, they sat upon the front steps of the cottage, the white hair of age touching the brown of youth, to read words penciled by one they loved from somewhere in France.

She cried a little, her head sunk upon his knee. He stroked the brown masses of her hair.

"There, there," he said, huskily. "There, there, little girl. It's all right. God knows what He's doin', even if we don't. Don't never forget that. . . ."

Once again the whirl of the winter season. And yet different from any that she had ever known. . . .

Constance had never carried a secret in her soul. It was a grievous burden, and hard to bear; impossible, except that she carried it across the shoulders of her femininity in equi-laden panniers of injury and longing. . . .

Dick's neglect at first had hurt her. But pride had at first prevented her from complaining, or even from discussing.

To be sure, she had asked him, in the beginning, if he didn't care for her any more.

His response had been always the same: that he was tired, worried, too busy to be bothered with playing games; that she should take him for granted as he took her, and let it go at that.

But to be taken for granted is not enough for a woman. It is not enough for a man either, for that matter. But it is what husbands and wives are very prone to do. Whereby the music goes from life and only the machinery is left.

It all made Constance very lonely and most unhappy.

It is to be remembered that she had looked without so long that she had forgotten how to look within. It is to be remembered that she had built up for herself no resources save those that are external. And she had refused to have children. Moreover, men had ever sought her. From the earliest days of her childhood there had been some boy, some youth, some man, to give her the innocent compliments and complements of adoration, adulation and attention. For she was very feminine and she was very beautiful. Gradually her life had been becoming empty indeed. For toys, no matter how expensive, do, after a time, pall. A woman, she was meant to live in a woman's world. This, denied her, and self-denied by her, what wonder that she knew not where to turn?

It is different with a man. It has ever been man's portion to get; as it has been woman's to conserve. Man, the hunter, ranges far afield; he has the joy and the excitement of the chase; the broad world is his playground. Tired, he comes back amid his possessions for rest and sleep and the proud contemplation of the work of his head and hand. . . . Woman stays at home, in conservation and creation. Only the mother can suckle the young. It is Nature's law. It can be broken, as it can be bent. But it is the primal plan.

Nor let woman ever boast that she is man's equal. With but few exceptions, it were impossible for her to sink so low.

Chapter XXIII

WE have said that Constance never looked within herself. That the eyes of her soul did at times turn inward is true; they did not see clearly, but only a rainbow range of colored emotion.

One thing, and one thing clearly, stood out.

It was Don. . . . What would Don say?

She had done nothing wrong, she kept telling herself. Not as much as hundreds of other women that she knew. Craig was pleasant to be with. . . . He had kissed her. But that was all.

And Dick had come to be indifferent, at times, almost brutal. He even ignored her before people.

She wished, almost, that she could see Don, to tell him — to ask him. She wanted to explain to him, to extenuate. For there was no one else.

Don would understand, she knew. . . . But probably he would go direct to Ames! And that she would never stand! To have her brother beg her husband to be good to her — as though she were a horse that he had neglected to feed! Hot wrath again surged within her. No! Not that! Never! For that which was her every right she would not beg. Nor should Don.

But there was no danger of that. Don was somewhere in France, driving an ambulance, or something.

And Craig was coming again that night. Dick would probably not come home, nor even bother to telephone.

Yet another letter had come from Don. It read, in part:

"How little everybody seems to understand about it all. But they would if they could be over here, if only for a few minutes. . . . I'm driving a mvver. That's one good thing Henry has done; and for it Old Lady History may even forgive him his Peace Ship. What an incomprehensibly and nonunderstandably hyperbolical thing that was! It was like horning into the gates of heaven and slapping Saint Peter on the back and calling him 'Pete!' . . . 'Out of the trenches by Christmas!' . . . As though a man were fighting for his life against a Bengal tiger and someone should come out and ring a dinner-bell and expect them both to knock off and come in to eat. . . .

"I suppose it is still hopeless to try to make you, over there, understand. Mud and blood and flames!

"The pounding of the guns. The streams of wounded coming out. The streams of living going in. A great methodical, mechanical, hell-machine feeding men into its hopper and vomiting forth corpses at its mouth. . . .

"But it will come to you. It's bound to. These Germans are not men. They are just herds of cattle that have been made mad — oxen that have been taught not to draw wagons, but to kill men. Poor, brainless, domestic animals turned into a machine for killing. . . .

"Do you remember how we used to find little pools of oil under the cars, where we had let them stand? I found one under mine last night. I was looking for the leak when I happened to get my hand in it. It was blood."

There was more. He told her he was going to try to get into aviation — the Lafayette Escadrille.

"If I am good enough for that, it is where they need me most. . . . And I will admit I am a little selfish. I want to get out of the mud."

He asked her again to go to see Mary.

There were, too, changes in the group to which the Ameses belonged and with which they were wont to dine, bridge, and go to the theatres and the cabarets.

The Boelkes dropped out first. Mr. Boelke had become exceedingly busy. His wife followed him dutifully into luxurious retirement.

Anstruther had turned suddenly and surprisingly sober. He talked constantly of going to Plattsburg. The allowance given him by his wife came to be sufficient for his needs. Whereby she became almost as amazed as she was pleased.

Mrs. Drayton's son suddenly and for no obvious reason enlisted in the army, and was sent to the border. . . . Valiantly she tried to believe that what everybody told her was true — that it was the best thing that could have happened for him. But she wept much over a very expensive photograph of a very young man in a very inexpensive suit of very honorable clothing.

Enid Haynes, finding that one has to do ever and ever so much terribly hard studying to be a nurse, had taken up indoor golf instead.

Hathaway continued to make a great deal of money which his wife continued to do her best to spend.

Senator Evans had gone back to Washington to help confuse and choke and daze, with poison gas of his own making, those of his countrymen who were trying to think, and to think clearly.

And Gifford had come to be a contributor to a small magazine whose main theory seemed to be that all wrongs of earth could be righted by taking all the money away from everybody that had it and giving it to everybody that didn't; and by constantly reiterating that War is a Silly Thing. . . . If they could have made the Germans believe it, they would have been accomplishing a Great Work.

There was more talk of war than there had been. America's relations with Mexico, dragging and draggled through years of Watchful Waiting, had come at last to be frayed to the point of breaking. The confusion of commerce with foreign countries had made the European war more of an actuality, as well as the purblind activities of German representatives in the efforts to incite feeling against England and in favor of Germany. Boy-Ed, von Papen, Dumba, Albert, strode across the stage, as contemptuous of the intelligence of the audience as the average producer of musical comedies. And with much the same results. They seemed too silly to be true. . . .

One would have thought that, from all these things, the situation would have clarified. Yet it did not. And the reason is not far to seek. America was being dragged into the War; but her official eyes were set on peace. As a man might try to row a boat up-stream when swift currents are pulling him down. Whereby his mind is not upon where he is really going, but on an entirely impossible destination to which false hopes are deluding him. The current had set too strongly about America for her ever to fight against it.

Like those who led, and those who followed America through that period of her destiny, Constance's faith in her own inviolability was superb. No matter what might come to others, nothing could ever happen to her. From the richly-upholstered tonneau of her mental motor she looked gently down upon the struggles of tortured humanity; yet from them she was aloof. Sympathy she could give, or money. Yet that her own heart should be wrung, her own body bruised — that was incomprehensible and utterly beyond understanding.

With herself she felt that something untoward was happening. . . . It was confusing — annoying. She wished that it would come to an end. But to try to end it did not occur to her. It would be like smashing down a closed door that led to she knew not what.

Not that behind that door lay anything to hurt her. But it would be unpleasant. It meant activity, and excitement, and unrest, the upsetting of the settled things of life, and their rearrangement and readjustment. There would be a double quarrel on her hands. Not that Destiny would not bring her out of it unscathed. But she did not care to go through it, even with Destiny to guide her.

If she just waited, things would come out all right. She had yet to learn that things [*Continued on page 40*]

LIFE IS A "SEE-SAW"! — that is why Sophie Kerr has taken the word as the title for her new novel, the first chapters of which will appear in the November McClure's. See-saws and pendulums — these high and low moments, these brave and cowardly spots — and somewhere in the center is the place where most of our friends know us, a place of seeming quiet and equilibrium.

If the visitor should happen to step forward instead of backward, or stumble over a hidden root, or come a foot nearer the fence, the soldier will fire to kill

In this military reservation not a single chance is taken. As its commanding officer explained: "It can't be done better the next time here — because there will be no next time"

The Stuff of Heroes

by Anna Steese Richardson

Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty

THE War has taught Americans to speak trippingly of billions in money and millions in men. Army cities are reared overnight by mechanics who receive from $90.00 to $100.00 per week for performing the miracle. A cantonment of less than twenty thousand infantrymen in the making is not considered worth mentioning.

Yet some of the most interesting stops on my tour for McCLURE'S were made at camps where less than a thousand men are engaged in some thrilling task to make fighting safer for the new national army.

Picture one of the most desolate sections on the Atlantic Coast! Between the reservation and the sea, a stretch of marsh-land which appeals only to duck shooters of the most rabid type. Between the reservation and civilization, a few forlorn towns of the sort whose railway service consists of one train daily each way. Sand underfoot, and as far as the eye can see, stunted pine-trees and discouraged undergrowth, entirely surrounded by tall fences of barbed wire.

A duck fan, motoring east from the railway station might wonder at the well-built road and the expensive fencing of such unproductive land. If his curiosity leads him to shut off the gas, jump from his machine and cross to the fence for a look, something will stir stealthily, quickly, in the dusty underbrush, and Mr. Duck Fan will find himself looking into the business end of a rifle.

And behind the rifle a grim-faced man in dust-powdered khaki who is not posted there to supply information! If, in a spirit of irresponsible friendliness, the visitor should ignore the rifle, take a step nearer the fence or perhaps lay a careless hand on the vicious top strand of barbed wire, the soldier will bark, "Halt!". Then if the startled duck fan should happen to step forward instead of backward, or stumble over a hidden root, or by any chance, accidental or intentional, come one foot nearer the fence, the soldier will fire to kill. And there will be no trial, no investigation, no publicity. The soldier has merely obeyed orders. He has the Secretary of War and the entire army behind him, just as he has the responsibility for millions of lives in America, and the fighting power of the American Expeditionary Forces in France on his square shoulders.

For behind him, in three miles of grim, gray magazines, which through the pine-trees look like decapitated pyramids, are stored the high explosives awaiting overseas shipment.

In this military reservation not a single chance is taken. As its commanding officer explained: "It can't be done better the next time here—because there will be no next time."

One mistake, and this reservation, the barren farms and stagnant towns behind it, one of the country's six largest cities forty miles west, in fact the entire southern half of the state in which it lies, will be destroyed. And with all this, the ammunition on which the daily success of America's overseas force depends!

On the day when I visited this ordnance depot, there was stored in its magazines, forty times as much high explosive as destroyed the water-front of Halifax. Over it, eight officers and 156 New York boys stood guard.

The frost was just coming out of the ground. The Y. M. C. A. flivver bouncing in and out of the ruts, jarring and rattling, filled me with terror. In the presence of sensitive and perhaps temperamental explosives, I felt that one ought to step lightly and softly.

A boyish lieutenant waited with the sentry at the gate nearest headquarters. Flippant slips of pink paper, reading "Pass John Doe," mean absolutely nothing to an ordnance depot guard. Visitors must be met and identified by officers.

But it was not always so. Before the United States declared War, this tract of land was operated as a storage or concentration plant by a world-famous company supplying Russia with munitions. When Russia said: "To fight or not to fight—that is the question," Uncle Sam decided not to wait for the answer. He commandeered the land, the magazines and the munitions on hand, and a guard of American soldiers was put in charge.

What those one hundred and sixty-four men found was a ramshackle farmhouse with accommodations for the average farmer's family of six or eight. What they did in sixty days in the heart of winter is typical of what small groups of men are accomplishing at odd points all over this country.

A contractor was on the job, but December storms are no respecters of union hours. So the soldiers alternated guard duty and carpentry work.

The farmhouse was the familiar type with steep stairs in a narrow hall leading to the second floor. The parlor was turned into the "office" with a counter about the size of a news company booth at a suburban railway station, for a canteen where "smokes," sweet chocolate, stationery and other soldier necessities are sold. The kitchen, shelving and all, is less than twelve feet square, and on the range of ordinary household size the mess for the entire 164 is cooked. Incidentally, cooks and helpers are chosen because of their small size rather than their culinary gifts!

On the second floor, in a "guest chamber" beside which the hall bedroom of a city boarding-house is palatial, the natty young surgeon, with rank of lieutenant, has established his infirmary. With his own hands he scraped and painted the walls and woodwork, installed medicine cabinets and a sterilizing machine. Two chairs crowd the room, so outside the door, in the hall stands a packing-box on which a patient could dispose of the upper half of his anatomy with the lower half dangling over the edge—the only available substitute for an operating-table.

The balance of the second floor has been turned into a combination of sleeping quarters, mess and recreation hall for the officers. Its windows overlook on one side the electric light plant which from sunset to sunrise and on foggy or stormy days flings a dazzling light over the magazines. On the other side, they open directly into the barracks of the men. In case of alarm, half of the officers can slide down ropes from the windows overlooking the electric plant, and the other half can plunge through the windows into the barracks, leading their men to the scene of trouble.

This strange room and the few hours which I spent in it gave me a new respect and friendliness for the men who are responsible for the lives and health of American

boys. Each officer had a given space against the wall, where stood his bed and his suitcase or locker. Over each bed hung some sort of crudely made shelf. And on each shelf was the picture of a woman! Some of these women-faces were elderly—the women who have given their sons to the service. Some were younger, in the thirties and the twenties, and at the knees of these women or pressed close, cheek to cheek, were little children. And there were younger women — mere girls with the new wistful expression in their eyes, which comes with War.

Next to the pictures, along with shaving outfits and "housewives," were crucifixes for the Catholics, Bibles and odd little religious books for the Protestants. Looking at these, I thought of those mothers who write frantically of the demoralizing influence of war. In times of peace few such men would flaunt their religious faith in a dormitory!

AT one end of the room stood an ordinary kitchen table for mess, and against a post supporting the roof, a handy man had built a drop-leaf table where home letters are written. The center of the room was given over to what a young lieutenant described facetiously as "bath with open plumbing" A long narrow table made of rough board and covered with oilcloth was supplied with two large wash-basins and two soap-dishes. Underneath stood two buckets, one containing cold water brought from the pump by an orderly, and another for the dirty water to be carried out. The only water supply for the 164 men was an old-fashioned pump. There was no drainage, so for sanitary reasons, the cesspool, a dozen feet from the kitchen door, had been closed, and orders issued that all waste water be carried a safe distance from the house.

In their recreation hall the men have a library, a piano and a phonograph, all secured through the Y. M. C. A. Their work is endless guard duty unrelieved by drills of any sort. This means four hours on and four hours off, but as it takes fifty minutes to reach most of the posts, a man stands guard four hours, is fifty minutes being relieved, stops to gather his contribution to the wood supply, and waits for a bite to eat, a wash-up and a smoke before turning in. So you see that he is awake about six hours and asleep two, then off to guard duty again. When I reached the camp, many of these boys had averaged six hours' sleep in every twenty-four during sixty days, and they expressed a willingness to build additional barracks during part of those few sleeping hours, if Uncle Sam would supply the materials and give them a full company of men.

Their most popular recreation is going to the nearest hotel, nine miles distant, for a hot bath. And they walk the greater part of the way. In times of war there must be red tape. This particular reservation had had a motor-truck en route for six weeks. Meantime, the only communication which the 164 marooned men had with the outside world was a sad looking white horse attached to a wood wagon, and the flivver which was the personal property of the Y. M. C. A. secretary who lives at the ordnance depot.

This young Y. M. C. A. secretary also typifies the spirit of these special camps. Graduating from a prominent university, refused by the army and navy because of a physical defect, he enlisted for Y. M. C. A. service, offering not only his time and energies, but his means. From a luxurious home he was transferred direct to this desolate camp and established his motor-car, his traveling organ and his breezy personality among the lonely men. He it is who goes to town for the mail when the white horse is otherwise engaged, who carries mess supplies when the village express is too busy to do it, who brings into camp the few entertainers who will brave its dangers, and who dashes off to the railway station with the man who is given leave. And be it understood that furlough is given only in case of mortal illness or death back home.

On the day of my visit when the guard was changed at 4 o'clock we all met, visitors, officers and men, for an impromptu entertainment. The social secretary from the nearest Y. M. C. A. headquarters, who by the way was formerly with the Metropolitan Opera Company, led the singing, "The Old Grey Mare Ain't What She Used to Be," "The Long, Long Trail," "Over There," "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night." Sleepy boys came tumbling down from the barracks overhead. Guards who had just been relieved sat down on the benches without brushing the snow from their coats, without dropping their guns. The cooks came out of the kitchen. The captain's clerk closed the canteen and lounged in the doorway. The officers hunched on the narrow benches and sang along with the men.

Then I asked those boys to tell me the funniest thing that had happened to them since they had entered the service. Here are some of the stories:

From a young New York east-sider:

"The C. O., he makes me head cook because I have worked in a restaurant—as dishwasher. He gives me a bunch of greenhorns for helpers. I say to Tony, 'Put some water on the fire.' He does,— and when I come into the kitchen, that fire is out all right, all right."

From a tall, seasoned sergeant, veteran of the regular army, six feet, three inches in his socks.

"We get some boys from the cavalry. Green as grass on infantry. I go out to inspect the guard. It is daybreak. Everything looks queer at that time. The guard he calls out, 'Who comes there?' And I answer, 'Sergeant ———.' And what you think he yells back? 'All right — dismount and be recognized!'"

From a top sergeant who has been transferred from duty in a southern cantonment:

"Some negroes make fine soldiers. Others just can't get the manual of arms into their skulls. I had one man in my squadron whose head was solid ivory. I got nutty about that man. I'd drill him with the other men and alone. I never let him out of my sight. If it hadn't been for the difference in our rank, my captain would have laid a bet with me that I couldn't whip that man into shape. Well, at last I felt I could put him on guard. The night he did his first sentry duty, I hid near enough to keep an eye on him and hear what he said. I knew that a certain major was in town and might come into camp any minute. I wanted to see what my angel-child would do. For an excuse to talk to him occasionally, I would ask whether Major Blank had come in. After I had asked that question the fifth time, Major Blank stalked into view, and this is what happened. The negro gave him the proper salute, then dropped his rifle, leaned on it and spoke pityingly to the haughty officer:

"Mr. Man, Ah sure am sorry fo' you. Mah sergeant, he's been a' lookin' fo' you dese two hours, and when he lays hand on you, de good Lawd help you!"

After the last song had been sung the men crowded around, many asking for my card. I finally inquired of one brown-eyed boy what he intended to do with it, and he replied: "Send it to my mother and tell her about our party. You're the first lady I've seen since I came to this camp two months ago. I was on guard when the lady entertainers were here."

Three miles of high explosive, nine miles for a bath, six hours' sleep in twenty-four, no glimpse of a woman's face for sixty days — and we think that all the heroes of this War are in France!

You would have been thrilled by the dinner shared with the officers in that second-floor combination of barracks, mess and recreation hall. Dusk had fallen and electric light brought out cruelly the ugliness of the long narrow room. The captain offered his own clean handkerchief as a napkin. The kitchen police who replaced the white clad orderlies I had met in other officers' quarters, wore blue fatigue overalls, but he had washed his hands to the wrist bones in honor of the occasion. The Y. M. C. A. secretary had just come in with oranges and the mail. The effort to postpone letter reading was heroic, and the result was a reaction of confidences about mothers, wives and sweethearts.

The tray from which I helped myself to corned beef hash was a Harvard "Lampoon" tray. A lean corporal entered and asked permission to entertain a brother over night in the barracks. The brother was in the navy and out on furlough. As the corporal saluted and departed with the coveted permission, the captain explained: "I couldn't refuse that lad anything within reason. A few days before Christmas he had a message from his home in the south that a brother was dying. Relatives have a way of dying most conveniently just before Christmas. We hesitated about giving the permission. But the brother did die. He was the youngest of the family, too young to enlist. The other five are in the army and navy."

The lieutenant on my left was just offering me stewed apricots when it happened, — a flicker of the electric light so slight that in your home, you might pause just long enough to wonder whether a storm had broken between you and the electric plant, but at this ordnance depot, in less time than it takes you to read this paragraph, I was alone with my Y. M. C. A. friends. The officers had vanished without a word, without so much as the clatter of boots. It was so sudden that I really could not say how they went; whether down the stairs, or the ropes or through the windows leading into the barracks. And in a few minutes they all came back and resumed the eating of their supper.

Why?

Because the electric plant keeps aflame the great flares between the magazines by which the guards can see the slightest shadow cast by a moving figure, and because the man in charge of that electric plant, though an American citizen, has a German name. He was left there by the munitions company when the reservation was taken over by the Government. The eight officers had been tugging at red tape for sixty days to have him replaced by a native American. And until this is accomplished, one of the eight will always be watching him, and the remaining seven will spring into action at the slightest flicker in an electric bulb!

"C'est la Guerre!" by Anna Steese Richardson, coming in November

THEN come with me to a coastal air station, three or four miles from a famous summer resort. See it as I saw it, in winter. The board walk stops a mile from the station's boundaries, and a storm-driven sea washes in at intervals, leaving great gulches of sand and heaps of wreckage.

Here on the water's edge you will find the hangars for the airplanes which patrol this section of the Atlantic coast. And behind them, the low shacks, which are quarters for officers and men, flyers and mechanics.

One of the worst storms of the year had swept over this little station just before my visit. It had been marooned from the mainland by surging water. The newly installed steam-heating plant had frozen solid, so had the water supply and the electric light plant. There was not a tree in sight to supply wood, and what few stoves were on hand burned coal poorly. Yet work went on at this station as usual. Every day the flying pilots went up on patrol duty. Every day the officers met the emergency with typical American resourcefulness. By telephone, they arranged with the Y. M. C. A. in the nearest town to send out oil and lanterns for light, and bottled water for drinking and washing, also such food supplies as were running low. The Y. M. C. A. men drove their trucks as far as the angry tide would permit, and details of the men from the station ferried the supplies over in boats or waded around the water through wet sand and wreckage. And as fast as they thawed out the plumbing it froze again. This lasted for nearly a week, but never once did the planes fail to go up at the usual hour, and [*Continued on page 29*]

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

The Soldiers' Flame · Shirley Mason · *A War-time Star*

TO see one's own favorite little star in the ascendant is always to be conscious of a distinct thrill. Over a year ago we told the world that this young girl was on her way to become a great motion picture actress. Her work in the McClure Picture Series, "Seven Deadly Sins," proved it. This year she is to appear in eight Paramount pictures, thus making us prophets in our own country. Nor is that all. We hear that a new two-reel series of seven Shirley Mason films, based on "Seven Deadly Sins" and winding up with an absorbing war romance, is about to be issued by General Films.

The first of Miss Mason's Famous Players-Lasky pictures is to be called "Come On In!" which title, considering that it is a play of the moment, may be interpreted to mean, "Come On In! The War's Fine!" — a particularly appropriate choice for the little star, who has developed into a soldiers' idol.

It takes more strength of character than we possess just at the present moment not to make another augury concerning Miss Mason. It is this: that in a few months' time three names will be spoken togethe. — the trilogy of girlhood — Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark and Shirley Mason.

"I'm Flying To-day!"

The Passing of the Seven Tests

More adventures of Jack Stanton — the young American with the silver wings of the air service on his breast

By **W. B. Trites**

Illustration by Edgar F. Witmack

Learning the Rudiments

THE night before his second flight Jack Stanton prayed. He lay worrying miserably, unable to sleep, and all of a sudden the resolve to pray came to him.

"Oh, God," he prayed, "I hate flying! Oh, God, make me love it! Oh, God, make me brave!"

This was the first sincere prayer he had ever uttered, the first prayer of any kind, indeed, that had passed his lips since childhood.

It comforted him strangely. A drowsy peace stole over him. Already he was in the land of dreams.

He dreamed that he flew three airplanes at once, as a bareback rider rides three horses in a circus. An arrogant, high-stomached dream. He stood erect, his legs wide apart, one foot in each of the outside airplanes to guide them, while the middle airplane was guided by its metal stick, which he grasped in his right hand. He kept up with his left hand a continuous rat-tat-tat of machine-gun fire, thus holding at bay the host of German Taubes that circled round him. Every little while he amazed and confused the Germans by some wonderful acrobatic feat, such as somersaulting his three airplanes simultaneously.

When, at breakfast, he remembered his dream, he smiled a bitter smile. The morning was cold and still. No warmth in the pale sunshine. A perfect flying morning.

And after breakfast he had his second flight. His old classmate, Weller, took him up.

He went up gladly. He knew he would have a wretched time again, but it was his duty to conquer the dizziness, the air-sickness, and the — the — well, call it the nervousness — of his first flight as soon as possible. Gladly, then, with the grim gladness of one about to undergo a dangerous but absolutely necessary surgical operation, he accompanied Weller to the hangar. Weller's Nieuport, though he expected to suffer the tortures of the damned in it, filled him with admiration — the grim admiration which a patient feels as he settles down into the shining complexities of the very latest thing in operating chairs.

The Nieuport was like a bird. Here was no forest of tangled wires over which one scrambled to a rough baby-coach. No, here was a slim, swift, shining bird.

In the swallow-like body two luxurious seats were sunk. It was not a double-control machine, and Jack rode simply as a passenger. The passenger sat in front on soft, deep cushions. Only his head protruded, and his head was sheltered by a small, curved windshield.

When the motor began to snarl and the propeller to revolve, Jack smelt no sour petrol odor, nor did a bleak and dreary blast beat steadily on his face. In the Nieuport he was as comfortable as in a Pullman. They moved off smoothly. They gathered speed at an amazing rate. Already they were up in the sky.

The sun shone. The sky was blue. The bright, frozen world smiled. And Jack Stanton, reclining on luxurious cushions, cleaved the sweet air like an arrow. On and up. Not once did he have that depressing sense of floating, of precariously balancing. No, he had always an exhilarating sense of swift and splendid flight.

"Thank God," he said, "my prayer's been answered!"

Like an arrow he soared over shapely woods, toy farms, and delicate roads.

"I love it. I could eat it up," he said. "Thank God!"

Jack Stanton, now his old self again, entered manfully into the life of the flying school. What was this life like?

The day began with roll-call, or reveille, at 6:40 o'clock in the gray dawn. Then, for fifteen minutes, from 6:55 to 7:10, there were calisthenics — trim lines of khaki-clad young figures exercising in unison in a frozen field amid the splendors of the winter sunrise. Flushed and hungry from their calisthenics, they hurried at 7:20 to their breakfast in the well-heated and clean dining-hall — an abundant breakfast of oatmeal porridge, bacon, fried potatoes, coffee, and stewed apples. After breakfast they made their beds and swept out their quarters. Flying began at 8, and went on until 11 o'clock.

Every little while he amazed and confused the Germans by some wonderful acrobatic feat

Dinner was at 11:30. An average dinner was beefsteak and mashed potatoes, pickles, rice pudding, cheese and tea. The afternoon was devoted to lectures about war-time flying delivered by English and French airmen straight from the fighting lines, and between the lectures was sandwiched an hour's drill. "Stand retreat," the wind-up of the day, came at 4:30. Supper followed: cold beef, tea, cake and jam. And now, from 5 to 12, the cadet was free. He could go to town, visit a café, treat himself to a restaurant meal, take in a cinema. Or, again, without bothering to go to town, he could put in an agreeable evening over pipe and book at the Y. M. C. A. hut out here.

There was no grimness of war about those winter days. Life at the flying school precisely resembled life at any boarding school or university.

Only, of course, there was one interest, the interest of flight, to bind all together as with a golden cord. Motors snarled eternally about them. Eternally the sour smell of petrol filled their nostrils. The winter sky above them was eternally criss-crossed with their slow, sprawling, ungainly but safe craft. They flew all they could, and, when they weren't flying, they stood in gum boots in the mud and followed with critical eye the flights of others.

"This," asked the instructor, "will be your first lesson?"

"Yes," said Jack; "though I've had," he added, "forty-one minutes in the air."

"Well," said the instructor, "keep your feet and hands very lightly on stick and rudder, so as not to interfere with me, you know, and watch carefully how I make my turns. There's nothing difficult about learning to fly except the landings. They come hard, but the rest is easy. It all comes easy in time. Only one man in two hundred — that's the statistics — ever fails to get his brevet. Yes, flying is easy. It costs the Government ten thousand dollars apiece to make you fellows airmen, and you want to be careful. I've got no patience with a chap who kills himself, wasting ten thousand dollars of the taxpayers' good money."

Captain Lewis limped a little. He was sturdy, with thick blond hair, freckles, and a resolute, aquiline profile like an Indian's. In the old pioneer days — Captain Lewis was a veteran close on thirty now — he had taught himself to fly in a Curtiss without any outside assistance whatever.

"Did the Huns give you that game leg, Captain?"

But Captain Lewis was testing the stick. He pushed it to the left, and the aileron or movable tip upon the left wing rose, while the aileron on the right wing descended. He pushed it to the right, and the right aileron rose while the left one descended. He pulled it back for going up, and up went the tail. He shoved it forward for going down, and the tail went down duly.

"Safest thing there is," he repeated. "You can fly upside down in her."

As they climbed into their places, Jack smiled incredulously to think that two days ago he had hated flying.

"When we're on a straight course," said the captain,

turning from the front seat to look back at him, "I'll shake the controls. That will mean you're to take charge. Just keep her straight, you know. Then, when I shake the controls again, give her back to me."

"I'm not to turn or dip or anything like that, I suppose?"

"Do you want to kill us?"

They rose into the air. Jack gave all his attention to stick and rudder. He could see no movement in them at first; then, to his delight, the stick moved back toward him quite perceptibly, and they began to climb in steep ascent. "Aha, I'm getting on to it," he thought.

A moment later the stick leaned to the right, he was conscious of a slight movement of the rudder also, and, swinging round to the right, they flew toward the town.

Captain Lewis turned; he pointed to the cathedral's twin towers; he yelled above the snarl of the motor," Keep her headed there!" Then he shook the controls.

Jack was in charge. He was now running an airplane for the first time. He was glad and at the same time a little alarmed. Running her for the first time! Running her badly, too. For, though he had not moved either stick or rudder by a hair's breadth, she was drifting to the left, drifting rapidly to the left, leaving the cathedral far upon one side. This was strange.

He must push stick and rudder to the right, of course. How much to the right? Not too much! Mustn't overturn her! He pushed delicately, but got no resistance, no pull. The airplane did not respond, either. Strange!

A boat rudder, an automobile wheel, a horse's mouth, pull satisfactorily when manipulated, but Jack Stanton was now for the first time to learn that an airplane has no pull whatever—that to steer an airplane is exactly like steering nothing, exactly like handling a steering mechanism that someone has disconnected.

They kept on drifting to the left. He moved his stick a little further to the right. Was there not a slight response now? A little, just a little further, and—yes—she turned at last as he desired. She headed straight for the cathedral.

He was delighted. He smiled in the icy blast victoriously. The next instant—damn!—he had lost control again. Captain Lewis looked round and shook his fist.

What was the cause of this continuous left drift? He pushed his rudder hard to the right, and was conscious of a nasty, slipping, sliding sensation. Horrible!

Then the controls shook, he felt them being violently manipulated, the airplane plunged straight down in the direction they were slipping, and in an instant all was well again, and they were flying smoothly toward the cathedral towers once more.

When, after a fifteen minutes' flight, they descended, Captain Lewis, said:

"You got us into a side-slip. You saw how I got her out? You get out of a side-slip by diving into it."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that, if you're slipping down to the left, you don't steer, as you'd expect, up and off to the right—no, you plunge straight down to the left harder even than you're slipping. That saves you."

Jack lit a cigarette. How interesting it all was!

"I kept drifting to the left," he said. "What caused that? The wind?"

"No," said Captain Lewis. "The torque."

"The torque? What's the torque?"

"Torque means twist or pull. Your rotary engine, you see, turns to the left. Well, that heavy engine turning and turning to the left naturally gives the airplane a pull to the left—a torque. You've got to keep your torque in mind. You've got to allow for it by bearing on your rudder to the right a little. You soon get to making this allowance unconsciously."

He flew every day, two or three flights of fifteen minutes each, and, his feet on the rudder and his hands on the stick, he learned to fly, exactly as one learns to bicycle or to swim.

On his second flight, remembering to counteract the torque, he made straight and true for the cathedral towers.

On his third flight he tried a turn. He now knew from experience that in a turn you must nose down a little, lean, not too much, in the direction you are turning (for if you don't lean you skid) and so swing around. He achieved the turn, though somewhat raggedly.

But after ten or twelve trials, he found himself turning with grace and ease, slanting her down just enough, leaning her over just enough, swinging round superbly, then smoothly regaining an even keel.

Next came landing. His first landing nearly wrecked them. Captain Lewis was properly disgusted.

"After the experience you've had," said he, "you ought to manage better. Suppose, on your first flight, you flew alone and had to land alone, as we did in the old days?"

"That must have been exciting!"

"Exciting? I was so excited, the first time I flew, that, though I steered all right, I couldn't remember to shut off my motor when I came down. Down I came, full speed, but I saw that wouldn't do, and so I darted up again. I circled round a while. I circled round and round in my nice new Curtiss that I'd just paid seven thousand dollars for, and I kept asking myself what the devil was wrong. Nothing was wrong, apparently, and I came down full speed a second time. But the way the earth rushed up at me! Why, at this rate, I'd plunge clean through to China. So I gave a scared cuss and up I dashed again. My head was in a whirl now. I was mad. Down I came full speed once more. The earth rose up to swat me. Mount again? No use. Let her go, then. Bang! And the next thing I knew, a pretty nurse in white in a white bedroom had her arm round my neck and was holding a cup of broth to my lips."

And the sturdy, freckled captain, blond in his blond uniform, lit a cigarette and limped away. A smile played round his austere young mouth. That memory of the old days had amused him.

. . . . . .

Life amongst the hospital horrors of war had given Julia March a grave air—a grave puzzled air.

"I'll take you first," said Jack, "to see the solo hop class."

"What is the solo hop?"

"It's your first flight alone, your very first flight alone, and it scares you stiff." He laughed gaily. "The solo hop's a treat."

Airplanes criss-crossed the sky above them. Airplanes rose on every side from the green plain about them. Young aviators in Eskimo-like dress hurried past.

Tiny figures in a distant field played baseball.

They crossed the spongy turf toward a khaki-colored crowd. The crowd suddenly broke into roars of laughter. An airplane rose behind it, flew very low, landed on one wheel, nearly turned over, then rose again. Julia had a fleeting glimpse of its occupant's pale, perturbed face as he shot by. He seemed to be very busy manipulating and adjusting all sorts of apparatus.

"A solo hopper," said Jack. "There's the rest of them. Don't they looked scared?"

"Why, no," said Julia. "They look fine to me."

They did look fine, those stalwart, ruddy solo hoppers, but certainly a close observer would have detected something feverish in their air. Standing in the little group apart, they talked and laughed too loud; they smoked too fast.

"Smithers!" shouted a voice.

Smithers became very grave. Throwing away his cigarette, he adjusted his leather helmet with tremulous fingers. Then he climbed into a waiting airplane hurriedly. In this airplane Smithers would now launch himself into space for the first time alone. Alone for the first time! He fastened at his waist the buckle which strapped him to his seat. His feet on the cross-bars of the rudder, his hand on the stick between his knees, he mentally ran over the apparatus ranged about him. He waved a trembling arm in nonchalant farewell, and was off—off, for the first time, alone.

"There's no danger, is there?" said Julia.

"None at all, ma'am." A southerner with gray in his hair took the answer out of Jack's mouth. "You can't get hurt in these machines. Thanks to their big wing-spread they're safer than—hullo! Ha, ha!"

Smithers, after a short flight, had descended too steeply. His nose had struck the turf. His tail had flown up, and he was now standing on his head. "Ha, ha, ha!" And then his airplane suddenly righted itself, glided a few yards, and came, uninjured, to a halt.

"I thought he was going to turn clean over," said the southerner in disappointed tones.

"Are you a flyer?" Julia asked.

"No, ma'am, not yet," said the southerner. "They tell me I'm too old to learn. They say you're no good after thirty. Well, I'm thirty-eight. Ha, ha! Wow!"

Another solo hopper was landing. He struck with terrific force, bounced up high like a ball, struck again on his right wheel, bounced again, struck on his right wheel a second time, and then turned over on his right side, his right wings crumpling under him like paper.

"Wow!"

As the crowd ran forward, the solo hopper stepped with a dazed smile out of the wreckage.

"I told you," said the southerner. "They can't get hurt. It's an impossibility. Why, yesterday—funniest thing you ever saw, ma'am—a chap came down and busted his tail off. He bounced up again, lit on his right side, and broke off a right wing. Dashin' along the ground out of control, he grazed a wall, and dropped a left wing and an aileron. Finally, he ran into a hut and smashed. Hurt? Not a scratch. And there was his machine, wings and tail and stuff, strewed across the field in a white path behind him like a paper chase."

"Kendrick lost his propeller 4,000 feet up in the air the other day, didn't you, Ken?"

"Well," said Kendrick, [*Continued on page 49*]

LIEUTENANT STANTON knew his business now. None could handle a fighting airplane better; none could shoot a machine-gun better; none could get on an opponent's tail with wilier tricks. It all seemed simple and easy to him

Smith Of the Third Oregon

by **Mary Carolyn Davies**

AUTUMN in Oregon, is wet as Spring,
And green, with little singings in the grass,
And pheasants flying,
Gold, green and red,
Great, narrow, lovely things,
As if an orchid had snatched wings.
There are strange birds like blots against a sky
Where a sun is dying.
Beyond the river where the hills are blurred
A cloud, like the one word
Of the too-silent sky, stirs, and there stand
Black trees on either hand.

Autumn in Oregon is wet and new
As Spring,
And puts a fever like Spring's, in the cheek
That once has touched her dew—
And it puts longing, too,
In eyes that once have seen
Her season-flouting green,
And ears that listened to her strange birds sing.

Autumn in Oregon! I'll never see
Those hills again, a blur of blue and rain
Across the old Willamette. I'll not stir
A pheasant as I walk, and hear it whir
Above my head, an indolent, trusting thing.
When all this silly dream is finished here,
The fellows will go home, to where there fall
Rose-petals over every street, and all
The year is like a friendly festival.
But I shall never watch those hedges drip
Color, nor see the tall spar of a ship
In our old harbor— They say that I am dying!
Perhaps that's why it all comes back again;
Autumn in Oregon, and pheasants flying——

DUMMKOPF!

The Story of a White Hun—but All This Happened Before We Got Into the War

by

Frederick Irving Anderson

Illustration by C. E. Chambers

EVEN His Satanic Majesty, working three shifts a day as he does, must have some comedy-relief, else he would grow stale. So it was with *Excellenz* in the privacy of the Imperial cabinet at Washington. *Excellenz* and von G. were sunning themselves in front of the fire; the pinch-faced diplomat was idly perusing a stack of letters at his elbow.

"Here is an economical fellow!" said *Excellenz*, drily, as he tossed a letter to his confrère.

Von G., as was his habit, first gave more attention to the earmarks of the missive than to its contents. The stamp was of a jaundiced yellow, and depicted a caballero passing the time of day with a burro; the paper was crude, probably native, and had no watermark; the pigment of the ink ran out every few lines, and had to be recharged; the letter had been penned under difficulties, probably on a tree stump, or on a native's back. It had come that afternoon in the consular pouch from Vera Cruz. Since somebody on his word of honor as an officer and a gentleman had vouched for the fact that this pouch contained no breach of neutrality, it had come intact.

In this letter, the economical fellow offered to deliver to His Imperial War Lord, the Englischer province of Honduras — for the purely nominal sum of three hundred dollars. Not as compensation, nor in any sense as a reward, but for necessary expenses.

As set forth, the expedition would be ready to start February 1st from Tenosique, Tobasco, via the Uscumacinta River — whose upper reaches, it seemed, were not so purely imaginary as certain geographers had led the world to believe. All was in readiness — except the three hundred dollars. Would his most august *Excellenz* authorize Consul Goetz to designate funds to the above amount for aforesaid purpose? Please cable blind, signing message "Mueller."

The writer urged on *Excellenz's* attention the coal pockets, oil sumps, harbor facilities, etc., of Belize; and begged to subscribe himself most exquisitely, etc., etc. He signed the name "Werner, OberL. RiiiSJ4."

TO the card-index mind of von G. the signature of the economical fellow indicated that this Werner was an Oberlieutenant of Reserves, of blank regiment, blank class, and blank place of nativity, and subject to direct orders from Blank. Also that Werner was still another landlocked goose-stepper caught flat-footed by the starting shot of the Great War. Von G.'s business was smuggling these people across the back streets of the world. They were an eager lot. No matter how far afield they had strayed, nor for how many years, these children of the Potsdam drill-master never by any chance seemed to lose sight of the fact that when a certain "day" arrived, they were to take orders from So-and-so. Witness this Oberlieutenant Werner, rattling round in Tobasco — von G. had always thought of it as a hot sauce, it was evidently a hot locality as well. Here was this Werner, going on his own, offering to deliver a British colony entire for the sum of three hundred dollars expenses. Of course he overlooked the Monroe Doctrine, and the fact that the Kaiser had no facilities at present for using harbors away from home. Still the spirit was commendable, especially the three hundred dollars!

"It is refreshing, *Excellenz!*" said von G. "Three hundred dollars! Has it occurred to you, *Excellenz*, that there is too much dollars mixed up with the patriotism of our Reservists? One would think from their demands on me for small tasks, that I am made of bank-notes, hydraulically compressed, like a paper car-wheel. And always they talk of difficulties. As if difficulties were things to be discussed — instead of to overcome. But this one —" Von G. indicated the Tobasco letter — "he says nothing of difficulties. If I had the fellow here, I have in mind several commissions to engage his optimism!"

He launched into a discourse of dynamite, and thermit — a chemical so hot it could eat its way through steel; *Excellenz* nodded drowsily, smiling approval. With a system of neutrality so stupid as that maintained by these Yankees, there was no end to what a resourceful fellow might accomplish.

Oberlieutenant Werner waited patiently for the message signed "Mueller." For several years Werner had been conducting a coffee plantation in the upland bush behind Tenosique. It was not such a lonely life as one might imagine. Twice a year, he journeyed up and down the half-moon coast from Vera Cruz to Belize, buying supplies and selling coffee. He had accumulated a great many rare friendships, such as outliers of all nations treasure among their remote neighbors. When word of the Great War filtered through the bush to his red-tiled hacienda, his first thought was that now, because of some family quarrel or other among kings, it was his sworn duty to overpower his good friends, Creighton, Tully, Sylvestre, and others in Belize, who had automatically become his enemies. It was then the idea occurred to him that by virtue of his intimate knowledge of the water courses that wove these neighboring states together, he could come on the back door of Belize unawares some morning; disarm Creighton, Tully, Sylvestre, and the rest, before they could do any damage to themselves, and say to them something like this:

"Dear friends, it is regrettable, but true, that our respective emperors are at war with each other. You will give me your word as officers and gentlemen, and I will give you your parole. Then you will be my guests in your own home, until we have seen the end of this unfortunate affair. And the end will come very soon."

COMING in November — a whale of a story called "Love-Mad Lucy," by Richard Washburn Child. We are not descending to slang in this description, for Lucy really is an odd fish who does her bit to win the war

It was all very simple to this simple soldier. He had talked it over with a handful of trusted companions who on holidays had explored the bush with him hunting wild animals and antiquities of the Aztecs. Then he sat down and penned the letter which was to rouse the sardonic humor of *Excellenz*.

One day, the cable signed "Mueller" came. It was apparently inconsequential. To unravel it he had to open his confidential packet entrusted to his care years before, when he was mustered into the Reserves, and kept with seals unbroken. This gave the key to the riddle. The message decoded, ran:

"Report in person, Consulate, New York."

That was the end of the Honduras expedition. Creighton, Tully, Sylvestre, and the rest, never knew how nearly their good friend, Werner, had come to being their jailer.

Werner turned his back on his beloved red-roofed hacienda, his geometrical hectares of ripening coffee berries; he presented himself at the Consulate in Vera Cruz to draw his accumulated half-pay as Reservist. One way and another he zigzagged up the latitudes. One fine morning he walked into the Consulate in New York, expecting the hand of welcome. Quite the reverse. In the first place, no one seemed to think he had done anything commendable in arriving so soon. This day scores of other Reservists like himself had arrived on the same errand. For months previous scores had arrived each day, been ticketed and passed on, whither, no one said aloud in so many words.

In the second place, it was evident something unusual had just occurred. Subdued excitement pervaded the groups in the room. For some time Werner was forgotten. Then a clerk approaching him hurriedly, handed him a slip of paper, and ordered him to report at the address given. He found his way uptown to a German club giving on the Park, where he was ushered to an anteroom in the suite of von G., the attaché.

It had been a dismal morning for von G. Due, as usual, to the pestiferous Yankees, and their ribald sense of humor, which it seemed they always carried exposed, like the wish-bone of a chicken.

The chain of trouble had started with a call from von Hiltz, an attaché of the German Legation in Tokio. Von G. was just climbing out of his bath, when von Hiltz appeared. Von Hiltz wanted to go back home to fight. He was a diplomat; there was no reason in the world why, by grace of international courtesy, he should not have gone on any ship, as himself, with no questions asked.

But no. That was too simple for von Hiltz. He wanted a forged passport, so he could fool the English by slipping through the net as a harmless neutral; then, when he was safely ashore, he could have the exquisite pleasure of twiddling his fingers at the simpletons.

AT that hour in the morning — before breakfast — this seemed a laudable ambition to von G. He had even gone so far as to give von Hiltz his personal card to his chief forger, with a line in his own handwriting instructing that von Hiltz be expedited in his highly commendable foolishness. It was immediately after that that things began to happen.

Just as Oberlieutenant Werner presented himself, the Tokio attaché came strutting back, a satisfied smile on his blond face. He shouldered the Reservist out of the way, and with the briefest of ceremonies, was shown within. Then, through the partially opened door, which the attendant made no haste to close, the succeeding colloquy was perfectly audible.

"Thanks to your personal card, von G.," explained the Tokio attaché affably, "I was received with the utmost courtesy at the passport bureau — and my affairs expedited. The very amiable gentleman you have in charge assured me my papers would be sent me in the morning."

From some remote corner of the inner room, came the snarling expletive:

"Dummkopf!"

"Not at all!" the Tokio gentleman was protesting. "On the other hand, I should say he is a very alert young man. Most courteous! Most painstaking! So much so, indeed, I took occasion to compliment him, to tap him on the chest — to say it was a fine chest on which to hang a decoration. I will make it my business to recommend him! It will be my pleasure to recommend him!"

The other voice exploded again.

"Do you mean to say you gave my card to him?" Von G. was evidently beside himself. "Do you mean to say you told him you would recommend him for a decoration! Idiot! Blunderbus! Dummkopf!"

The amazed tones of the Tokio diplomat were heard through this bombardment. He was protesting:

"And for what purpose, von G., did you give me your personal card, if not to hand it to your agent?"

"Pig! You did not hand it to my agent! You — a diplomat — you handed it to a miserable . . . Yankee . . . secret . . . service . . . agent . . . who made a fool of you! Pig, I say!" shrieked von G., in mounting wrath. "A fine mess you have made of me! The Yankees raided our good bureau an hour after you left here, this morning!"

A dramatic pause now ensued . . . some mumbled words of leave-taking . . . and the Tokio diplomat

Painted by C. E. Chambers

"I am your prisoner. I blew the bridge on the Canadian side. My country is at war with Canada"

came stalking out, an expression of sheer imbecility frozen on his face. The door slammed to behind him, as though to speed his departure.

While the bewildered Werner awaited his summons to the presence, he could hear the agitated strides of von G., as he negotiated the length of the room again and again. Up to this von G. had managed to keep the skirts of the Embassy clean in this matter of forging passports, by means of which he smuggled Reservists to the trenches. And now catastrophe had fallen on the thriving industry. United States agents had pounced upon the passport bureau, packed off the forgers and their records in a black wagon to jail. With the dust of this Yankee raid hardly settled, the brilliant von Hiltz must stumble in! And mistaking these "courteous" Yankees for good German counterfeiters, with the gullibility of a born simpleton, he had presented his precious card, and confessed the whole business as to a priest. He would suggest the "obliging young man" for a decoration! A bitter laugh burst from von G. Here was he, an Embassy attaché, now hopelessly enmeshed in this shady enterprise. It was when von G. rang his bell violently, to dispatch a message, that the attendant ventured to remind him of the waiting Werner.

"Werner? Yes, the economical fellow!" A slow smile dawned on von G.'s lips. Well, if he, the attaché, was to get his walking papers, on the toe of a Yankee boot, at least he might accomplish something in the interim. Here was a ready instrument. "Have the fellow in."

Von G. looked Werner over sharply. His inventory covered a soldierly-looking man in the late thirties, with a quiet eye, a firm mouth, and a skin deadened by tropical suns.

"You have come to join your regiment, Oberlieutenant?"

"That is my earnest wish, Herr Oberst," replied Werner.

"Unfortunately, at the present time, that is an impossibility," said von G. "But I have other work for you."

"Yes, Herr Oberst."

Studying his man narrowly, von G. continued:

"It is a delicate task. It requires wits — finesse —" he began; his thoughts wandered, and he muttered: "These meddling Yankees!"

"Yes, Herr Oberst."

"Is that all you can say — 'Yes, Herr Oberst'?" demanded von G. sharply.

"Our country is not at war with the Yankees. They do not concern me," replied Werner mildly, to this man who had the right to give him orders.

"That is quite true. Now, if this task is well done, there will be — ah — let us say —" Von G. paused, cogitating. He didn't want to spoil this economical fellow just out of the bush, with the vision of too much wealth. "Let us say," he went on — " a thousand dollars. Yes, there will be one thousand dollars prize-money for you, if you acquit yourself well in this undertaking."

"Prize-money?" repeated Werner, as if he had not heard aright.

"Prize-money—bonus—reward—it's all the same," put in von G. irritably.

"Pardon, Herr Oberst. It is a military task? My duty as a soldier?"

"Soldier? Idiot! Yes — else why do I summon you?"

"Then why should I be paid one thousand dollars? My pay as an officer is sufficient, Herr Oberst. I am at your orders."

"AN economical fellow, indeed!" sniffed the attaché mentally. The uncomfortable feeling that the beggar was splitting a point of honor with him, rankled under the wooden respect of this underling. He asked:

"You have knowledge of explosives? Good! Here is the name of a man you are to call on." Von G. scratched a name and address on a bit of paper and passed it to Werner. "It is none other than Herr Professor Herter — yes, the same! — No; he is not researching among his famous bacteria now. He is an humble gardener. An humble gardener, at an orphan asylum—in New Jersey. It is in line with his duty as a soldier."

Von G. eyed his man quizzically.

"As a gardener?"

"Exactly! A wonderful gardener! They think worlds of him. They adopt his suggestions for improvement of the grounds. Grading — clearing — and so on. He has big ideas! He requires explosives. They buy it — tons of it, Herr Lieutenant — for him! The Herr Professor will furnish you with what you need. Is it not clever?" Von G.'s cruel teeth outlined themselves on his lips. "Oh, these idiotic Yankees! If they could but know that their own State of New Jersey is good enough to buy our explosives for us!"

Von G. almost forgot his other troubles in the sunshine of this thought. It was one of his rarest strokes, to use this learned professor in the disguise of an humble gardener to such good effect. No one could trace his explosives.

The attaché checked his exuberance suddenly as he noted the disturbed face of the reserve officer.

"This is a stupid lout!" he told himself. He said aloud: "So you see there are other ways of being a soldier than carrying a musket, Herr Officer."

Werner was troubled. His notion of a soldier was one who fought for his God, his king, and his honor. Since coming out of the bush, it seemed that every street corner shouted at him infamous calumnies about his brothers in arms at home — in Belgium and northern France. But why, even in this country, where there was no war, should this great scientist, the Herr Professor Doktor, play such a rôle? . . . He was conscious of being stared at by his superior, and automatically came to attention.

"They make us out to be fiends, Herr Oberst," he said sadly.

"Lies! English lies!" snarled the attaché. "The world will have the truth—and respect us for it, when it is over." But to himself he was saying: "I have here a chicken-hearted fellow, who must be handled with gloves." He instructed Werner to find a seat in the next room, while his instructions were completed.

Alone, von G. had his misgivings. The task to be intrusted to his Tobasco aspirant was to dynamite an international bridge, between Maine and New Brunswick. Across this bridge was transported a steady flow of munitions, from a neutral to an enemy country. It wasn't exactly a job for a squeamish lout, who, it was very evident from his manner, was exact and classic in his conception of a soldier's duty. For the proper educational effect, this job, like others of a similar nature, should be accompanied with some *schrecklichkeit*. A really pretty picture would be for the International Express to come thundering through the hole just as the blast went off. [*Continued on page 33*]

Have you said in your heart—"I must get over there; I have something to give in the service of my country"?

Am I the One to Go to France?

by Grace Humphrey

The exceptional man or woman is the one to answer this question honestly — whether that means going or staying at home

HUNDREDS of men and women, the country over, are asking themselves "How can I get overseas?" They ask this often with little thought of "Am I the one to go?"

Said a department head in one of the great war organizations, "Every applicant begins by telling me, 'I am just the worker you want. Will you send me?' "

The army and navy standard for overseas service is well established, and the requirements for other work in France are rapidly becoming standardized.

First of all, to secure a passport, applicants must meet the Government stipulations as to age, nationality, and loyalty; for women, in addition, in many cases, there must be no relative — father, husband, son, in service — in France or in this country. These are fundamental rules for every organization sending workers overseas.

Am I the one to go to France with the "Y"?

Here are the requirements for secretaries in the Y. M. C. A. huts: health, adaptability, resourcefulness, self-control, moral backbone, Christian conviction, and unquestioned loyalty. Every applicant must score on every point; fail on any one, and he is refused; for no man is stronger than his weakest link. The worker who breaks down is not only an expense, but positively worse than useless.

A secretary must present five references as to character, general ability and personality. He must pass a severe physical test, he must know how to take absolutely the best care of himself, to face irregular sleep and long hours of service where he must give himself unselfishly and yet conserve his energy. He must be always sweet-tempered till the last soldier is answered, after fourteen or sixteen or even eighteen hours on duty. He must be able to work with the military organization, to be part of the "Y" organization, too; in other words, he must give team-work.

Many a man can succeed if he can boss the job, but can't take orders with good grace. He must be able to carry messages to Garcia, to stick to the job, never mind how difficult or trying it is, nor how long it takes.

Lastly, and above all, he must not be a braggadocio American — a type that is most offensive anywhere; he must not imagine that he comes from the only country in the world where things are done in the best way. He must be humble, and adapt himself to life in the stricken country where he is to-day — the France we all love and venerate. He must have no fault to find with her customs; he must not wish to make France over into a second America, to alter its slow train service, its delayed telegrams, its untidy streets in the smaller villages. This is no time to criticise our ally.

The motor transportation division of the "Y" is greatly in need of more workers of the highest grade. They must be men of thirty-one or more, unless they have some apparent physical disability, such as a decided limp, dark glasses, or two fingers missing. They must be successful business men, with two years' experience or more in driving their own cars, and able to make minor repairs on the road for their camionettes or their one- or three-ton trucks. Their work is to keep the huts and trench dugouts supplied with all requisites, and, like soldiers, they have no regular hours. Men must drive till the task is done, eating when they can, sleeping where they happen to be.

With the army in France growing apace the "Y" transportation service is taxed to the limit. A man who can drive and repair a motor can find no more useful service than at the wheel of a truck in France.

Entertainers are also being sent over by the "Y". And while there are many applicants, there is a dearth of the right kind. The first requisite of all is the ability to put it over. A man must be skillful in his particular work, and in addition be able to adapt it to the men. For the psychology of the soldier mind is a very peculiar thing, and it is difficult to tell in advance what he will accept, what refuse, and still more difficult to tell why. Putting it over means winning his confidence and cooperation, and that depends largely on personality, plus experience in entertaining a miscellaneous audience.

These workers are a varied group — monologists, male and mixed quartettes, a musical novelty company, an Irish harpist, and piano monologists, men who talk as they play. There is need for more, many more, but of just the right calibre and experience.

Said a man recently returned from some months of monologing in French camps, "The entertainer must have strong nerves, and must be ready to meet the hardships of constant and irregular traveling. He must remember always that he is not there for his own pleasure, but as a very small part of a very great organization. He must be a good mixer, not a whiner nor a knocker. And above all, he must have the spirit of service." [*Continued on page 52*]

Bon Ami

It's just right for linoleum

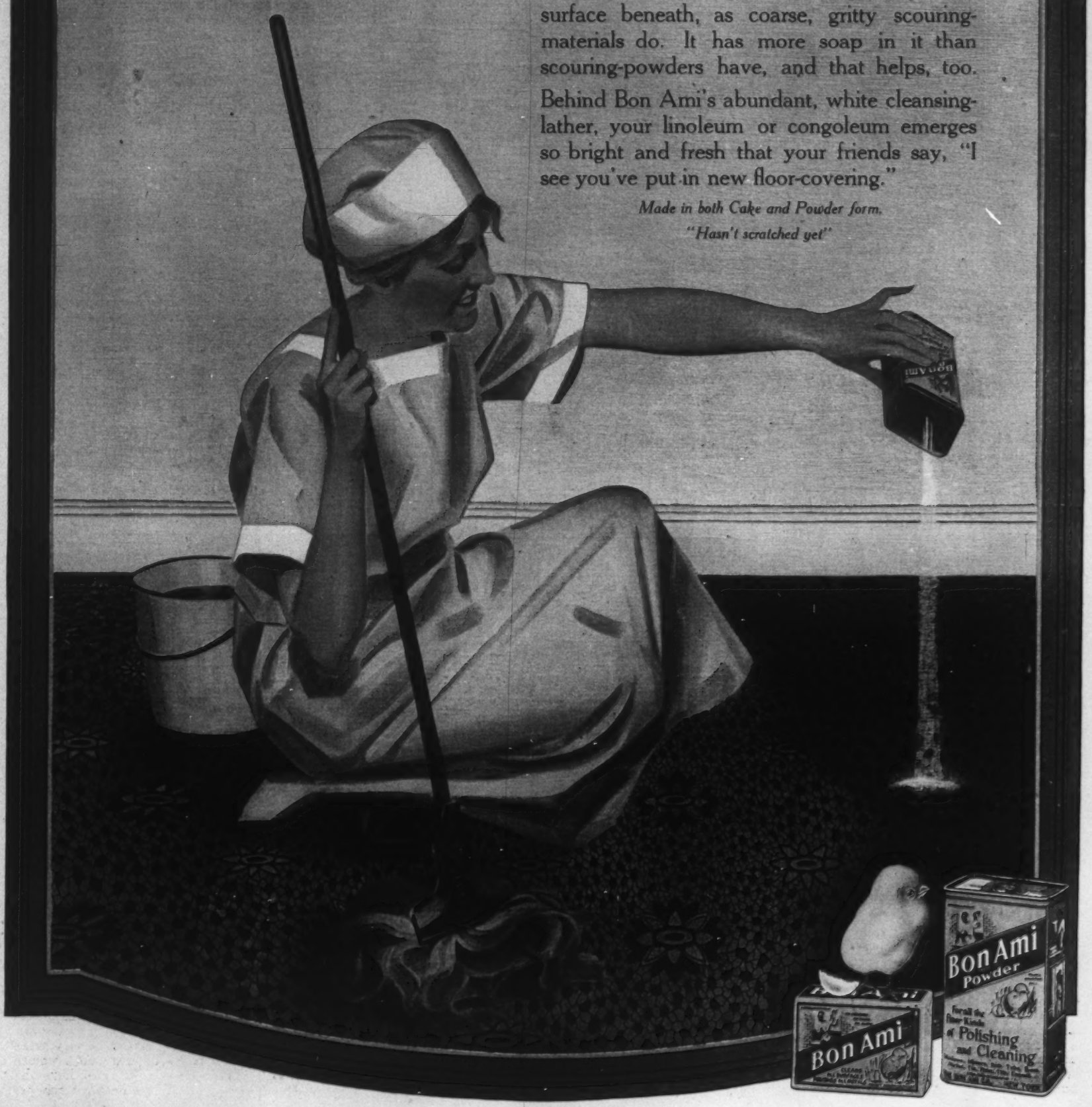
In the powder form, Bon Ami is simply miraculous on grimy linoleum!

Its spongy, soft mineral absorbs the grease. It has just enough abrasive power to scrub up the sticky dirt without grinding away the painted surface beneath, as coarse, gritty scouring-materials do. It has more soap in it than scouring-powders have, and that helps, too.

Behind Bon Ami's abundant, white cleansing-lather, your linoleum or congoleum emerges so bright and fresh that your friends say, "I see you've put in new floor-covering."

Made in both Cake and Powder form.

"Hasn't scratched yet"



Incomparable

PALL MALL

A Shilling Three Pence in London
Thirty Cents Here

Do You Believe These Things?

For Instance, That a Man Can Do Anything He Wills to Do?

"Strange facts do really happen, even though unprovided for in our sciences. . . . I am reasonably convinced of the existence of grades of being, not only lower in the scale than man but higher also — grades of every order of magnitude from zero to infinity."
SIR OLIVER J. LODGE.

by **Cleveland Moffett**

Illustration by Frank Alden Weeks

NO conscientious person or scientific observer can investigate certain phases of the present devastating war horror — I refer to certain occult phases — without realizing that there has been of late throughout the world an extraordinary increase in what we call supernatural phenomena. The wave of spiritualism that is passing over Europe finds its explanation, not only in such widely reported visions of angels and heavenly bowmen as come from Flanders and Northern France, but in numberless unrecorded experiences of soldiers, peasants, stretcher-bearers, bereaved women, who admit, reluctantly and joyfully, that since the War, they have come to *know* certain things that they do not talk about.

I have had several talks recently with women mediums of the non-commercial class, notably with two ladies who would be incapable, I am convinced, of deliberate deception. They say such strange and interesting things, so different from things said by ordinary persons, and their faces, their voices, their eyes — especially their eyes — show such child-like sincerity, that one almost concedes their psychic claims just on this outward evidence.

"Since this war began," said one of these mediums, "there have been dreadful times in the spirit world, my control tells me, for millions have gone over suddenly in anger and violence and they constitute an army of ignorant, earthbound souls, not reconciled to their new state but full of hatred and sensuality, eager to get back by possessing mortals who are weak and wavering. We must be on our guard against them."

"How can we be on our guard?" I asked.

"By the power of love and unselfishness, by allying ourselves with the invincible God-forces. The lofty spirits will never manifest through selfish persons. I know from my controls that terrible punishment awaits selfish souls on the other side."

A lady whose controls speak through her almost every day by means of automatic writing, assures me that she is usually in complete ignorance of what her hand is writing and she reads the pages after she has finished them with eager curiosity.

"I become so interested in what I have written," a psychic said to me, "that I sometimes 'cut in' and ask my control a question; at first I did this often, but I found that the controls do not like it, so now I am more careful."

"How do you 'cut in'?" I asked. "Do you write the question?"

"No, I just say it to myself; then my hand writes the answer, unless the control is displeased."

"How do you know when the control is displeased?"

"By the way it acts. It may show annoyance by making sharp, abrupt strokes with the pencil, or by writing some rebuke, or by refusing to write at all."

This lady described to me how her psychic manifestations began. She had passed through a period of mental anguish, during which she was pursued by a horrible fear that she might be possessed of an evil spirit.

"Night after night I fought battles of horror," she confessed, "all alone, with a wicked legion against me and only God on my side. I prayed and prayed and at last I conquered and had peace."

She spoke of her first experiences in automatic or spirit-controlled writing. One day she felt herself resistlessly impelled to put down great scrawling words that covered immense sheets of paper. These writing impulses continued and gradually she learned to keep them within bounds and adapt herself to the needs and wishes of her controls.

"I was happy," she told me, her face lighting up in a wonderful sad smile, "when my first unknown guest told me that exalted spirits can manifest only through a loving soul. They read our thoughts, they see the color of our aura and, if they can, they come to those who have traits in common with their own."

"If they *can* — how do you mean?"

"I don't know. My control tells me that many spirits cannot manifest at all, just as many humans cannot serve as mediums."

OUR HIDDEN POWERS

Before coming to other occult phenomena, let us consider every-day hidden powers, notably memory-power and will-power, that can help us immensely, if we will develop them. I, with a naturally poor memory, have at times amused myself by drawing upon this hidden memory-power, which demands only concentrated attention, repetition and some trick of associated ideas. Once, for example, while passing through a small New England town, I resolved to fix in mind the names of casual persons whom I met — a photographer, a saloon-keeper, a reporter, an editor and a cook. Ordinarily, I would not have remembered these names for five minutes, since the persons were strangers to me and I never expected to see them or hear from them again, nor have I; yet by reason of a memory effort, these names have persisted for years — Phelps, Johns, Millet, Radcliffe and Rust — I could not forget them if I would.

Any ordinary citizen, if he will, can perform memory feats like that one which allows an experimenter to declare offhand and accurately that the third Saturday in June, 1869, or the first Monday in January, 1902, or any similar date of any year, came on such and such a day of the month. Most of the vaudeville "mind-reading" stunts are based upon prodigiously developed memory-quickness in the application of complicated verbal codes between two operators.

Dr. Morton Prince, the distinguished Boston psychologist, whose books "The Unconscious" and "The Disassociation of Personality" are well worth reading, assures me that we never really forget anything; all the details of our lives are present subconsciously in the brain and may actually be drawn upon — he calls it tapping the unconscious — by a person able to put the subject into a proper semi-hypnotic condition, a sort of twilight mental state when, under questioning, long-forgotten memories surge up marvelously from the depths of the mind. Everything may be thus brought back, everything we have done, seen, heard, suffered and enjoyed, down to smallest details; all that happened in our childhood, our youth, our mature age, is still there in brain neurograms. Only we do not know this, we can scarcely believe it until we witness some startling demonstration of these hidden memory-powers in the laboratory of a psychologist.

An instance of this unconscious and minute power of observation that we all possess was forced upon me one day as I stopped at a newsstand, whereupon suddenly, sharply, like the stroke of a bell, there came into my thoughts the name Booth Tarkington. It was so clear and unmistakable that I looked over the display of magazines to see if there was a picture or announcement concerning this [*Continued on page 42*]

I know a clergyman who declares that he made an angry red circle appear on the back of his hand by willing it there

Unmasking the Slacker

By the clever and scientific methods employed by a wise and humorous Uncle Sam

by

Waldemar Kaempffert

Illustration by F. J. Casavant

"Near-sighted?" asks the sympathetic doctor of the conscientious fakir

THE insurance companies and the courts made the acquaintance of the medical type of slacker long before Germany threw a lighted match into the powder keg of European politics. They called him, rather grandly, a "malingerer," meaning thereby a person who pretended to be seriously ill or to have sustained a grave physical injury. In the plain slang of the street, the malingerer is a "fakir." If you are a conscientious reader of newspapers, you know that men and women actually make a living by magnifying the suffering they have deliberately courted in order to collect heavy damages granted by sympathetic juries. To cope with this fifty-seventh variety of fraud, a branch of medicine had to be developed by specialists — the scientific detection of faking.

As soon as we began to draft men for the army, a new form of malingerer appeared in the guise of the camp slacker. He couldn't avoid service by claiming honorable exemption under the law, and so he resorted to the time-honored deceptions of the fraud who makes a living by suing railway companies and factory proprietors for accidental injury to his person. Army doctors studied Sir John Collie's book on malingering, looked up other authorities on forensic medicine, tabulated the proper methods of diagnosis, and evolved a system for swiftly and surely unmasking the cheapest, meanest form of lying that ever disgraced the human race.

Many a slacker who asks to be discharged, long after he has been trained in a camp, claims that his eyes are diseased. Why not, when he has placed ipecac, castor-oil seeds, cantharides, lime, silver nitrate, or copper sulphate under his lids? But since that species of martyrdom means pain, he more often complains of some ocular defect.

"Near-sighted?" asks the doctor sympathetically. He holds up the test card to be found in every oculist's office — a card on which letters of various sizes are printed.

"Read the top line," orders the doctor. It is the line with the largest letters.

The slacker spells out the line.

"Now read the next line." The letters are smaller.

"I can't. They're blurred."

Beside the test card is a mirror. It reflects the reversed letters of an identical test card placed over his head.

"Look in the mirror and read the top line."

The letters are called off.

"Your eyesight is normal."

Why did the doctor say that? Because the reflected letters had been read at twice the distance of the first test; the man's eyesight is at least twice as good as he pretends. When you look at yourself in a mirror, light must travel from you to the glass and back again; hence you see yourself twice as far from the glass as you really are. The slacker forgets that.

Sometimes the slacker damns himself without the aid of test cards, mirrors or instruments.

At one camp the doctor drove some small nails into the wall about six feet from the floor. Only good eyes could see the nails. When a "near-sighted" slacker entered he was told to hang up his hat. Expecting an elaborate instrumental examination, he did so.

"Report for duty at once," was the command. Nothing can ail the eyesight of a man who can see small wire nails at such a distance.

The slacker may be asked to toe a line corresponding in size with the letters of the test card which he has refused to read. If he toes the line, he is caught.

"Can you see my face?" asks an examiner of a man who claims that he can't see anything ten feet away.

"I'm not sure," said the slacker. He didn't know that even a blind man could find the doctor's face from the direction of the voice.

"That will do, you may go," said the examiner. The slacker turned, grasped the knob and opened the door.

"Come back. There's nothing wrong with your eyes," called out the doctor. "If you can see that door-knob, you can see my face."

ANOTHER scene:—

"I can't see with my left eye," explains a slacker.

A pair of spectacles with a red and a green glass is placed on the man's nose. A test card on which red and green letters are printed is held up to be read. The red letters are invisible to the eye shaded by the green glass; the green letters cannot be read through the red glass. Baffled by the glasses the slacker reads all the letters. His "blind" eye is sound.

But suppose the man refuses to read anything? The doctor is prepared for the emergency. Ingenious tests with the ophthalmoscope, the stereoscope, and other instruments cannot be dodged. It takes time to make them, for which reason the doctor prefers the simpler game of matching his trained wits against the slacker's inventiveness or lack of it. No man can escape the evidence collected with special instruments, simply because of the difference in reaction to light of normal and abnormal pupils. A pretender at Camp Sherman claimed that he could not open his eyes wide enough to permit an examination by the light of the ophthalmoscope.

"We'll let you wait for a while; perhaps you will recover."

He stood for three hours, trying to keep his eyes turned to the floor. Then he broke down and submitted to an examination.

Sometimes the slacker claims that his hearing is gone on one side. The physician blindfolds him and places him in the center of the room. A test is made with a special stethoscope, one branch of which is stuffed tightly with absorbent cotton and applied to the normal ear; the other branch, through which the slightest whisper can be heard, is applied to the "deaf" ear. The doctor speaks into the chest portion of the stethoscope.

"What did you hear in your good ear?"

He heard nothing in that ear because the tube was stuffed. Yet he supplies an answer.

"You heard with your 'deaf' ear!" thunders the doctor.

With their teeth and their skulls, the totally deaf can hear the notes emitted by tuning-forks. The solid bone conducts the vibrations. A tuning-fork is placed on top of the slacker's skull.

"With which ear do you hear better?"

"With my good ear."

He lies. In diseases of the conducting apparatus, he should hear the tuning-fork better with the diseased ear.

To catch him in another lie, his normal ear is tightly stuffed. He claims, of course, that he does not hear the sound of the fork when placed on the vertex of the skull. Again he lies, and the doctor knows it.

It isn't always necessary to use stethoscopes and tuning-forks. The doctors at one camp lined up a number of recruits at a distance of twenty feet — the range at which hearing tests are conducted.

"All who cannot hear me step out of line," he ordered.

Four did so. At once they proved that their supposedly defective hearing was mythical.

Comparatively infrequent are the slackers who claim to suffer from bodily ills. Yet one not too proud to lie presented himself for [*Continued on page 56*]

The Gains of War — *Continued from page 6*

the streets of a small western city. It was raining and across the street a Jew stood at the curb, an elderly, portly Jew. With the first ranks he took off his hat, and he stood that way in the rain for an hour and a half, grave, reverent and very, very wet.

What has become of the man who lighted his cigar in a café with a ten-dollar bill? Or the women who boasted of forty trunks and posed for the newspapers in most of their contents? Or carried a pet lion cub chained on the seat of her motor?

Where, indeed, is the woman who required a footman in livery to open the door of her car, and sat within it with a toy dog in her arms, surveying the world from behind the cold detachment of the heavy plate glass windows? If she is still with us she is in hiding. The parasite woman has disappeared since this war began. There are a good many more limousines piled high with Red Cross bundles than are occupied by idle, over-dressed women. And only the other day I saw a car full of what appeared to be woolen undergarments, with an outraged Pomeranian on the top!

Indeed, I rather think the idle rich, as a class, have gone. It is no longer fashionable to be idle. In England they passed long ago. The case of Lady Northcliffe, one of the richest women in England, is quite typical. Her lovely town house in St. James's Place, full of charming things, is closed now. The servants are doing other work connected with the war. And in a little house in an unfashionable quarter the Northcliffes are living with three servants and the money saved from the larger establishment is helping to support Lady Northcliffe's hospital. Probably—almost certainly—Lady Northcliffe would be quite willing to do even with fewer than these three were she not herself working twenty-four hours every day and all of Sunday.

Eccentricity, the bizarre, are always poses. And the day of pose has gone by. Even idleness is a pose. The normal human being wants to be busy. And those few who are not already occupied are apologizing for their idleness.

"What can I do?" said a steel manufacturer the other day. "I am making shells for the Government, and, of course, that's useful. But I'm going to come out of this thing with the reputation of being a profiteer."

At the beginning of the Great War, our national slogan for far too many was, "What am I going to get out of it?" Now it is, "What can I put into it?"

But we are going to get something out of it. No boy ever jumped in to whip a bully who had attacked a child without getting something out of it. Deep in his boyish heart there is a fine little glow. He is the champion of the weak. He may have gone in on impulse, but thereafter he is the champion of the weak.

We are going to get more out of this war than any of the other nations. On the surface it appeared that our lives and our homes were safe. Although undoubtedly we are in this war now to save our lives, we went into it from the finest humanitarian impulse that ever moved a great nation. There has been nothing like it in all the history of the world.

We had no expectation of reward. We want and shall have no material gain. We want no more territory. We want no bargains in trade. We are independent with the independence of self-respect and self-support.

But of other gains there are many. We have found ourselves as a nation. We are a great nation, actuated by one impulse, and that a lofty one. We are young and strong, and we have made ourselves the champion of the weak. We have learned, too, that nations, like men, are their brothers' keepers. Aye, and their helpers and champions.

We shall pay a price. The cost of our gain is even now being telegraphed to a waiting people. Time was when we looked over the world as something to conquer for profit. But what shall it profit a nation if it gain the whole world and lose its own soul?

The cry of a people facing the deaths of war is for survival after death. We must believe in the soul, the unquenchable soul, that, having earned its honorable advancement, not dies but passes on. A nation, to survive, must have something greater than its physical strength, greater than its collective intelligence—it must have a soul.

And America has found a soul.

The Stuff of Heroes — *Continued from page 18*

the experience was described by officers and men as a mere adventure in times of war.

Just a little further down on the same coast, a naval commander has shown what American men can do when their country is called suddenly to arms.

The Navy Department needed a training camp at just this point. A fickle, pleasure-seeking public had been turned away from a huge amusement pier which stood like a skeleton of pleasure on the ocean front. The commandant and a contractor joined forces. Men who had enlisted to serve their country on the sea, helped to build their own training quarters.

The wharf from which boats once put out for deep-sea fishing is now surrounded by patrol boats on which young sailors get their first taste of sea service. And where happy children once dug in soft sand, there is now a field for target practise — and behind it a parade-ground on which the stars and stripes fly and the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner," while 1,500 young Americans are reviewed by the commandant whose resourcefulness has made this training station a glory to the Navy Department in less than a year!

A year ago, when it was still called the "rich man's war," there were those who spoke lightly of wealthy young Americans who joined the Naval Reserve and offered their yachts and pleasure boats to the Government. It looked like a good way to dodge infantry or artillery service. That was in the summer, when cruising with the mosquito fleet, bobbing in and around the fashionable coast resorts looked like "fun" to those on dry land. But when I met those boys, it was mid-winter. They had been transferred from coast patrol duty on their own yachts to the severest sort of training at the station.

Their day started at 5:30 in the morning and ended at 9:30 at night unless they had leave to go to the nearest town. During that time they formed every hour for some sort of class work or field drill, to which they marched like infantry men in training. The evening hours were given over to study.

On the day of my visit the single patient in the infirmary was hopping about on crutches. My escort called out:

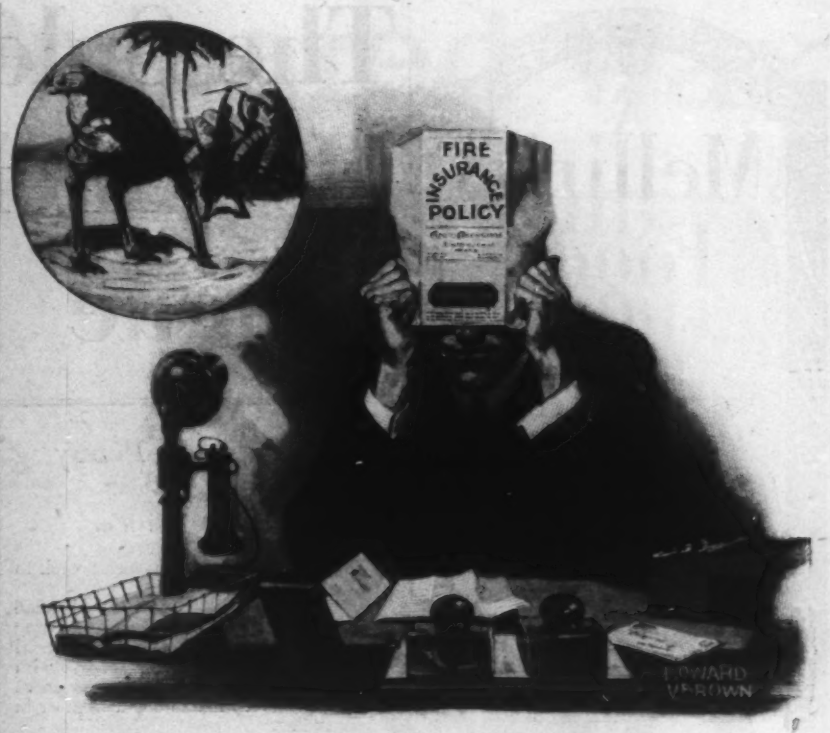
"How are the feet to-day?"

"Better, but not quite as pretty a shade of blue as they were," was the laughing answer.

That lad, heir to millions, just a private in the Naval Reserve, had been sent out on a clear but bitter cold day with seven others to get practical experience on a small patrol boat. Something went wrong with the engine, there was an explosion, and when the flames had been subdued, the eight boys were afloat without power. The commanding officer asked for volunteers to summon help from shore in a small life-boat. Two young chaps started on the trip, but the boat was overturned in the surf. One of them was hurt, so his comrade left him on top of the overturned boat, and waded through the freezing surf to shore.

And that is the sort of material on which the Secretary of the Navy can draw.

The Government took over a mammoth hotel at a fashionable resort for use as a base hospital. Men of the medical corps were rushed from various cantonments to make ready for American soldiers invalided home from France. Someone blundered. A group of doctors and nurses arrived from the south on a bleak Saturday evening. There was neither heat nor light in the hotel. No other hotel was open. With the help of the Y. M. C. A., these medical corps men made fires in open grates and installed oil-lamps and stuck to their posts. When the first wounded men arrived, the hospital was ready. Two of the medical men contracted colds and died, but the hospital was ready. Theirs is the spirit which will win this War.



Pity the Ostrich— Laugh at the Business Man!

WHEN the ostrich scents danger it sticks its head in the sand and thinks it is safe.

Lots of business men practice the same sapient trick as to fires. They hear of fires all about them, know a thousand fire-dangers threaten their business, and—they stick their heads through an insurance policy and think they find safety in the words "Fully covered by insurance!"

Pity the ostrich, but laugh at the business man—tens of thousands of his business associates have shown him his folly. Others have shown him how to escape from his dilemma.

The very insurance policy he hides behind, by its premium rate, warns him of the risk he takes.

Expert insurance inspectors, bearing in mind years of experience in thousands of such cases, know that his business establishment is full of unseen fire-hazards and they make the rates accordingly at $1.00 to $2.00 per hundred.

That fatal phrase, "fully covered by insurance," is the commonest and perhaps the most costly delusion in business.

Insurance does restore certain tangible assets; but, in spite of insurance, a fire brings a business to a full halt; wipes out the profits over a considerable period; leaves the overhead salaries in the air; leaves the selling force with nothing to do but draw pay and mollify disappointed customers; demoralizes the working force, and throws the whole establishment into a frantic scramble of night-and day-work—telegraphing, making headlong purchases, and incurring all the waste and expense of haste in a mad endeavor to get the once going business going again.

The business man who thought he was "fully covered by insurance" points to his financial statement that year with its story of loss or impaired profits, and considers it a satisfactory explanation to remark, "That was the year of our fire."

You see, he was *not* "fully covered by insurance."

Well, what is the moral?

The moral is, *Automatic Sprinklers*.

Sprinkler-protection reduces fire-hazards so completely that the insurance rate will drop 40 to 90 per cent. That shows how safe the Underwriters consider the business has been made by sprinkler-protection. The annual savings in insurance premiums pay a fat dividend on the cost of sprinkler-installation. In the course of a few years the savings often pay for the whole equipment. Money that was pouring into expense account is thus diverted into profits.

Whenever you investigate the subject of sprinklers, you cannot escape the fact that the Grinnell Sprinklers protect more property than all other kinds put together. It marches ahead of the minimum requirements of the Underwriters and gives ideal fire-protection.

Don't theorize—get the figures! Write the General Fire Extinguisher Company, 285 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

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The Splendid My America League

Our Seventy Thousand Members Ask You To Join This Army of Workers for Uncle Sam

The Patriotic Penny

A Factor In Winning the War

WILL you give a penny a week to help win the war?

That is all it costs to become a member of the Patriotic Penny Fund, one branch of the National Special Aid Society. Of course, members who wish to pledge more may do so, but the payment of a penny a week makes one a member in good standing.

There are other duties involved in membership, but they are the kind of duties which all good Americans are doing right along, anyway. Members pledge themselves to report any unpatriotic acts or speeches, to buy Thrift Stamps or Bonds whenever possible, to encourage enlistments, discourage talk of peace without victory, save food needed abroad, discourage newspapers published in the German language, do all possible to keep up the courage and enthusiasm of our boys, work for the army and navy. In short, the Patriotic Penny badge means that its wearer is a loyal citizen who is upholding America in every way in our war.

These are every-day duties, the kind which do not demand a uniform nor a long course of training. But when thousands, hundreds of thousands of good Americans are carrying them out, think of the tremendous influence, the powerful machine which is set at work. The German spy system, and the insidious scheme of propaganda do not work along public roadways, in open fields; they seek the hidden pathways. There are millions of such pathways all over the country along which treacherous whispers travel fast. And it is the work of the Patriotic Penny Fund to set a sentry at each one. Wherever you live, city, country, village, it is your duty to stand guard, your right and your responsibility.

A penny a week is such a tiny amount it would seem at first thought that the financial end of the organization must be very slight. The really surprising things that have already been done show just how important a part Private Penny plays in the army of dollars.

The society is still very young but its work is well under way. When it was two months old, it was sending 50,000 cigarettes a month to the various military hospitals, giving 1,500 free cups of coffee a month to the sailors, giving a hundred dollars a month to the War Camp Community Service, paying the rent of a large clubhouse for soldiers and sailors. Besides regular services of this kind, it had given a lung motor to a camp on the water, victrolas, with records, for hospitals and outgoing ships. The branch in Wilmington, N. C., had bought an ambulance.

Wherever there is a special need that is not supplied through any regular channel it is to the Patriotic Penny Fund that the soldiers and sailors can turn. Some of the needs are small; at one hospital there were not enough chairs for the convalescents; one newly-organized service club could not be well equipped for lack of funds — to these calls and dozens of others like them, the society makes a generous and prompt response.

This is the kind of thing that the penny-a-week fund is doing. If your pennies are the patriotic kind, here is their chance. They could do so little alone, they can do so much by enlisting in an army where there are enough of them working together to make them a dignified branch of the financial service.

How To Join

Find ten or twenty people, men, women or children, who will pledge themselves to give a penny or more a week and to uphold the Patriotic Penny standards of loyalty and service. In each group, a captain should be chosen who is responsible for collecting and passing on the dues and acting as leader in case the group should undertake any organized activities. Send the captain's name and address to the "My America" Editor, McClure's Magazine, together with twenty-five cents, the fee for associate membership in the National Special Aid Society. This membership authorizes the captain to collect money for the fund.

There is a red, white and blue badge, and every member receives one. It is a badge which anyone may be proud of wearing, for it stands for an organization thoroughly democratic, typically American. The richest member may pledge as many pennies as he wishes, the poorest member can spare the required dues. And all members, rich and poor, old and young, sick and well, are standing together for our country.

What Are You Doing?

Send Us A Report of Your League

WE want to keep in close touch with all our seventy thousand "My America" members, and the kind of war work they are doing, for only in this way can we be helpful in the matter of new plans and suggestions. We want to know all the details.

ARE you writing to more than one boy in France? Most of us have a special soldier, but don't stop there. Take the time to make a list of your acquaintances in khaki, and send each one a word of cheer to-day. Letters mean so much "over there"

Get your League secretary to send us a report of your latest activities; what you have already accomplished, and what you are planning for the future.

Being a member does not consist merely in wearing a "My America" button, and having parades and meetings, although these are part of the working machinery of the League. But each League, each individual member, should find a place in the great army of patriotic workers who are holding here at home, their end of the battle line. If you have not found that place already, you can do so through the "My America" League. Simply write us all the facts and we will have something to suggest in reply.

If you are having trouble in carrying out the plans you have undertaken, make use of the "My America" Editor's services in helping to obviate your difficulties. Whatever the case, send us a report of your League, for if you do not need help yourself, perhaps your experiences may be just the thing to pass on to some less successful members.

I Will Do My Share

Toward the Fourth Liberty Loan

THE Fourth Liberty Loan is about to be issued, and every patriotic shoulder must be put to the wheel with a long, strong push together, to carry it triumphantly "over the top."

It is not enough that you yourself buy as many bonds as you can afford, but you must also use your best efforts in your community to induce your friends and neighbors to subscribe as well, and that to the utmost limits of their capabilities.

In the "My America" League we have seventy thousand members, well organized, and devoted to a single aim — service to our country in any and every way in which they may be called upon to give it. *The Liberty Bell is ringing such a call now across the whole land. There can be no greater service at this time than for our thousands of Leagues to concentrate their energies upon making this Fourth Liberty Loan a success.* Without ammunition, food and uniforms our armies in Europe cannot fight — that goes without saying. Yet all these things have to be paid for, and like any ordinary citizen, the Government has to have money to pay its bills.

In the old fairy stories we used to love as children, there was always a magic wand which was able to change pumpkins into gorgeous coaches, mice into prancing steeds and three wishes of some poor little drudge into glittering realities. To-day we are each of us offered a magic wand, called sacrifice, which is able to raise us from selfishness to service, and to transmute our old idle wishes for luxuries, fine clothes and useless, foolish spending, into such splendid realities as well-equipped, well-fed, well-cared-for fighting men in khaki and navy blue. And remember, that when we speak of our army and navy we are speaking of our own nearest and dearest — of Tom, and Jerry and Bob from our home town, who are fighting in France, Italy and Flanders for those of us who cannot take a fighting part ourselves.

What is a pleasure trip, or a new gown, or a lavish table compared with the vital necessity of getting to Tom and Jerry and Bob enough ammunition, enough food, clothing and equipment to insure their attaining the end for which they are so freely and selflessly offering their all?

There ought not to be a family in the length and breadth of the country which has not subscribed to one bond (and more if they are possibly able to afford it). Bonds are offered on such easy terms that there is literally scarcely anyone who cannot make arrangements to pay in some way for at least one. Employers are usually willing to take bonds for their employees, and let the latter pay for them in small weekly instalments out of their pay envelopes. If this plan is not being followed in your place of business, have a committee of the workers lay the matter before some of the heads of the company, and ask them to give you the chance to be patriotic.

Let your "My America" League put its services at the disposal of the Liberty Loan Committee in your town, and if you want plans and suggestions for furthering the success of the Loan Drive in your community write to the "My America" Editor.

McCLURE'S *for* OCTOBER

Johnson's Prepared Wax

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for the HOME

With Johnson's Prepared Wax you can make and keep your home attractive. Try it on your piano, furniture, woodwork, floors and linoleum. It cleans, polishes and protects the finish, adding years to its life and beauty. Johnson's Prepared Wax is made in both Paste and Liquid form.

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You will find Johnson's Prepared Wax an ideal polish for the body, hood and fenders of your car. It imparts a high, dry, glasslike lustre—preserves and protects the varnish—sheds water and dust—and makes a "wash" last twice as long. The liquid form requires but little rubbing.

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Sanitary and Easy to Clean—

IT IS so easy to keep Congoleum Art-Rugs clean and bright. Dirt can get *on* them—but not *into* them. And to get rid of the dirt you simply *wipe* it off with a damp mop.

Think how much lighter that makes housework, with no rugs to sweep or take up and beat!

And how *much* more sanitary your floors are bound to be when covered with a rug that resists dirt as well as wear.

Beating Wears Out Fabric Rugs

The woven texture gathers dust and dirt, and you have to pound it out. That is hard work, wears out the rug, and really doesn't clean it very well after all.

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Start with a Congoleum Art-Rug—some pretty, harmonizing pattern that you like. Just lay it—you needn't tack it down. When the colors are dulled with foot-prints and dust, apply a damp mop with an easy swish over the surface—and the pattern comes up clear and bright as new.

Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Art-Rugs are made in popular sizes and in patterns suitable for use in any room.

Look for the Gold Seal

To get Congoleum quality you must be sure to buy genuine Congoleum. You cannot make any mistake if you look for the Gold Seal of identification which is always pasted on the face of real Congoleum Art-Rugs, and on every two yards of Congoleum Art-Carpets and Congoleum (Two Yards Wide).

Remember, you clean all Congoleum products with a damp mop. If your dealer cannot supply you with Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Rugs and Floor-Coverings, write us and we will.

The New Way

Send for Our Free Rug Color-Chart

If you want to see other pretty patterns of Congoleum Rugs before you call on the dealer, get this beautiful color-chart. Send your name and address to the nearest office, and let us show you how to beautify your floors for little money.

All prices subject to change without notice.

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The Old Way

Dummkopf! — *Continued from page 24*

Von G. was on the point of dismissing Werner; he would pick another for this task. Then his thoughts took a new turn. This Werner who had so naively volunteered to deliver British Honduras for the sum of three hundred dollars, who looked askance at prize-money, who harbored such a hifalutin notion of his honor as an officer and a gentleman — these very soldierly qualities would make him an apt tool. Once impressed that the task was military, he would blindly obey. Well, he should be given his orders, with no leeway for initiative. A dependable automaton was better than an eager fool. Von G. took down an atlas. Next he pored over a time-table. Then he summoned the Oberlieutenant.

"The orders are for you to destroy a military bridge — in Canada," said the attaché sharply. "Here; at this point on the map. Make a note of it. Thursday week. That gives you ten days for preparations. At two o'clock in the morning. Exactly! No plus-or-minus tolerance! The orders on that point are explicit. On the second, you understand."

Werner clicked off a salute. He comprehended that a military bridge in the land of the enemy was to be destroyed.

"These Canadians are fiends! They fight like wolves! Do you know these Canadians at all, Lieutenant?"

"I have many good friends among them in the south," said Werner.

"*Gott in Himmel!* This idiot loves his enemies!" gasped von G. aside. "I see I must inoculate him with some hate!" Then aloud: "Lieutenant!"

"Yes, *Herr Oberst.*"

"I am afraid you will have to revise your ideas about your good friends, the Canadians," explained von G. with a queer smile. "This war has uncovered them as beasts. They use dumdum bullets—transport them over this very bridge. Let me tell you another thing! Yesterday I have word by secret routes. They drive twelve hundred prisoners — our good brothers, Herr Lieutenant, who are so ill-fated as to fall into their hands — they drive twelve hundred of our good brothers into the forest, without food, and without clothing. To starve and freeze to death! And these Canadians — these good friends of yours— they are deaf to entreaty — to humanity — they laugh!"

"It is unthinkable!" gasped Werner.

"Remember that! Twelve hundred! When you destroy this bridge."

"You may depend on me to do my duty as a soldier, *Herr Oberst!*"

"Good God!" thought von G. "This idiot will drive me mad. Always his duty as a soldier!"

A sudden fiendish inspiration came to the attaché. He turned to his atlas, began rapidly writing down names of small hamlets.

"This is your line of escape — Hampden — Kilson — Amory — Bellville — Wyckoff — there you get the train out. Follow it absolutely. Lieutenant, it is necessary to have two German flags. Wear them in your sleeve when you touch the fuse. Our good eagles of Deutschland, my fine officer and gentleman! Strike! Strike hard at the enemy — for Germany — and those twelve hundred brothers of yours. Now go."

Werner saluted and departed, with his instructions; and, though he little suspected it, an absolutely impossible plan of escape. Von G. chuckled. He would have a job well done, and be well rid of a troublesome fellow, with idiotic ideas of a soldier's honor.

Within the little tavern all was still as death. Werner crept out of bed and got into his things, shivering, for it was very cold. With a finger-nail, he scraped the frost from a pane. A storm had broken suddenly; the blizzard was driving against his window with a metallic rattle, like a sand blast. A nearby roof, cowled high with snow, was swept bare in one tremendous gust; and as swiftly, it shrouded itself in white again. Little vortices of snow drilled diligently at the embrazure of the window. One found a pin-hole crevice, and sprayed harsh icy dust into the room. It was such a cold as numbs the will, and strikes at the heart. A vision of red-tiled roofs, and palm plumes nodding lazily to the languorous trades appeared to Werner, as if to tantalize him.

HE opened the door softly and let himself out. He paused, listening, but only the moan of the storm came to his ears. He stole down the creaking stairs like some thief bound on mischief, instead of the stern duty of the soldier. The door was on the latch: these simple folk had no use for locks for their huts huddling at the bridge-head. He swept the snow from the thermometer; it read thirty degrees below, which abruptly crystallized into fact the nightmare task before him. He bent to the storm gasping for breath, floundering this way and that, every step raising swirling eddies of snow.

During the afternoon the Oberlieutenant had hidden two suitcases behind a freight car on a siding. He dug down through the drift and found them, safe and sound; and with this burden he turned his back on the storm, let it propel him. Through the curious whiteness of the night, he made out the skeleton of the bridge, the girded trestle; and below, a black snake of water fighting its way through canyons of ice; beyond was the shadowy forest, a mere tint against this white world.

The winds fought him step by step as he essayed the precarious footing of the trestle. Twice they beat him to his knees; once one of his bags was snatched from his fingers and whirled with a bang against a lucky girder. He knew this nitro-powder like a brother; still these antics of the gale made his flesh creep.

Finally he reached the Canadian side. He felt his way down the steep embankment, found shelter in the spot he had previously decided on. In the suitcases were two flour sacks filled with the deadly stuff, which he had accepted from the hands of the Herr Professor Doktor who was making such fame as a gardener. Queer business for that learned gentleman. Deftly Werner arranged the stuff, made a bed for it in the snow against an upright; then attaching the fuse, he buried it under the snow, tamping it with his feet. He got out his watch and set it before him.

It lacked but a quarter of an hour of the moment which, so the man who had the right

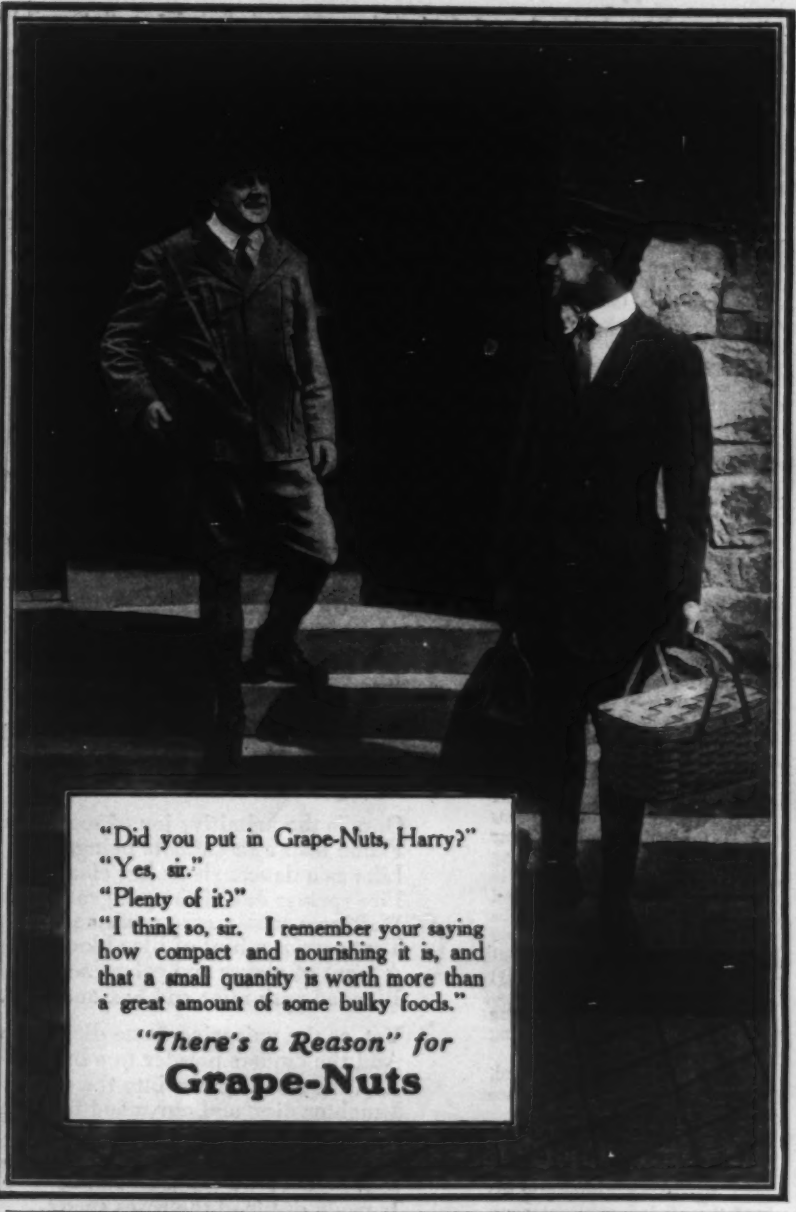
My Candlelight and My Firelight

by **Elizabeth Porter Wyckoff**

TO-NIGHT I sat in her candlelight and watched the fire on her hearth
Her babies came in to say good-night, star-eyed and sleepy,
Beautiful they were. It was happiness to watch them.
But when her husband came home, happy and eager and hospitable,
It was more than my heart could bear,
And I was angry at their happiness.
Angry that I no longer have my candlelight, my firelight and the eyes that met mine so gladly.
I remembered the day that I packed our books and our pictures,
All the things we chose such a short time ago,
The office things and a box that he labelled "Civilian Clothes."
I remembered the last night in our house!
How we pretended to each other
And talked about anything — anything but the war.
I was angry, yes, for that moment.
But most of the time I am proud,
Proud that I have no longer my firelight and my candlelight and the eyes that met mine.

. . . . .

There is a crucified baby in Belgium that I cannot forget.


"Did you put in Grape-Nuts, Harry?"
"Yes, sir."
"Plenty of it?"
"I think so, sir. I remember your saying how compact and nourishing it is, and that a small quantity is worth more than a great amount of some bulky foods."
"There's a Reason" for
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to give him orders had said, admitted of no plus-or-minus tolerance. It occurred to him that this paralyzing cold would render him helpless in a few minutes; he lighted a cigar: he could use the coal to touch off the fuse.

Then, sheltering himself against the storm as best he could, he settled himself to wait. A strange medley of thoughts passed across the screen of his imagination: of himself, and that now-remote life of peace, on which, without a question, he had forever turned the page; of those fellows, a round score of them, gathered in the anteroom at the Consulate — Reservists like himself, who, one way or another, had turned their pages on their daily tasks, made their way across the world to report themselves ready and eager for the word of command, to destroy fiercely as an act of war those very things they had so patiently fabricated as an art of peace! What a futile thing is habit, habit of mind, habit of body, since one must drop it like a cloak when the summons comes . . . and those twelve hundred comrades . . . of whom von G. had told him . . . freezing, in this cold . . . starving . . . and jeered at by their captors . . . and this bridge. Their highway for their mushroom bullets! Werner shook off the subtle drowsiness that was overcoming him in that sudden rush of feeling; von G. had primed him well. Almost, the wily attaché had succeeded in inspiring hate in this man, to whom the purpose of war, even at its worst, was the overpowering of one's enemy, not the murdering and mutilating of him. He placed his little flags in his sleeves, saluted something invisible. Werner had cut his fuse to three minutes. He touched the tip of his cigar to the raw end. The greedy string began eating itself eagerly. He dragged himself up the bank, and once more braved the winds on the trestle. It was even worse going back. The snow had ceased, but the gale was whipping more fiercely; its wail rose and fell.

Suddenly he came to a stop, clung to an upright for support, listening with all his ears.

No, no! That would be absurd, of course. Even the gods of chance could not be so grim!

He started on again. Again he paused. There was a rumble on the air that was not the rumble of the storm. Something chanted over the top of the wind, four monotonous, long-drawn notes. As Werner stared, the spindrift was brushed aside for a single instant, revealing to him a cleft in the shadowy forest. The cleft framed a light, pale like a will-o'-the-wisp. Then the hand that had revealed the picture to him, erased it as suddenly, with fresh gusts.

It was life and death now. He turned to fight the furies again on that trestle. Stumbling, falling, clutching wildly for support, he raced with the thunderous rumble that was now outshouting the elements. He reached the spot; he threw himself headlong down the embankment. The fuse was spitting spitefully. He seized it, yanked it from its fastening, threw it into the air toward the river. Even as it described its arc, its persistent fire touched the fulminate, and it went off with the bang of a rifle shot.

One, two, three, four, five, he counted. Then the train came plunging headlong through the night. Crouched in the snow, he clung to a tangle of bare branches for support. First the headlight, carving its yellow cone through the tempest; then the huge drivers swirled past, so close he could feel the heat of their basket of gleaming coals; then the trucks, one by one, taking the rail joints with a sweeping rhythm like the wings of some gigantic bird. He glanced up. Dead curtained windows; here and there a fleeting light. Then the thing was gone again, diminuendo, with the furies chasing in its wake. It was the International Express. Ten coaches of sleeping people, bound on lawful occasions. What had they to do with war? Werner pictured it piled up in the ravine of the stream, a twisted, broken, burning, screaming mass.

"No! No!" he cried, shaking his head violently, as if trying to get rid of a horrid thought.

No plus-or-minus tolerance! They had made an error, not reckoning on the gods of chance. He had saved them from it. They would pat him on the back for it, for his disobedience — for what was it but a soldier's disobedience? He blessed himself for the courage of disobedience, that capital crime of war.

He dug into his case, unearthed the stuff again, again affixed a length of fuse, this time cutting it to ten minutes. He got out his time-table and examined it by the light of his electric torch. Fool! that he hadn't bethought himself of this before. His task was a soldier's task, to destroy an enemy bridge, not to destroy innocent lives. There were two more trains, due before day broke. There was ample time between them.

Then another doubt assailed him. If he destroyed the bridge, what could save them from piling into the maw? On such a night it was a physical impossibility to flag them, once they had run beyond their block lights. One could not see twenty yards, for the drifting snow!

Then Werner, good soldier though he was, took the matter into his own hands. He crouched there till the first flush of day. His hands were frozen to the wrists, and the numbing languor was gaining on him. Both trains had passed. The track was clear. The hour had come. By a supreme effort he bent his head to touch the end of his last cigar to the ready fuse.

Escape? He smiled wanly, as he struggled to his feet. There was no escape. The cold held him fettered. Inch by inch he crawled back to the American side. He stumbled through the drifts to the little hotel, pushed the door open with his shoulders.

"Good morning," said a surprised voice. It was young Tate, son of the proprietor, raking the fires for the day.

"Good morning," responded Werner. He held out his two clubs of hands. "I freeze my hands," he explained.

"Rub them in the snow," said Tate; the boy looked curiously at the lodger as he helped him out; he seized handfuls of snow and rubbed the frozen man vigorously. Werner almost beyond words murmured his gratitude and staggered up the stairs to his room. It was the end. He understood that. He fell helpless on his bed. Outside the boy stood staring at the footprints in the snow.

The blast was almost cataclysmic. It sucked out the windows of Werner's room, the glass falling in a jingling shower. The torpor of the cold in his veins had given way to the torture of returning sensation. He lay there waiting. In a few minutes they came for him, three men; the door swung open, three rifles covered him; they commanded him to hold up his hands. Werner tried to reach his revolver; but his clubs of hands refused their office.

"Hands up, I say!" reiterated the voice.

"Are you American — or Canadian?" demanded Werner, struggling to rise.

"American. Hands up!"

"Very well. I am your prisoner. I blew the bridge on the Canadian side. My country is at war with Canada."

Then he went down in a heap.

These men, rough woodsmen, knew what ailed him; only they did not know then that his blood, thinned by tropic suns, had left him almost naked to the cold.

From this direction and that, like crows assembling in response to some mysterious call, stalwart men began to appear on the Canadian side — lumberjacks, farmers, section-hands. They came wading in through the blanket of the spent storm, and gathered in a cluster at the shattered bridge-head, with their heads together.

The little knot of villagers in the hotel room, working over the tortured man, from time to time regarded this group uneasily. No official had come down yet; the road was blocked with snow. This constantly augmenting group was a leaderless mob, men of the forest, Canadians whose brothers and sons had just come through the horror of that first gas attack at Ypres.

"Those fellows are seeing red!" said the village constable anxiously. "If some one in authority doesn't show up pretty soon, they are liable to start something foolish."

"Over my dead body!" said the blacksmith; and he glared challengingly at his companions, who one and all nodded assent. "I'll go over there and talk to them," he added.

As the blacksmith picked his way to the Canadian shore, the crowd advanced to meet him.

"Bring him out here, Frank — pretend you want him to show you where he placed this stuff," said a big lumberjack who assumed the rôle of spokesman. "Be a little careless. When you aren't looking, we will yank him across."

"Yes," said the blacksmith. "You will yank him across, all right!" He gave an ugly emphasis to the words. "No; not this time, boys!"

The lumberjack began again:

"You can either bring him to us — or —"

"Or nothing, Jim Benson!" interrupted the blacksmith. "Take my advice. Cool off a bit. Wait for somebody in authority to get here, to take charge of this matter. Don't try to take the law into your own hands. You don't seem to think there is such a thing as a white Hun, Jim. This one is, boys. Let me tell you something. This one lay out all last night — thirty below! — in the storm — waited for three trains to go by — so he would not harm your women and children. He might have tipped your International into the river. But he didn't. He chose to freeze nigh to death himself. Now take my tip, boys, and wait for your superintendent to get here. This is something for the big fellows to settle — not for a wild-eyed mob that's all het up. God knows I don't blame you for seeing red, after what you been through over yonder. But keep cool, boys — keep cool."

He turned his back on them and started back. He managed to carry a confident assured air, but he was far from feeling confidence.

"We've got to get this Hun safe, some place, until the Canadian officials can get here," said the blacksmith, entering the hotel room. He turned to Werner. "Let's get at this thing from the ground up. Who paid you for this job, Werner?"

Werner flushed deeply. He said quietly: "I am an officer, obeying orders. An officer is not paid for jobs."

"Well, then, who gave you your orders?"

"A man who has the right to give me orders."

"So!" cried the blacksmith, with a fine show of baffled rage. "Well, you can either tell me who gave you your orders, or I'll turn you over to that bunch across the river. They have a iittle entertainment arranged in your honor." He indicated the group opposite by a nod at the window.

"Very well," replied Werner. "I will go to Canada."

"Now what can you do with a mule like that?" cried the blacksmith.

At this point, old Squire Pease, the village justice, straightened up in his chair and cleared his throat.

"One moment, gentlemen," said the village justice gravely. "Hats off. Court's in session. Constable, arraign your prisoner."

The constable, wondering, helped Werner to rise.

"Prisoner," droned the old Squire, fixing an accusing eye on Werner, "you are charged with maliciously — and with careless aforethought — touchin' off a blast — in close proximity — to the village of Branchboro. Said blast — causing damage — in said village — to wit — breaking — ah — um — say thirty panes of glass. Guilty or not guilty. Guilty! Certainly. Thirty days; lock 'im up! Court's adjourned!"

The village justice cleared his throat again, and addressed the blacksmith, unofficially.

"Now, Frank," he said, "you go over to the other side, and tell my friend, Jim Benson, that we don't blame him for being hot under the collar — but tell him if he thinks to bring his mob into these United States, and to take by force a prisoner duly convicted and sentenced under our law — why, he'll be a heap sight wiser before the morning is over!"

An hour later, when the Canadian officials arrived, Werner had already begun his thirty-day sentence for the misdemeanor of breaking good American window-glass.

Facey, a sub-chief in a certain research laboratory at Washington, came in the next morning, and sat down for a talk with Werner. Facey knew the Huns of the *schrecklichkeit* type like a book; he had pretty much the same idea of them as had his friends the Canadians, on the opposite bank. Ottawa had put in a diplomatic demand for extradition. There was nothing to do but wait on the law.

When that first interview was over, Facey — unofficially, of course — hunted up old Squire Pease, to shake him gravely by the hand.

"Occasionally," said Facey, absent-mindedly watching a flock of noisy starlings circling about a dead tree, "*one is born white.*"

There was nothing in this remark that seemed to call for a reply on the part of the sage old squire. Facey busied himself with the stenographic transcript of his conversation with Werner; he took it to the prisoner to sign. Before handing it over, he added this paragraph:

"I swear to the truth of the foregoing facts, on my honor as an officer and a gentleman."

Werner, who had advanced his bandaged hand for the pen, read this, and paused, uncomfortably.

"No," he said. "I cannot sign that."

"This one lies with the utmost difficulty and embarrassment," Facey was saying to himself. "And why not, Werner?" he asked aloud, with apparent amazement. Werner turned red, and stammered.

"Because one part is not true," he said. "That part about the explosive. I did not get it here. I brought it up on the train with me."

"What!" cried Facey, springing out of his chair with an alarming show at fierceness. "You violated the Federal statutes? You carried explosives on passenger trains? Do you know that this one act will put you in an American jail, possibly for the duration of the War?"

Werner's eyes sought, for a moment, the opposite shore. Then they came back to Facey, resting for a moment on that inscrutable countenance. But he said nothing. He was entirely literal.

Facey's worst fears for Werner were abundantly realized — accelerated by Facey. Before Werner could finish his thirty days in jail for breaking good American window-glass, he was haled before a United States Federal judge, charged with the offense of carrying explosives as baggage on a passenger train. He is doing time in Atlanta now.

Various Teutonic societies, religious, shooting, and singing, in these United States, saw fit to call special meetings to pass resolutions, denouncing Werner as a chicken-hearted caitiff who lay out all night in a blizzard to let three passenger trains go by, when he might very easily have bagged any one of them, or maybe all three. So neither his friends, nor his enemies, loved this man, who was minus a few fingers and part of one hand for his pains.

As for von G. — who got his walking papers shortly after — whenever he thought of this soldier and gentleman who first saved the express and then failed to freeze to death in the big woods, as ordered, he put the incident down as merely one of a train of dismal happenings on a dismal day. His German mind sums up the whole affair, in one round word:

"Dummkopf!"

The Brushwood Fire

by **Daniel Henderson**

NICHOLAS, Hamilton and I —
Friends, whose houses lie close by —
Join in raking the leaves and stalks
October drops on our lawns and walks;
Join in building a brushwood fire
As high as an urchin could desire.

Ours is the primitive joy of seeing
Flame leap into animate being.
Like as a dancer sheds her cloak,
Fire springs out of the pungent smoke,
Wafting a subtle, rare perfume
That carries a hint of lilac bloom,
A scent of clover and eglantine
Blended with mint and box and pine.

Yet, as the quivering flame dies down
And the cinders powder to a brown,
And the smoke melts into the fading day,
Laughter dies, and our mood turns gray.
Is it because the brushwood fire
Seems to us now the summer's pyre?
Is it because we think its red
Is made of blood the roses shed?
Is it that we have set alight
The heart of spring in our pagan rite?
Or that we know that the orchard's blush,
The nests of the oriole and thrush,
Violet, dogwood, all things vernal,
All that our souls would make eternal,
Burgeoning May and golden September
Have their death in the dying ember?

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The Prophy-lac-tic Tooth Brush — Ask your druggist for "the brush in the yellow box"—he knows

With Milk and Honey Blest

The Land That Flows with These Has More Than a Fighting Chance

by **Mabel Dulon Purdy**

PIGS and sugar, milk and honey, these—always excepting, of course, the continued stimulation of our grain foods—are now figuring uniquely among the food supplies of our country to be maintained and increased. This is true not only because of their food importance, but because they are important foods that can be economically produced. Whatever unprecedented gains in agriculture or production have been made last year and this, the total food output for 1919 must break all previous records. More food and still more food is what is needed—food, again food, always food, and then more food—and the kinds that will feed best and most for the least cost, or that can be produced with little initial outlay and labor, now count highest.

This is a thought that belongs not to the farmers of the country alone; it is a thought that must be roundly grasped by the men and women of our towns and cities. In their clear comprehension of food, both from the standpoints of its feeding value and its production cost and possibilities, and their acceptance or use accordingly, now lies one of the biggest factors of help in the solution of the present food problem. While the garbage-fed hog is proving what can be done to economically increase our supply of pork and allied foods, and while the energy value of sugar for what it costs to give it to us is an old, old story, no other one food meets the first present economic food ideal better than milk, and possibly no other one food meets the second ideal better than honey.

The value of milk as a food has been so emphasized during the past months that we are now more than familiar with the facts "that milk is the greatest factor of safety in our diet"; "that no substitute for milk as a food has ever been found"; "that children under six years of age should have if possible a quart of whole milk a day"—in some form at least; "that meat does not take the place of milk; more, that it is a mistake to buy any meat until each member of the family has a pint of milk each day"; that milk is from all practical points of view an economical food, and that "without the continued use of milk not only for the feeding of our children but in liberal amounts in cookery we cannot as a nation maintain the position as a world power to which we have arisen."

> ** See "The Agricultural Situation for 1918," Circulars 85 and 87, published by The United States Department of Agriculture. These will tell you how to make our country rich in milk and honey. Write to Washington for these two bulletins*

But the dairy cow does not only produce this most needed and in many respects best of all foods, the dairy cow is at the same time the most economical producer of any animal food. As the experts tell us, one great law of food conservation is "to turn inedible feeds into edible foods," and it is the dairy cow that can most efficiently utilize coarse, otherwise inedible materials and convert them into milk.* This has been demonstrated and must be more unhesitatingly understood than it now is, perhaps. The degree of efficiency and economy, however, with which milk is produced depends upon the breed and the physical condition of the cow. In order to increase our milk supply and further cut the cost of its making, not only more but better cows are needed. Cow-testing stations, through whose agency it is possible for even the poorest farmer to own high grade cows, are proving that by intelligent breeding and feeding the average production of a cow, measured in butter fat, may be increased 50 per cent. or more, and its cost greatly reduced. That this increase may continue, and the country be strengthened accordingly, the value and importance of milk and other dairy foods must be more commonly recognized, and their fullest use consistently observed, and whatever fair price for milk may be justified at the time should be patriotically paid. More—the cry "more and better cows" must be called and carried from coast to coast!

And in the case of honey? While our sugar supply has been short since the beginning of the War, with many more mouths to feed than before, and we have learned to buy in measured bits what is barely needed for our tea and coffee, with fudge and frostings and layer-cake fading memories only, it is now pointed out that there is far more sugar hidden in the nectar of our flowers than all the cane and beet sugar normally and luxuriously consumed by all the American people in the happier days when fudge and frostings were fact instead of fancy. There is so much of this flower-sugar, it is calculated, that it would take even busier and better workers than the bee-people to gather it all in, and yet with comparatively little trouble, at little cost for equipment, with little labor, tons of it might be salvaged—more than enough, possibly, to make up for whatever sugar shortage may be inflicted on us. A food that is needed and wanted, and a food that is almost free for the taking—treasured about us in myriad pounds—surely we are wealthy if more of us will only go and bring it home, and others of us take what has been gathered and transform our memory cakes and cookies into realities, letting the other sugar and energy foods go where they are needed more, and can be better sent.

"Bee-keeping," the Department of Agriculture tells us, "may be practiced in almost all habitable parts of the United States, but is not equally profitable everywhere. Its possibilities as a business depend on the abundance of nectar-secreting plants. Not all flowers secrete nectar, and even the best of nectar-secreting plants vary considerably in value within their range.

"For example, alfalfa, which is the source of an abundance of beautiful white honey in the irrigated regions of Colorado, Utah, and Idaho, is worthless as a nectar source in the East. White clover, from which the choicest honey is produced in northeastern United States, is of less value in the South and of little, if any, value west of the Cascade Mountains. . . . In choosing a place for commercial bee-keeping, attention should be paid to the regions best adapted to this industry, and it should be remembered that not all localities within a main region are equally valuable. The chief honey regions of the United States are the white clover region of the northeast; the southeastern region, west to eastern Texas, with a wide variety of nectar sources; the alfalfa region of the West; the mountain sage region of southern California, and the semi-arid region of Texas and adjacent states. . . . In addition to these larger regions, many restricted areas offer special inducements to the bee-keeper. Typical plants of restricted distribution and of value for nectar are buckwheat, wild raspberry, and willow-herb in the burned and cut-over forests of the North, Spanish needle in swampy lands, heartsease or smartweed in cornfields of the middle West, tupelo in Southern swamps, and linden or basswood."

If we cannot all be farmers or producers of food in some capacity, at least we can all become familiar with the many issues in the production of our various foods and their ultimate value, and lend our co-operation by the practical appreciation of these two facts, and so pay to an extent whatever personal debt in the matter of food production may be charged against us. At this critical period the importance of milk and honey from the nutritive and economic aspects can hardly be overestimated, for it may be only when we have again found the Promised Land that permanent peace shall come.

"Food and Freedom" by Mabel Dulon Purdy. Harper and Bros. $1.00

The Great American Smelter

[*Continued from page 14*]

acres in our country," he said. "And there they are not despised as foreigners."

Well, we have been utterly stupid, not only with what we have done with our immigrants (beginning with their disheartening arrival in American ports) but what we have not done. It was not enough to pay them well, or ill, to permit them to take out citizenship papers; we should have considered that men, even if forced to seek a bare subsistence in a new country, still remain what they were born and bred, unless taken in hand and subtly manipulated. Not for them to adopt voluntarily an American Ideal that held itself contemptuously aloof, and was at variance with the racial ideals that had moulded their brain cells.

The ancient soils are terribly tenacious. Moberly Bell, the famous editor of the London *Times*, once told me that American cotton planted in Egypt came up Egyptian cotton. Well, we are not ancient enough yet to put European immigrants into one end of our national sausage machine and turn out Americans at the other. They outnumber us of the old stock by many millions, and we are at last awake to the fact that we must not sacrifice our National Ideal — God forbid — but overhaul it and adapt it to the America of the Twentieth Century. We must stop informing our undigested masses that the United States is the only country fit to live in, the only up-to-date country, God's own Country; that all the European nations are effete and belong to the dust-bin of history. We have never accomplished our purpose and we have excited much hilarity and contempt.

There is little to be done with the older immigrant American. He will stand by us in the present war to a certain extent (the strikes of the past year do not look much like an absorbing love of his adopted country) so long as it is to his interest to do so, and because he cannot very well help himself. All the great machinery of the Government is now in control and on the job. But should there be an indefinite peace, or should we be beaten, the foreigners in our midst either would go over to the enemy or resolve themselves once more into race groups.

Our one hope is in the children of the land. If we can train their Europeanized minds during their plastic years toward a new and acceptable Americanism, one, at least, of our coming problems will be solved; rather there will be one less problem to grapple with when the next war breaks out. They can be taught that the United States is the only country in which individuality has full sway (within the limits of laws made by free men as fallible as themselves) where birth is nothing, where personality, character and energy count more than anywhere in the world, and where literally every man's chance is equal. Germany, for her own gratification, encouraged the gifted in all arts and the production of individual wealth, but enslaved her people politically. Moreover, *lèse majesté* was the nightmare of all intellectuals, from university professors to illustrators of the humorous magazines.

It is useless to argue that Trusts and Labor Unions have tyrannized over a theoretically free country and prevented many a man from getting out of his rut, ruined him unless he submitted. Those are abuses that from time to time are inevitable in any democracy. There will never be any form of Government that will be free of all evils, and our part is to stick to democracy, the best that has yet been conceived, and bend our energies to its constant improvement. At the end of this war the huge and undemocratic fortunes that have rolled up almost with their own momentum will be shaved down to proportions more in conformity with our original principles, the middle class will be enormously augmented, labor will have several grievances the less, and men with keen, sane brains will find themselves in possession of opportunities never presented before.

Moreover, these youngsters may be taught that this is the one country in which man may gratify his inherent love of adventure. I do not mean in the old physical sense, but mentally and in his daily life. In a vast new country, still fluid, there is always the delightful sense of uncertainty, of some new chance for wealth and fortune. No man is forced by the prejudices of caste or narrow opportunity to remain in the rut of his birth. If he fails he has himself, not the land of his adoption, to thank. If he falls in love with a girl in a class above him he has only to make money or reputation enough to enter her class and win her. Very often he wins her with less effort.

Classes will always exist. People of the same temper, tastes and intellectual interests naturally flock together. But that does not prevent rank outsiders from "breaking in" when qualified. It happens even in the South where birth is still the standard. Where in Europe may a boy work his way through college by tending the furnace and then go out in the world far better equipped for its conquest than the young snobs who denied him fraternity membership? How many of our Presidents have been of patrician birth, and how many men in the Capitol in Washington are there through family influence or pride of caste?

Not long since I was sitting in the Senate Gallery beside a New Yorker of the intensively aristocratic type. He remarked almost with a wail that there was scarcely a man below who showed birth and breeding. I reminded him that those Senators represented over a hundred million people and that if they had all been men of birth and breeding they would not have been representative of the United States of America.

He seemed singularly old-fashioned, although I was brought up on just such talk. Democracy, day by day, is becoming the fashion. The rich people in this country are affecting it because the women, particularly of England, and to a less degree, of France, have had the sense to see that to do their part in winning the War they must have the assistance of thousands outside their own class. I have always maintained that men, in this country at least, are greater snobs than women; nevertheless if the War goes on democracy will become a habit with both men and women. The leveling of fortunes will have a good deal to do with it.

THERE will always be fools, like the man I have just quoted, and there will be a horde of *nouveaux riches* whose spending and ostentation (unless new laws reach them quickly enough) will be on a level with their grammar; but after all they will be but isolated rotten spots in a vast and healthy body. The American may be an imperfectedly educated nation but it is one of extremely quick perceptions. Long before this War is over it will have accepted the indubitable fact that democracy is the only sure rampart against Bolshevikism, dishonest Socialism, I. W. W'ism, and all the rest of the unsocial organisms composed of the vicious failures, who owe their bad estate either to their own laziness or the carelessness of Nature. Many of the last will, in time, be normalized by surgical operations.

So much for the practical side. The foreign youth of our country (either in birth or blood) should be taught that the greatest of the virtues is gratitude and the most magnificent of the passions is loyalty to the flag that protects them. If this country gives them advantages and opportunities they never could have found in Europe, every decent instinct in them (and children, unless defective, are normally as decent as impressionable) will under proper guidance feel a natural devotion to the United States.

There is another point to be considered which makes the immediate Americanization of our youth of foreign blood doubly vital. If this War goes on for years and years — and it may if Germany is permitted to remain in Russia and obtain control of those vast wheat-fields, thus insuring herself against a revolution; for when the German stomach is full the brain above can stand almost anything — it will gradually resolve itself into a life-and-death struggle between the United States and Germany. There is a limit to the resources of the Allies, and in time the magnificent part they have played will have passed into history and the two youngest and most virile of the nations must fight it out.

Insensibly this last war will become a contest for world supremacy. We entered the War with no thought of conquest or self-aggrandizement whatever, merely to preserve our own country from becoming a German colony, and incidentally, but just as definitely, to save democracy from extinction. But if the struggle narrows and it becomes a question of the United States or Germany being the dominant power in the world, there is no question whatever [*Continued on page 41*]

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The Hostage — *Continued from page 12*

And in that time she accomplished wonders. By the exercise of subterfuge that would have evoked warm admiration even in his stolid breast and emphasized the joyous thrill which came of his words: "You and I could accomplish great things together," she learned of his whereabouts and planned for his escape. A tender word, a roguish twinkling of the eyes, and a purse, had earned her a sight of the code message from Berlin. Rendlesham was more valuable alive than dead. He was to be offered a tempting bribe to forget his birthright — to sell his knowledge to the enemy.

Haidee went back to the hotel. She stayed in the whole of the afternoon, allowing everyone to see her, since an alibi might be needed before long. At six in the evening, she was on the terrace overlooking the river, when the merchant from Scutari whispered, as he passed, that her "husband" had escaped, and the city was being closely searched for him. She remained on the terrace, five minutes longer, then went to her room to dress for dinner. At seven, she was on her way down the staircase, the deep, eloquent blue of her gown catching some sympathetic gleam in her big eyes. Her white, bare arms, so beautifully moulded that a score of canvases reflected them on the walls of the Salon, swung rhythmically by her sides as she descended the stairs; the tiny feet encased in jeweled slippers peeped furtively out from the flashing white of the underskirt as though they feared the distance from one step to another.

A FAIR-HAIRED girl in the vestibule was speaking in broken German to a Turkish coffee-boy who grinned helplessly as he tried to understand the gibberish.

"Rendlesham," the girl repeated. "Richard Rendlesham. I am his ——"

A soft hand was laid on the girl's shoulder. Haidee whispered in French, "Can I help you?" and before the girl could make reply she was drawn into a waiting-room, and the door was locked. Haidee's voice was making ridiculous attempts to steady itself.

"You want Mr. Rendlesham? May I ask who you are? What are you doing in Constantinople? It isn't safe for Englishwomen. Have you come up from Pera? Hasn't the British Consul done anything in the way of getting the Westerners out of the country ——?"

"But you — you are English?" The girl's blue eyes were opened wide.

"Yes, yes," said Haidee, hurriedly, impatiently, "but I'm differently situated. . . . Lord! How strange you make me feel. You're going to say something, and I don't want you to say it. . . . Have you come from Pera?

"No, from England — Kent."

"Child! Child! How you make my blood run cold. In the name of pity, tell me how you managed to do it?"

"I speak a little German, and some French, and ——"

Haidee was clasping her hands across her breast. "A miracle! A miracle!" she muttered repeatedly. "You want to see Mr. Rendlesham ——"

"My husband!"

"Your — your husband! You're lying. . . ."

"Madame!"

"No, no, I didn't mean that."

The girl brushed the falling hair back from her brow.

"I heard that he was ill in this city. The telegram came from Paris."

"And you made no more inquiries?"

"Would you wait if your — your husband were lying ill, dying, perhaps, in a strange country?"

"Of course you know his profession?" Haidee was throwing the questions, jerkily, and frequently she went to the door to listen.

"Of course," said the girl. "He is a civil servant — or something of that sort — I don't know. Dicky never likes me to talk about his affairs."

"Lordy! Lordy! I can see Kent in your eyes. I used to live in Kent. . . . And, hearing he was ill ——"

"I sent the children to his mother's place on the coast ——"

"Children? Oh, the woman! How she talks."

"Two boys."

"Yes. But how did you get across Europe? God pity you, child, you're talking as though you had run into town to shop."

"When you love your husband ——" the girl began, her cheeks flushing scarlet.

"I'm listening, child." But her heart was breaking.

"You understand — don't you?"

"No. Yes, yes, perfectly. Listen to me: if you do love your husband, obey me, implicitly." Her white bosom was heaving pathetically; at times, it was difficult for her to gulp down the sobs that threatened to choke her. "Implicitly," she repeated. "Your husband and I are — are friends."

"You? Madame is jesting."

"For the love of heaven, keep quiet. Anything may be happening at this moment. . . . We are friends. We work together. He is something more than a civil servant. He belongs to the Secret Intelligence Department of the British Government. . . . Don't look at me like that, child. . . . Fancy! You came across a war-ridden continent because you heard he was ill. Only one Hand could have guided you aright. . . . Your husband was arrested, two days ago. . . . Stop that. Only weak women faint, and you can't be weak. . . . Lord! He ought to be proud of you."

"He is not ill, Madame?"

"No." She gripped the child-wife by the arm, and hushed her to silence. There was a deep murmur of voices, the voices of soldiery, in the vestibule. Haidee listened, her ear pressed against the door. Quickly, she fled back to the girl's side.

"They will be here in a minute — the Turkish soldiery. When they enter, don't attempt to speak, or to interfere. It's after seven, now. At nine o'clock, go down to the Galata Bridge. A youth will pass you as you lean over the parapet; he will look back, then walk on with his right hand resting on his hip. Follow him. Have no fear. You will pass the mosque of St. Sophia, and he will lead the way back to the river. Someone will be waiting for both you and the boy, and you will drift down the tide in a crazy-looking wherry. He who is waiting for you will signal with a green light as he passes up the canal. I shall be watching from a house in Haidar Pasha. . . . They're coming. . . . I say, let me — let me kiss you. . . . Oh!" as she pressed her lips on the girl's brow — "why does God make our lots so different? And I was so near to happiness. . . . Hush!"

There was a loud knocking at the door. Haidee said to the girl-wife: "Open it, then stand back, out of the way. Think of all the German you ever learned, and don't let anyone tempt you into speaking either English or French."

A score of Turkish soldiers burst into the room, headed by a German Lieutenant.

"The wife of Richard Rendlesham!"

The girl's lips began to move, involuntarily. Haidee pushed her roughly aside.

"Well?" she demanded, drawing herself up proudly. "I am the wife of Richard Rendlesham. What do you want with me?"

The Lieutenant grasped her wrist.

"YOU'RE to be a hostage, my pretty bird," he laughed. . . . "Ach!" as she struck him a violent blow on the cheek with her free hand. He shouted a coarse order. Two of the soldiers seized her; in a second, the slender wrists were knotted with ropes. As though she were some dangerous felon they began to drag her from the room. She shrieked and struggled, suffering unspeakable agony as the gyves tightened. Yet it was not all pain that caused the screams; hers was the stoicism that could have withstood white heat for the sake of love. Hers was the brain that could work with lightning speed in a moment of crisis. The greater the hubbub she created, the greater attention she attracted to herself, the greater the possibility of the girl-wife being overlooked — the girl-wife who was now on her knees, her hands clasped tightly across her terrified eyes.

"Yes, a hostage," the Lieutenant repeated, "and the new Governor of the German Military Mission has a delicate way of handling hostages. Your precious husband has escaped, but not from Constantinople. He is hiding like a rat in some drain, and we haven't time to hunt him with dogs. He will come out when he hears you bleating."

They were in the vestibule, now. The door of the waiting-room had been closed on the girl-wife. One of the soldiers stepped into the roadway, and raising his rifle, summoned a passing carriage. The Lieutenant stamped his heavy heel on the mosaic.

"Walk," he growled, angrily, and raised his right hand to show the blood that Haidee's teeth had drawn. "The bleating commences here."

ROUGHLY, they forced her down the steps of the hotel. She glanced back, only once, and then to sneer at the uncultured brute in whom no spark of chivalry remained, if, indeed, it had ever been there. The procession set out on its way along the ill-paved road, and the loungers on the sidewalks crowded round to stare, open-mouthed, at the spectacle. Jeers came from all sides, and the laughing soldiery, inspired by the lack of consideration shown by the Lieutenant, shouted coarse epithets in describing their captive to the inquisitive.

Bravely, she marched along, smiling though the maimed wrists were dripping blood. There was no fear in her heart — only joy in the sacrifice for *him* — he who stirred within her tired body one great emotion that had overwhelmed, submerged all others unworthy of her.

And so, by degrees, they came to Haidar Pasha, and the house of the new Governor of the German Military Mission. The Lieutenant knocked at the door and stepped back, proudly, arrogantly, when word was brought that the Governor, himself, was coming down-stairs. He snatched a torch from one of the soldiers, and held it above the woman's head. A deep voice came from the darkness of the entrance.

"The Governor," whispered the soldiery.

Haidee shook herself and laughed.

"Herr von Schuster!" she cried. "See how chivalrous is your puppet, the Lieutenant."

There was a burst of indignation. Von Schuster struck blindly at the soldiers holding her captive. The Lieutenant was crouching against the wall of the house, his fat fingers stuck in his ears.

"Hold! My dear Otto, you are tearing my wrists!"

The big, unwieldy von Schuster sobbed like a woman when he beheld the poor maimed wrists. "Baumer," he gurgled at the shrinking Lieutenant, "to-morrow you will come here. To-morrow, if — if you dare live till to-morrow."

He led, half-carried, Haidee into the house. She lay back on a couch and closed her eyes.

"Fräulein ——" Von Schuster was kneeling at her feet.

"Mrs. Richard Rendlesham, Otto," she corrected, and laughed a denial of her own words.

"I said you would come back to me," he said, moving nearer.

She forced him back with a tired little gesture.

"Leave me alone for half an hour, Otto. . . . Your friends have played so roughly. I am tired. I want to rest."

"Dinner is served, Fräulein."

"Let it wait."

"It is nearly ten o'clock, already."

"So late? . . . A few minutes, Otto. I am so — so tired."

He went quietly from the room, closing the door after him. She opened her eyes. Out yonder, on the dark waters of the Bosphorus, a green light flashed three times.

Haidee rose and ran to the window, pressing her cold cheek against it. Slowly she waved an aching hand as in farewell. "Bon voyage," she whispered, and crept back to the couch. Her hair was disordered. The tiny stiletto that had always been kept hidden in the glorious brownish-black mass fell from its place, tumbled over her shoulder and lay in the palm of her right hand, its jeweled hilt smiling at her.

Von Schuster knocked softly at the door. She looked again at the stiletto. The jewels were still smiling — encouragingly.

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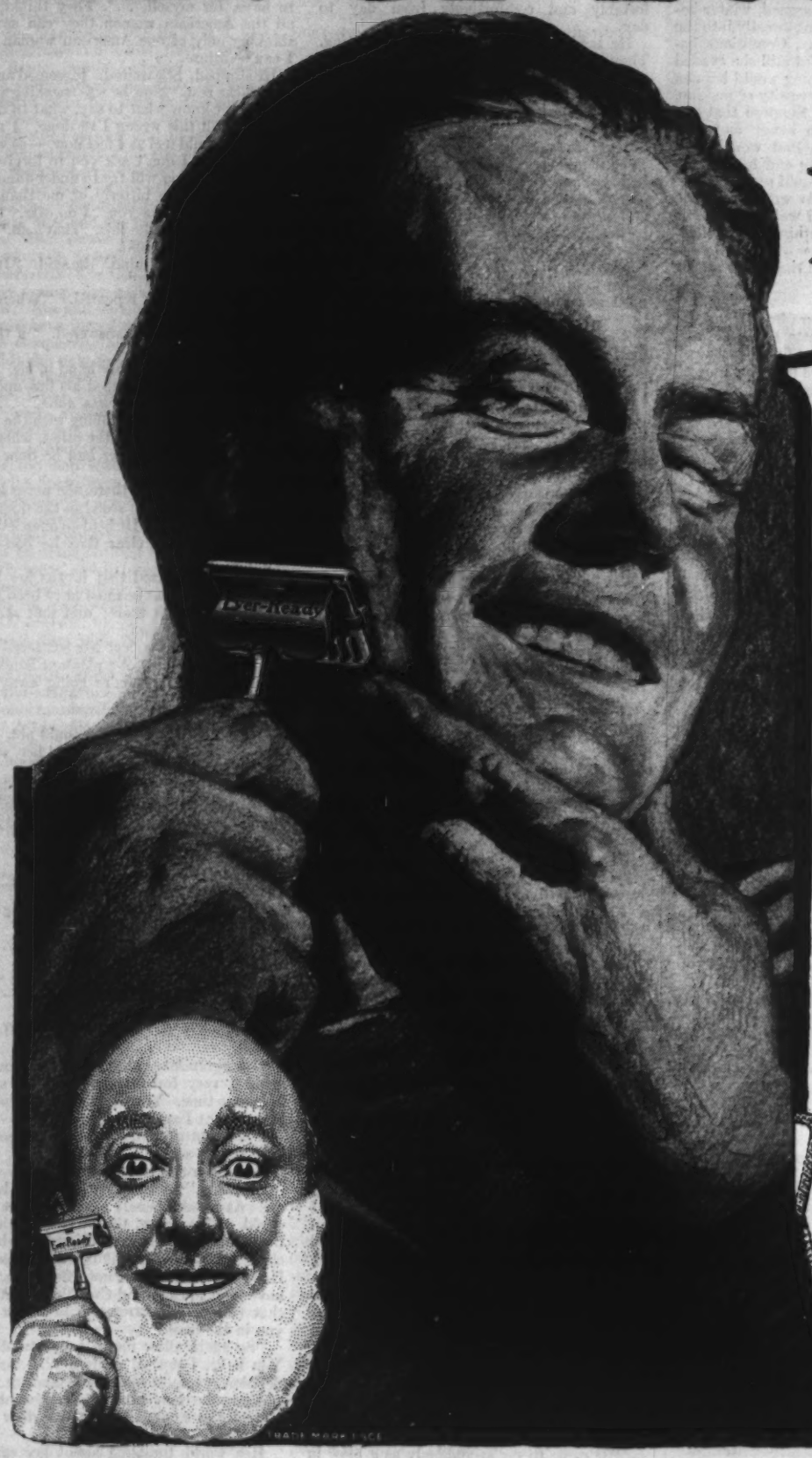

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Through the Haze — *Continued from page 16*

come out as we make them. Nothing remains the same. It either grows better, or it grows worse. And a bucket of water on a nascent flame is better than a thousand gallons on a house ablaze.

While she thought and argued, winter became spring, and spring sank sweetly into the soft arms of summer. . . . Conditions became more compelling. But still she evaded and avoided. . . . Something would happen that would save her the necessity of making, and of facing, an issue. Suppose that she should make and face an issue; and that something should happen that would have made all that issue-making and issue-facing unnecessary! How she would reproach herself! How all her friends would reproach her! . . . No. She would wait just a little longer. . . . Surely, something would happen. . . .

Yet summer did not bring that saving something. Nor did fall.

THERE were other letters from Don. He had made the Lafayette Escadrille and was now flying. He sent her first a post-card.

"It ain't so. They have no silver lining."

In one of his letters he said:

"In God's name, why doesn't America realize? Do you over there still regard this War merely as a barroom brawl between a couple of gentlemen who don't like each other?

"It has become a world fight now as to whether men shall rule or be ruled; whether there shall be on earth free men and free women, or whether a few shall be masters and all the rest their serfs.

"When I see the finest boys of France and England pouring out their life-blood like water, with never a whimper and never a kick, to save you all from the unnameable horrors that have come to women and babies over here, and you neither understanding nor appreciating, it makes me too sick to eat. It would be funny if it weren't so unutterably horrible. Men over here dying like flies and you over there arguing about this and that, and whether or no, and pro and con. If Germany ever gets one arm free, she'll show you how much arguments amount to. Don't worry about that!" . . .

Later he wrote:

"Thank God, I'm in the air. It makes one feel, after all, how little is man. . . . And yet how great is mankind. If it weren't, how simple all this would be. All decent people could just get off the earth and leave it to the Germans. But that would be cheating our children, and all the millions of millions of the yet unborn. For we're not fighting this war for ourselves. We're fighting for posterity—for the human race. To quit now, or to lose, means that the devil has turned this earth into an annex of hell and that the real God (not the German Hellgott that the lying fools so redly worship) has lost one more world forever. . . ."

Like America, Constance read, and thought she understood. Yet she did not. Her superb confidence in her own inviolability was still supreme.

When it came, it came swiftly. And it found her utterly unready.

Civilization veneers us thinly. The primal is always very close beneath. In the primal, woman was man's possession. He wooed her with a club. And she admired him first for his qualities of prowess and domination. The vine clings to the oak. When the oak tries to cling to the vine, it leaves the vine at once surprised, uncomfortable and somewhat disgusted.

It is also human to want what you cannot, or should not, have. Stolen apples are always sweetest. Beyond that, we pursue that which interests us. And the core of interest is ever uncertainty.

All these things Craig knew. And, knowing, he applied.

A year of desultory wooing that alternately interested and angered. Then, sudden surprise attacks, that caught her always unguarded, and told him that neither would she make, or face, an issue. . . .

And then the quick, compelling domination of the primal.

He was aided, of course, by Ames's neglect; by Constance's own femininity, parched lips and haggard eyes. . . . Quickly he thrust forth the clear, cool draught nor gave her time to see the dregs. . . . And she, too proud to fight, too vainly weak to call for help. . . . Dazed and helpless and unprepared. . . .

Never in all her life had she tried to figure consequences. Always had she lived comfortably and comfortingly from day to day. . . .

He held her in his arms, all unresisting. They would go away, somewhere—anywhere. What did it matter? Not together, of course. She could take her maid. Yet he would always be close beside her—how close he meant to be her tumbled mind even then did not fully realize. . . . A divorce. . . . Then happiness! For her, and for him. For had he not seen how she was suffering? Meant in soul and mind and body for love and life and the joy of living, and condemned to neglect and utter loneliness. . . . Which was, indeed, the truth; yet not quite the whole truth. . . .

He would come for her at six. And she must be ready.

Alone, in her room, she cried, at first—little, excited sobs. She was filled with the emptiness that is fear. She felt weak, confused. . . What would Don say?

The thought came to her vaguely, as through a haze. . . But it was too late to think of that. Don would understand, when she could see him to explain. . . .

And Ames? Dick, her husband?

Hot anger surged. Did he deserve consideration who so long had given none? Yet now, those first years, that first love, came to demand their rights. Happiness she had had when she had possessed but little else. . . . She stood for a long, long time with eyes closed.

By and by she opened them. She rang for her maid, telling her to pack trunks for them both, as well as hand-bags for the train. Then she turned, going to her desk.

It was a brief note that she wrote. She told him that she could no longer stand his treatment. That, as his love for her had died, so had hers for him been killed. She was going away. He need not try to follow. He could get a divorce, or allow her to get one. She had not dishonored him. He need not think, nor accuse her, of that. And she was sorry. But she could bear it all no longer.

Signed and sealed and addressed, she took the note to his room, placing it upon his bureau. Then she dressed for the street and went down-stairs into the great cool drawing-room, to wait. . . .

Craig came back at six. . . . But it was a different Craig from the one that left her a short two hours before. She saw that as she rose to greet him.

He did not take her in his arms. He did not even come to her. He just stood in the doorway, looking at her. . . She wondered. . . .

At length he spoke. His voice was low and vibrant.

"Constance," he said.

She did not answer.

"I just can't do it."

She did not know his voice. It was so utterly different.

"I'll try to explain," he went on. "Though God knows how a man can explain a thing like this—this. . . . I honestly cared. I do honestly care. I want you more than I ever wanted anything of God or man. I had made up my mind to have you, in spite of God or man. Two years ago, and more. I think the first time I saw you. . . .

"Then came to-day. I left you this afternoon with my mind as fully made up as it has ever been in all my life. Though I knew it was wrong—wrong to you——

"When I got to the Avenue, my car was held up. It was a parade. We could not get through. . . . I saw soldiers, better men than I, going away to fight. And then came the flag. And all the crowd cheered.

"It came to me as suddenly as a blow in the face, what they were—and what I was. They'll be going to France soon. Thousands of American men, going away, many of them never to come back. For we'll be in this War soon now. As we should have been in long ago. I've felt it, ever since the *Lusitania*. Perhaps all along the feeling has been in me; though it wasn't until to-day that I really knew. . . . Don was right. He went when we all should have gone. He proved himself a man. While the rest of us— No government in the world has the right to ask its people to stand what we have stood. . .

"They marched by, company after company of American men, going away to give everything they have on earth, even life itself, for others. And I, sitting snugly and smugly in a motor, planning only to take everything, even the things I have no right to have, for myself. . . . They thinking of all the American women they can save, I thinking only of one American woman that I can—injure. . . . "

He stopped. She waited. It seemed unreal, like all the rest. Now he was speaking again.

"I don't know what to say, what to do, to atone for all this wrong I've done. I never thought I could feel as I feel now—so sorry, so ashamed. I don't ask you to forgive. I ask only that you will try to understand; try to think no more bitterly of me than you must. I did care for you. I do care. But I just can't do it—like this. That's all."

He held out his hand.

"If you wouldn't mind?" he said. "It's—good-bye, you know."

"Good-bye?" she repeated. "Where are you going?"

"With the rest," he answered. "if they'll have me."

Dazedly, she placed her hand in his. Of a sudden, he bent and placed his lips upon it. Before she realized, he was gone. . . . She stood, for a long time, rubbing with the palm of one hand the back of the other, where his lips had touched. Never had he done that before.

How long she stood there, she never knew. But now another man stood in the doorway. It was her husband. He held an open letter in his hand. It was clear that he had been drinking.

Dimly she realized that it was her letter that he held—that he must have been to his room and found it there; and that she was gowned for going away. . . .

As she tried to collect her scattered wits, he laughed. It was not a pleasant laugh.

"So," he said, "you're going away, are you?"

SHE did not answer She could not.

Suddenly he strode toward her, seizing her by the wrist.

"What does this mean?" He held the letter before her eyes. "Is it—Craig?" he demanded roughly. "Don't lie! I may be a fool. But I am not blind."

She shook her head.

"I had no intention of lying," she answered. The voice did not seem to be her own.

"Well?" he demanded. "Is it Craig? Yes, or no!"

He waited. His grip hurt cruelly. She nodded.

"It was—Craig," she heard begin slowly the voice that was not hers, "but——"

He dropped her arm.

"I thought so," he muttered. He half turned.

"I congratulate you," he said. "You have made a very fortunate decision at a very fortunate time. You will no doubt be pleased to hear that I am ruined."

It was not a question that came from her lips; only a sound.

He interpreted it correctly.

"Exactly," he said. "The market has got me. As I stand here, I haven't a cent in the world. This house, the business, Miramar, the cars, the horses, everything I own but the clothes I stand in, will be taken from me. However, that should not affect you. You have your money, and Craig has plenty. So that this little contretemps need not affect you in the least.

"So again allow me to congratulate you. You have, I repeat, made a very fortunate decision at a most opportune moment."

Again he laughed. Then, abruptly, he turned and went. The outside door closed heavily. . . .

Her world tumbling about her ears, she stood. . . . And now another was speaking to her. . . . Through the haze she saw that it was Wason, the butler. He was holding out to her a small yellow envelope. She saw that it was a telegram. . . .

She saw her fingers close upon it. She saw them rip it open. Dazed eyes turned toward the typewritten words that unfolded before them.

Wason caught her as she fell. The little yellow oblong of paper fluttered face up to the floor, beside her. Wason's eyes, too, saw the words it held.

Don had been killed in battle.

[*To be concluded*]

The Great American Smelter

[Continued from page 37]

that every American will accept the honor thrust upon us, and that civilized Europe will submit to us without a protest. She has nothing to fear from us.

When the war broke out in 1914 I had serious misgivings until the Battle of the Marne. Rome, Spain, France, England, and, later, Great Britain, had ruled the world in their turn; ruled not only in Europe but in Africa, Asia, South America, the Antipodes. Britain had ruled so long and shown of late years so unmistakably that she had serious inherent weaknesses — witness her loss of prestige in the Boer War — that it seemed to me logical — historically logical — that her day was over and the turn of a younger and more virile power had come. Russia was far too crude, as well as too reactionary, to be considered. The United States seemed to me too young, too isolated, too utterly indifferent. She had only entered upon such wars as had been forced upon her, and even when she conquered (as it so happens she always did) she paid for her spoils. Mexico asked for $15,000,000 (a great sum in those days) for Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, and California; and although General Scott was camping in the Royal Palace of Chapultepec at the moment, we paid over the sum without protest. After the war with Spain we paid her $20,000,000 for the Philippines. Cuba we gave back to the Cubans. We have blots on our escutcheon — as what country has not? — but on the whole we want nothing but what we so abundantly have, and if forced into wars we are extraordinarily square in our dealings.

But almost immediately, the Germans proved themselves to be not a modern nation at all; they were exactly the same in their methods and psychology as the Germans (Goths, Huns and Vandals) that pillaged and ravaged and lied and cheated and wantonly murdered, fifteen hundred years ago under Attila, Alaric, and Genseric. Like the Bourbons, they had learned nothing and forgotten nothing. If they had advanced at all it was in craft and the application of modern science — born in other nations — to their own frightful ends. Germany was no more prepared to be the dominating power in the world than Russia.

It was then that the thinking men of this country began to arouse themselves, to appreciate the power and greatness of their own country as well as its defects. Since our entrance into the War we have performed feats of organization and mobilization unexampled in history. We have given evidence that if we are driven on and on until we are practically alone at war with Germany we shall be equal to the task, not only because we shall have the moral backing and advice of the whole civilized world, but because we shall have in addition to inexhaustible resources in men, money, food, and munitions, one supreme advantage over Germany: we shall be Might plus Right.

Right alone never won a war. Might, unsupported, has conquered more than once, but never has she been able to stand up in the long run against the two combined. To quote from Professor Jastrow's "The War and the Bagdad Railway": "This paramount issue, the existence of a ruthless militarism in close alliance with an entirely antiquated form of government, is essentially a moral one; for the attempt to terrorize the world and to carry out a national policy of domination through sheer military force are two cardinal sins against what may be called the conscience of the world."

Professor Jastrow also states that before the War, at least fifty per cent. of the population of Germany were in favor of social democracy. It is therefore unthinkable not only that the vast tides of democracy will not sooner or later sweep over the frantically held Prussian dykes, but that this "world conscience" will not be carried on telepathic currents into every honest German mind.

But unless the German revolution comes this year — before Prussia is in control of the Russian wheat-fields — the struggle will be a long one, and we must have that homogeneity of ideals and purpose among the youth of this country — who inevitably will be called upon to replace the tens of thousands of our young men already sacrificed to the atavistic lusts of Prussia — that will make them willing and eager to carry on the War for the freedom of civilized nations and for the priceless freedom of the individual.

Let Us Talk War

by Lucy Abbot Throop

IF President Wilson would use his great powers of eloquence in making a war speech, one that blazed war from beginning to end, with no word of peace in it, it would be the best answer to the intriguing Central Powers which could be devised, and it also would be just the tonic the American people need. We know our war aims and our peace terms are fine and just and worthy of our country, so let us cease prating of them and talk war, war, war. This war deserves the best that is in us. The horror of it and the glory of it should enter into the very center of our being, and in all earnestness, our hearts full of thankfulness for the great privilege, we should dedicate our lives to fighting the great fight, to bringing victory to our cause. Before us are the alternatives: on one hand to give our all, to cheerfully bear privation and hardship, to put every ounce of our strength into the fight to win for man the right to live in security, to keep life itself decent and worth living, to fight bravely and unfalteringly until we have won such a decisive victory that German beastliness shall be crushed into the earth, never to rise again.

On the other hand is the half-hearted attitude toward the war which premature talk of peace gives. Half strength is given, because peace may come soon, half measures are taken, because peace is so many steps nearer, and the hideous dangers of a premature peace grow bigger and bigger, a peace which would bring a short breathing space to the world and then mean the whole awful work to do over again. If we talk of peace before victory is won by deeds we are a house divided against itself; one built upon sand. How can anyone hesitate for a moment as to which is better? One will cleanse us with the splendid fires of sacrifice and noble achievement, the other will degrade us with ignoble selfishness and hesitation.

Germany and Austria know they are beaten on land and sea, and so they are trying to gain victory by diplomatic discussion. Germany kept us talking and talking for two and a half years while England and France and Belgium fought and died for us. She undermined Russia's morale by insidious pacifist propaganda, and when the seed was sown they sent Lenine and Trotzky to finish the cruel work.

Shall we walk into the trap? No, a thousand times no! She must not succeed. She must be treated with the scorn she deserves and taught that we do not parley with criminals. We must not make polite gestures towards one of them and thus give them a loophole. We are at war with Germany and Austria, so let us have no dealings whatsoever with them. Do not let us be deceived by the poor imitation of sheep's clothing with which they are trying to hide their wolfishness. We must make no direct reply to their intriguing speeches, for to do so is to play into their hands, to dance to their piping. Instead we must send forth a blast of war talk full of high hope and courage and determination to win which will convince them that we shall mention peace only after victory is won. The President is our spokesman. Let him trust us, let him believe that we, the people of the United States, are in this war with all our hearts and souls, and that we care not a scrap for peace until the world is made safe for humanity and honor.

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By WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

Automobile Editor of McClure's Magazine

Partial List of Contents

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Keeping the Truck in Condition
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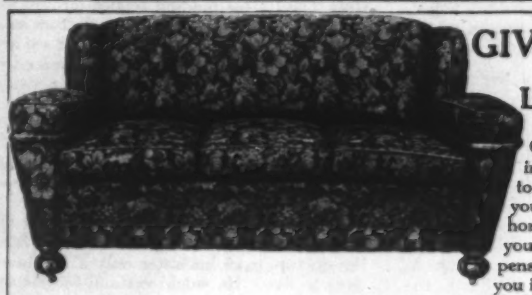

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Do You Believe These Things? — Continued from page 27

writer whose name had come to my mind, but I could find nothing. I turned away puzzled; then, unwilling to forego some explanation, I came back and, searching again, this time discovered Tarkington's name in small print on the page of a newspaper that my eye must have swept over without my knowing it. Thus a simple flash of unconscious vision had evoked a memory-call startling in its vividness.

Not only the psychological expert can thus tap the storehouse of unconscious memory, but anyone of us can learn to do the same. Every night we pass through a twilight zone of half-consciousness just before we sleep, and a strong effort of the mind at this time, if repeated night after night, will marvelously stimulate both memory-power and the will-power. Thus a man may give definite orders to his subconscious mind to make vivid the faded memories of a certain day years ago, to restore the facts touching a long-forgotten conversation or experience with names, dates, places; and behold! if these are firmly persisted in at the approach of sleep, for days or weeks, the subconscious mind will finally learn to obey, just as it will learn to awaken a person at any hour indicated in advance.

We also have it in our power, by force of a strengthened will, amazingly to increase our efficiency and prosperity, to overcome indolence, selfishness, bad habits of every sort. Every one of these can be crushed out, crowded out by a development of the opposite and more dominant habits of industry, sobriety, abstemiousness, unselfishness, love.

Speaking with obvious reservations, a man may do anything that he strongly and continuously wills to do; he may start anything at any age, do it and finish it excellently if he will. He may strengthen his muscles, his mental powers, his courage, to an astonishing degree, no matter how old he is. A man may be a physical wreck at fifty and a splendid athlete at seventy. Sandford Bennett demonstrated that very thing—let anyone who doubts it read his helpful book, "Old Age, Its Cause and Prevention."

A man may begin writing novels after fifty, as George Du Maurier did, or after sixty, as William de Morgan did, and make a success of it, if he will.

I know a clergyman who declares that he made an angry red circle appear on the back of his hand simply by willing that it should appear there. He did this to show the possibility to-day of producing on the body, by power of mind, the stigmata, after the manner of holy men and women in olden times.

Thank God, I believe in many things, I try to find good in the sincere beliefs of others, and when, as in this investigation of our hidden powers, I come upon incomprehensible phenomena, vouched for, nevertheless, by honest and intelligent persons, I say to myself, "After all, this is, perhaps, no harder to understand than the way I move my finger, or the way I go to sleep and dream, or the way my little daughter grows up to be a woman."

The Man with the Horse

THE following strange story was related to me by Dr. Titus Bull, a New York physician, whose use of psychic powers in the treatment of disease, including diagnosis by mediums, has been referred to in a previous article. Dr. Bull was a friend of the distinguished American sculptor, J. Q. A. Ward, and some time before his death, the latter, in the course of an intimate talk with the physician, gave earnest expression to his views about the future life.

"I am over seventy years old," said the sculptor, "and, in the natural course of things I have not long to stay here; but I feel so intense, so fierce a desire to achieve more, to realize my unsatisfied ambitions, to use immense powers within me, that I *refuse* to admit the possibility that my personality or soul can perish when this enfeebled body passes into dissolution. I *know* I shall continue to exist. And as you, my friend, share this conviction, as you have for years labored as a scientist, striving to penetrate the mysteries of a future life, I solemnly promise that, if I die before you and the thing is at all possible, I will give you plain evidence that the soul exists after death."

Ward died within the next year and Dr. Bull waited expectantly for some fulfilment of the promise; but weeks passed and there was no sign or communication from his departed friend. Then came an extraordinary happening. The doctor was in the living-room of his home one evening with his wife and little daughter when suddenly the child (she was eleven years old) exclaimed:

"Papa, there's a man standing in the doorway. Look! He has a horse under his arm!"

The father and mother looked at the doorway, but they could see nothing.

"Absurd!" said the doctor. "How could a man have a horse under his arm?"

Do you remember "Thingumajee Thingumabob Jones"—one of the best short stories that we have published in years? Well, in November we're going to have another by the same author, Achmed Abdullah, who seems to live up to his name in his capacity for pouring color, ardor and romance into his tales.

"Muriel, you'd better go to bed," chided the mother. "You must have eaten something for supper that didn't agree with you."

"But, mother, a man *is* there!" insisted the child. "He has on a queer little skull-cap with a tassel. Don't you see him?"

And once more, as she was starting upstairs, Muriel cried out: "There he is again!"

Nothing more was thought of this incident until a little later when the widow of J. Q. A. Ward sent to Dr. Bull a photograph of the sculptor, that he had autographed and left for his friend some time before his death. There had, however, been several months' delay in the delivery of this picture which was now given a place of honor in the doctor's apartment.

I should explain here that Muriel had never seen the sculptor. It was, therefore, with profound emotion that the doctor witnessed what happened when his little girl first saw this photograph. She had just returned from school and came running in, when she stopped abruptly as she caught sight of the new picture.

"Why, papa," she exclaimed, "that was the man who was standing in the doorway!"

A remarkable part of the story is that this photograph of Ward (I have seen it myself) shows the sculptor in his working-clothes with blouse and tasseled cap, holding under his arm a diminutive model of a horse used in one of his equestrian statues!

I know a prominent Methodist minister in New York, who on one occasion was able to demonstrate that there are occult forces about us quite beyond our understanding. He had sailed on a trip to the Holy Land after bidding tender farewell to his sister who was dying — the doctors said there was no hope that he would ever see her again. But, on the Sunday before he landed in Constantinople, this minister had a vision in which he saw himself entering his sister's room; he wore a cravenette raincoat and a white alpine hat; he rushed to his sister's chair and, folding her in his arms, cried out his thanks to God that she had been allowed to live until his return.

That was the vision, but letters from his family brought no such good news; in fact, the doctors gave his sister only a few more days to live. He would certainly never see her again.

"This did not discourage me in the least," the clergyman told me, "for I knew the doctors were mistaken. And when I reached Jerusalem I found a letter that informed me that, *on the same Sunday night at the same hour*, as nearly as we could estimate it, my sister saw the identical vision that had appeared to me. She saw me come into her room in my white alpine hat and cravenette raincoat. She described my eager embraces, as I expressed my thanks to God that she had been spared until my return.

"And she *was* spared; she lived for two months after my return to America, and when I preached my first sermon, there she was in the front pew, bundled up in pillows, listening with all her beautiful soul, for I told the story of those wonderful twin visions."

Speaking of that familiar phenomena of dual or multiple personality and the dangers connected with amateur dabbling in the occult, I recall a talk I had with F. Marion Crawford a few years before his death, in which the distinguished novelist declared that nothing appealed to him more than the study of psychic phenomena.

"If I were not obliged to make a living by my pen," he said, "I would go to Japan and spend several years exploring and drawing upon a vast storehouse of occult knowledge that is in the possession of the Japanese adepts."

Then he described a strange experience of his on a train coming from New Haven to New York. He was seated in a parlor-car with an empty chair before him, and he began practising a method of spiritual disassociation that someone had recommended to him.

"This person had assured me," Crawford continued, "that if I would look intently at a white square on a dark background, make my mind a blank and keep this up long enough, something would finally happen; only, he warned me to be careful, as there might be unexpected developments.

"I spread out my handkerchief on the opposite chair, then looked at it steadily while I said over and over again to myself: 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star! How I wonder what you are!' That seemed calculated to make my mind a blank and, with the monotonous rattle of the train, the disassociation conditions must have been ideal. At any rate, presently there took place a separation of my personality into two parts — what I may call my dominant self and my nucleus self. Seated there on one chair I distinctly saw myself seated on the opposite chair, and it was an uncanny sensation. *There were two of me!*

"I do not know how long I sat thus, facing my other self. Nor have I any idea how the incident might have developed or terminated, had I not heard the conductor coming down the aisle calling 'Tickets, please!' I experienced a sudden and horrible fear that I might not be able to get the two parts of myself together. With a violent effort I did this, but I resolved then and there never again to trifle with great spiritual forces unless I knew how to handle them and control them."

Was It Mind-Reading?

I MAY mention here an extraordinary demonstration of hidden powers that I witnessed a few months ago, one that does not lose in remarkableness, so far as I can see, from the fact that the demonstrator, Professor Bert Reese, makes a living by giving private entertainments.

My meeting with Professor Reese was brief but impressive. But in this short time I was more surprised by what occurred than by anything that had ever happened to me before. It is utterly impossible to account for what this man did except on the assumption that he possesses some mental sense that is lacking or undeveloped in the rest of us. The experiments made were so simple as absolutely to preclude the possibility of trickery.

Here is what happened; and I may add that my wife was with me and witnessed these experiments.

Reese left the room after telling me to write four questions on four slips of paper and to fold them carefully. This I did and, when he returned, he told me to press one of these folded slips against his forehead, whereupon he, working rapidly with pencil and paper, spelled out correctly my first question, which was: "Where do we live in the summer?" Then he spelled out correctly my second question: "When was I born?" I emphasize the fact that he never touched the folded question-slips, and it was I, not he, who pressed them against his forehead.

Nor can it be said that he learned what the questions were by some process of mind-reading, inasmuch as I, myself, did not know which of the four questions was pressed to his forehead, the four slips having been mixed up after I folded them.

As to the third and fourth questions: "How many children have I?" and "What street do I live in?" he read these when the folded slips were held by my wife, she knowing nothing about what I had written.

"You did not have these last two questions pressed against your forehead," I remarked, "so I suppose that is not necessary. But have you no idea how you do this?"

"No; except that I am sure it is not by mind-reading. I read what I see — what my control tells me."

"Control? Do you mean control by spirits? Are you a spiritualist?"

"No, I do not mean that. Some power or force makes me see these words plainly, and I tell what I see. I have no idea what the power is. I have had it all my life from childhood. I have demonstrated it all over the world. The words I read in this way are as plain to me as the words you read in a book."

He then made a statement that might seem to contradict what he said about not reading the thoughts. It was in reply to a question whether he could read folded question-slips if he had never come in contact with the person who wrote them.

"I could not do it," he said. "I could not read your questions if you were not in the room with me, although once, by a great effort, I read sealed questions on the seventeenth floor of the New York Times Building when the person who wrote the questions was on the twenty-first floor.

"Could you teach another person to develop this power of hidden reading?"

"No, because I am ignorant of what the power is."

All this is mysterious, incomprehensible; yet not more so than countless other phenomena (only less strange because more familiar) that baffle our ignorance. How does the grass grow? Why does the apple fall? What keeps the earth turning so evenly? How can the power of Niagara be sent over a copper wire? And how about the sincere belief of hundreds of thousands of our best citizens, business men, judges, artists, senators, millionaires, army and navy men, doctors and numberless women, who declare upon evidence satisfactory to them, in fact, who say they know (volumes are filled with their testimony) that diseases of many sorts may be, have been and are constantly *cured at a distance* by a mere change in the mental power or soul power on the part of some person who may be miles away.

Christian Scientists? Yes.

Every day, men and women, all over the earth are treated for various diseases or inharmonious conditions by telegraph or cable, *and are cured!* Of course I do not mean that this treatment is given by telegraph or cable; I mean that patients from time to time send details of their needs to practitioners in this way and the treatment comes to them — somehow!

How? How is this possible? How is wireless telegraphy possible? How is it possible for light and heat from the sun to come to us with their infinite blessings? I don't know. I am not a Christian Scientist. But I believe that these things happen, just as I believe in the operation of the love of God, although I cannot explain it.

Scientists and physicians of the future may look back with pitying smiles to that benighted second decade of the twentieth century when men doubted it was possible for the dead to communicate with the living, doubted the efficacy of absent treatment for mental or physical ailments, doubted that men and women may be possessed by evil spirits and that these spirits may be exorcised, doubted the healing virtue (taught, nevertheless, in the Bible) of the laying on of hands, doubted the reality of such phenomena as levitation, the colors of human magnetism, the conductibility of psychic force, and the transposition of the senses, notably, vision through the finger-tips, all of which manifestations may then be matters of every-day acceptance, like the X-ray and wireless telegraphy.

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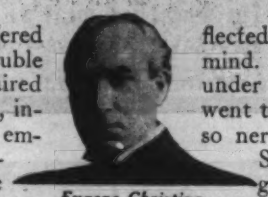
To help win the war, 67,227,000 sticks of the Adams brands of chewing gum have been shipped to the soldiers of the Allies since January 1.

My Life Restored by a Change of Food

Twenty years ago I was at death's door—now I am a man of iron!

By EUGENE CHRISTIAN



Eugene Christian, 57 Years Young

FOR years I had suffered from acute stomach trouble resulting from impaired digestion. My physicians, including several of the most eminent specialists in the country, pronounced my case incurable and gave me up.

I went out into the country—though scarcely able to walk—to think things over. I watched the animals on the farm. I noted the scientific feeding practised. I saw how with foods alone the farmer produced the results he wanted—how to produce more milk, he fed his cows certain combinations of foods; how to put fat on hogs, he fed other food combinations; how, to produce muscle in horses, he fed still other food combinations. I learned that *properly balanced rations* produced just the results desired and I saw how *improperly* balanced rations produced wrong results.

The results secured through animal feeding seemed to prove conclusively that there was an absolutely direct relation between the foods they eat and their physical condition, and of course this must be so with man.

Fit as a Soldier—at 60

Having been educated to be a physician myself, I determined to try some experiments. Soon I discovered a few basic laws. Gradually I began to improve until from a man who couldn't walk a block without resting, unable to keep even the supposedly most simple meal down, from this I developed into a well man.

And I say "well" advisedly. Today I am nearly 60 years. I work twelve to fifteen hours every day without tiring. I have more ginger, vitality, and endurance than the average boy in his teens. I owe it all to corrective eating.

23,000 Similar Cases

The above is Eugene Christian's own story of his remarkable recovery through correct eating. So amazing were the results in his own case that hundreds of people sought his advice about foods, usually after all other treatments had failed. Since then Christian has treated over 23,000 people for almost every non-organic ailment known with almost unvaried success.

One case of unusual interest was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds under weight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it he was not 50% efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in a few days, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone, although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 pounds. In addition to this he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that he was the same man.

Another one of Christian's most interesting cases was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old—who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in search of health. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After six months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been.

Help for YOU!

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of 24 lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist because every possible point is covered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons and you will find that you secure results with the first meal.

Little Lessons in Corrective Eating and McClure's Magazine for 18 Months

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Nearly two hundred thousand sets of Eugene Christian's Little Lessons have been sold during the past two years at a much higher price, but through a special arrangement with the publishers McClure's is able to offer this remarkable set of lessons, together with an 18-month subscription to McClure's, for only $3.00.

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Already many of our subscribers have bought sets of these books and have fully tested their value. Their approval confirms our opinion as to their merits. Eugene Christian's system is not to be confused in any way with the medical systems; it is wholly scientific hygiene reduced to the last point of simplicity. Being fully convinced of its merits we see no reason to withhold McClure's commendation of a system which is capable of doing so much good.

McClure's now sells for 20 cents a copy. Beginning with the November issue the price to subscribers will be $2.00 a year, or $3.00 for 18 months. Persons accepting this offer, however, secure the entire set of 24 interesting booklets on corrective eating without cost, in spite of the fact that their retail value is high, and their value priceless to those who want to prolong life in nature's way.

Only a limited number of the Little Lessons are available, so quick action is necessary. Mail just the coupon today.

McClure's Magazine, 5th Ave. and 13th St., New York City

Gentlemen: You may mail me "24 LESSONS IN CORRECTIVE EATING," by Eugene Christian. Five days after I receive them, I will either send you $3.00, in full payment for them and for an 18-months' subscription to McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, or remail them to you.

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McC. 10-18

Caught On a German Raider

[*Continued from page 10*]

Some of the German sailors came and spoke to us. Later on, the young Lieutenant came down and explained why the raider, which the German sailors told us was the *Wolf*, had fired on us. We then learned for the first time that many persons had been killed outright by the firing — another direct result of the *Hitachi's* failure to obey the raider's orders to stop. It was impossible to discover how many. There must have been about a dozen, as the total deaths numbered sixteen, all Japanese and Indians; the latest death from wounds occurred on October 28th, while one or two had died while we were on the *Wolf*. The Lieutenant, who we afterward learned was in charge of the prisoners, told us that the *Wolf* had signaled us to stop, and not to use our wireless or our gun, for the *Hitachi* had mounted a gun on her poop for the submarine zone. He asserted that the *Hitachi* hoisted a signal that she understood the order, but that she tried to use her wireless, that she brought herself into position to fire on the *Wolf* and that preparations were being made to use her gun.

The Germans professed deep regret at this, and at the loss of life caused, the first occasion on which lives had been lost since the *Wolf's* cruise began. The *Wolf*, however, they said, had no choice but to fire and put the *Hitachi* gun out of action. This she failed to do, as the shooting was distinctly poor. A shot went straight through the room, without exploding there or touching the operator, and exploded near the funnel, killing most of the crew who met their deaths while running to help lower the boats. The other shots had all struck the ship in the second-class quarters astern. One had gone right through the cabin of the Second Steward, passing just over his bunk—where he had been asleep a minute before—and through the side of the ship. Others had done great damage to the ship's structure aft, but none had gone anywhere near the gun or ammunition house on the poop.

I SAW afterward some photographs the Germans had taken of the gun, as they said they found it when they went on board. These photographs showed the gun with the breech open, thus proving, so the Gemans said, that the Japanese had been preparing to use the gun. In reality, of course, it proved nothing of the sort; it is more than likely that the Germans opened the breech themselves before they took the photograph, as they had to produce some evidence to justify their firing on the *Hitachi*. But whether the Japanese opened the gun breech and prepared to use the gun or not, it is quite certain that the *Hitachi* never fired a shot at the *Wolf*, though the Germans have since asserted that she did so. It was indeed very lucky for us that she did not fire — had she done so and even missed the *Wolf*, it is quite certain the latter would have torpedoed the *Hitachi* and sent us to the bottom.

It was very hot in the 'tween decks, and after our meal we were all allowed to go on deck for some fresh air. About eight o'clock, however, the single men of military age were again sent below for the night, while the married couples and a few sick and elderly men were allowed to remain on deck. It was a cool moonlight night, and armed guards patroled the deck all night. We had nothing but what we stood up in, so we lay down in chairs as we were, and that night slept, or rather did not sleep, under one of the *Wolf's* guns. Throughout the night we were steaming gently, and from time to time we saw the *Hitachi* still afloat, and steaming along at a considerable distance from us. Soon after daybreak next morning, the men were allowed to go aft under the poop for a wash, with a very limited supply of water, and the ladies had a portion of the 'tween decks to themselves for a short time. The Commander sent down a message conveying his compliments to the ladies, saying he hoped they had had a good night and were none the worse for their experiences. He assured us all that we should be in no danger on his ship and that he would do what he could to make us as comfortable as possible in the circumstances. But, we were reminded again, this is war. Indeed, it was, and we had good reason to know it now, even if the war had not touched us closely before.

Breakfast, consisting of black bread, canned meat and tea, was then brought to us on deck by the German sailors, and we were left on the well deck for some time.

There seemed to be literally hundreds of prisoners on and under the poop, and the whole ship, as far as we could see, presented a scene of the greatest activity. Smiths were at work on the well deck, hammering and cutting steel plates with which to repair the *Hitachi*, mechanics were working at the seaplane, called the *Wölfchen*, which was kept on the well deck between her flights; prisoners were exercising on the poop; and the armed guards were patroling constantly among them and near us on the well deck. The guards wore revolvers and side-arms, but did not appear at all particular in the matter of uniform. Names of various ships appeared on their caps; some had on their caps only the words "*Kaiserliche Marine*." Some were barefoot, some wore singlets and shorts, while some even dispensed with the former. Most of the crew at work wore only shorts, and, as one of the lady prisoners remarked, the ship presented a rather unusual exhibition of the European male torso!

Some German officers came aft to interrogate us; they were all courteous, and I took the opportunity of mentioning to the young Lieutenant the loss of my wife's jewels in the life-boat, and he assured me he would have the boat searched, and if the jewels were found they should be restored.

The Japanese dhobee had died from wounds during the night and he was buried in the morning, nearly all the German officers from the Commander down, attending in full uniform. The Japanese Captain and officers also attended, and some kind of funeral service in Japanese was held.

Officers and men were very busy on the upper deck — we were much impressed by the great number of men on board — and we noticed a lady prisoner, a little girl, evidently a great pet with the German sailors and officers, some civilian prisoners and some military prisoners in khaki on the upper deck, but we were not allowed to communicate with them. There were also a few Tommies in khaki among the prisoners aft. It was very hot on the well deck, and for some hours we had no shelter from the blazing sun. Later on, a small awning was rigged up and we got a little protection, and one or two parasols were forthcoming for the use of the ladies. During the morning the sailors were allowed to bring us cooling drinks from time to time, and both officers and men did all they could to render our position as bearable as possible. The men amongst us were also allowed to go to the ship's canteen and buy smokes. We were steaming gently in a westerly direction all day, occasionally passing quite close to some small islands and banks of sand, a quite picturesque scene. The sea was beautifully calm and blue, and on the shores of these banks, to which we sailed quite close, the water took on colors of exquisite hues, of the palest and tenderest blue and green, as it rippled gently over coral and golden sands.

TIFFIN, consisting of rice and bacon and beans, was dealt out to us on deck at midday, and the afternoon passed in the same way as the morning. The *Wolf's* chief officer, a hearty, elderly man, came aft to speak to us. He chaffed us about our oarsmanship in the life-boats, saying the appearance of our oars wildly waving reminded him of the sails of a wind-mill. "Never use your wireless or your gun," he said, "and you'll come to no harm from a German raider."

By about five o'clock the two ships arrived in an atoll, consisting of about fifteen small islands, and the *Hitachi* there dropped anchor. The *Wolf* moved up alongside, and the two ships were lashed together. Supper, consisting of tinned fruit and rice, was served out at 5:30, and we were then told that the married couples and one or two elderly men were to return to the *Hitachi* that night. So with some difficulty we clambered from the upper deck of the *Wolf* to the boat deck of the *Hitachi* and returned to find our cabins just as we had left them in a great hurry the day before. We had not expected to go on board the *Hitachi* again, and never thought we should renew acquaintance with our personal belongings. We ourselves were particularly sad about this, as we had brought away from Siam, after twenty years' residence there, many things which would be quite irreplaceable. We were, therefore, very glad to know they were not all lost to us. But we congratulated ourselves that the greater part of our treasures gathered there had been left behind,

safely stored in the bank and in a go-down in Bangkok.

The *Hitachi* was now a German ship, the Prize Captain was in command, and German sailors replaced the Japanese, who had all been transferred to the *Wolf*. The German Captain spoke excellent English and expressed a wish to do all he could to make us as comfortable on board as we had been before. There was, of course, considerable confusion on board, and we found next morning that the bathrooms and lavatories were not in working order. This state of affairs prevailed for the next few days, and the men passengers themselves had to do what was necessary in these quarters and haul sea-water aboard. The next morning the transference of coal, cargo, and ship's stores from the *Hitachi* to the *Wolf* began, and went on without cessation for the next five days. One of the German officers came over and took photographs of the passengers in groups, and others frequently took snapshots of various incidents and of each other on different parts of the ship.

We know now that we were then anchored in a British possession, one of the southernmost groups of the Maldive Islands. Some of the islands were inhabited, and small sailing boats came out to the *Wolf*, presumably with provisions of some kind. We were, of course, not allowed to speak to any of the islanders, who came alongside the *Wolf*, and were not allowed alongside the *Hitachi*. On one occasion, even, the doctor of the *Wolf* went in the ship's motor-launch to one of the islands to attend the wife of one of the native chiefs! On the next day, the 28th, all the *Hitachi* passengers returned on board her, and at the same time some of the Japanese stewards returned, but they showed no inclination to work as formerly. Indeed, the German officers had no little difficulty in dealing with them. They naturally felt very sore at the deaths of so many of their countrymen at the hands of the Germans, and they did as little work as possible.

With their usual thoroughness the Germans one day examined all our passports and took notes of our names, ages, professions, maiden names of married ladies, addresses, and various other details. One young man who had on his passport his picture taken in military uniform was, however, detained on the *Wolf* as a military prisoner. He was asked by a German officer if he were going home to fight. He replied that he certainly was and pluckily added, "I wish I were fighting now."

On October 1st, the married prisoners from the *Wolf*, together with three Australian civilian prisoners over military age, a Colonel of the Australian A. M. C., a Major of the same corps, with his wife, an Australian stewardess, some young boys, and a few old mates and sea-captains, were sent on board the *Hitachi*. They had all been taken off earlier prizes captured and sunk by the *Wolf*. The Australians had been captured on August 6th from the SS. *Matunga* from Sydney to what was formerly German New Guinea, from which latter place they had been only a few hours distant. An American Captain, with his wife and little girl, had been captured on the bark *Beluga*, from San Francisco to Newcastle, N. S. W., on July 9th, both of these ships having been sunk by the Germans. All the passengers transferred were given cabins on board the *Hitachi*. We learned from these passengers that the *Wolf* was primarily a mine-layer, that she had laid mines at Cape Town, Bombay, Colombo and off the Australian and New Zealand coasts. She had sown her last crop of mines, 110 in number, off the approaches to Singapore before she proceeded to the Indian Ocean to lie in wait for the *Hitachi*. Altogether she had sown five hundred mines.

During her stay in the Maldives the *Wolf* sent up her seaplane — or, as the Germans said, "the bird" — every morning about six, and she returned about eight. Everything was apparently all clear, and the *Wolf* evidently anticipated no interference or unwelcome attentions from any of our cruisers. Two of them, the *Venus* and the *Doris*, we had seen at anchor in Colombo harbor during our stay there, but it was apparently thought not worth while to send any escort with the *Hitachi*, though the value of her cargo was said to run into millions sterling, and evidently the convoy system had not yet been adopted in Eastern waters.

The *Wolf* remained alongside us till the morning of October 3d, when she sailed away at daybreak, leaving us anchored in the center of the atoll. It was a great relief to us when she departed; she had kept all the breeze off our side of the ship, so that the heat in our cabin was stifling, and it was in addition very dark; the noise of coaling and shifting cargo was incessant, and the roaring of the water between the two ships most disturbing. Before she sailed away the Prize Captain handed to my wife most of her jewels, which had been recovered from the bottom of our life-boat. As many of these were rare Siamese jewelry, we were very rejoiced to obtain possession of them again, but many rings were missing and were never recovered.

The falls of the life-boats were all renewed, and on October 5th, we had places assigned to us in the life-boats, and rules and regulations were drawn up for the "detained enemy subjects" on board the *Hitachi*. They were as follows:

RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR ON BOARD THE GERMAN AUXILIARY SHIP HITACHI MARU DETAINED ENEMY SUBJECTS

1. Everybody on board is under martial law, and any offense is liable to be punished by same.

2. All orders given by the Commander, First Officer or any of the German crew on duty are to be strictly obeyed.

3. After the order *Schiff abblenden* every evening at sunset no lights may be shown on deck or through portholes, etc., that are visible from outside.

4. The order *Allemann in die Boote* will be made known by continuous ringing of the ship's bell and sounding of gongs. Everybody hurries to his boat with the life-belt and leaves the ship. Everybody is allowed to take one small bag previously packed.

5. Nobody is allowed to go on the boat deck beyond the smoke-room. All persons living in first-class cabins are to stay amidships and are not allowed to go aft without special permission; all persons living aft are to stay aft.

6. The Japanese crew is kept only for the comfort of the one-time passengers and is to be treated considerately, as they are also d. e. s.

7. The d. e. s. are not allowed to talk with the crew.

At sea, October 6th, 1917.

Kommando S. M. H. *HitachiMaru*,
C. Rose
Lt. z. See & Kommandant.

Lieutenant Rose very kindly told me that as I was leaving the East for good and, therefore, somewhat differently situated from the other passengers, he would allow me to take to the life-boat, in addition to a handbag, a cabin trunk packed with the articles from Siam I most wanted to save.

It was evident from this that the Germans intended sinking the ship if we came across a British or Allied war vessel. We were, of course, unarmed, as the Germans had removed the *Hitachi* gun to the *Wolf;* but the German Captain anticipated no difficulty on this score, and assured me that it was the intention of the Commander of the *Wolf* that we should be landed in a short time with all our baggage at a neutral port with a stone pier. We took this to mean a port in either Sumatra or Java — and we were buoyed up with this hope for quite a considerable time. But, alas! like many more of the assurances given to us, it was quite untrue.

There were now on board 131 souls, of whom 29 were passengers. On Saturday, October 6th, the seaplane returned in the afternoon and remained about half an hour, when she again flew away. She brought a message of evidently great importance, for, whereas it had been the intention of our Captain to sail away on the following afternoon, he weighed anchor the next morning and left the atoll. He had considerable trouble with the anchor before starting, and did not get away until almost eight o'clock, instead of at daybreak. Evidently something was coming to visit the atoll; though it was certain nothing could be looking for us, as our capture could not then have been known, and there could have been no communication between the Maldives and Ceylon or the mainland. The ship was cleaned and put in order, the cargo properly stowed, and the bunkers trimmed. Some of the sailors among the prize crew were good enough to give us some pieces of the *Wolf's* shrapnel found on the *Hitachi*, relics which were eagerly sought after by the passengers.

The passengers were now under armed guards, but were at perfect liberty to do as they pleased, and the relations between them and the German officers and crew were quite friendly. Deck games were indulged in as before our capture, and the German Captain took part in them. Time, nevertheless, hung very heavily on our hands, but many a pleas-

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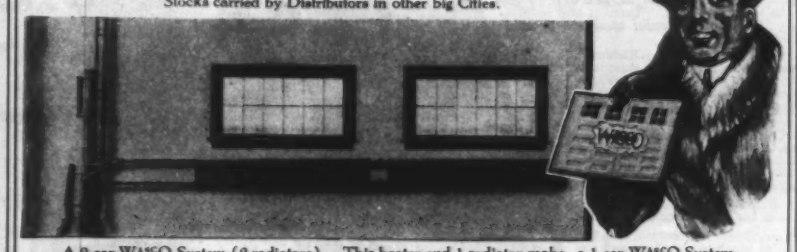

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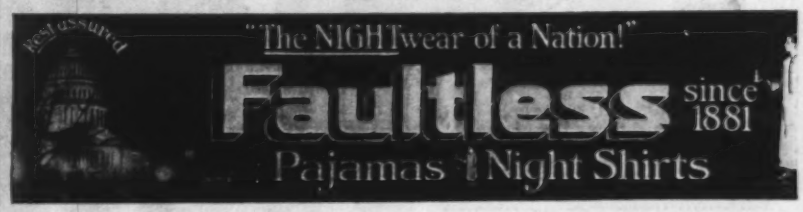

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McClure's as a magazine, was in the front-line trenches, fighting to overthrow the Hun, long before America entered the conflict. The minute our President declared war, McClure's threw all of its editorial resources behind the government and the nation. There is a big task yet to be done. German propaganda is still among us. Slackers and spies and defeatists still exist. The need of a virile, wholeheartedly patriotic magazine like McClure's becomes more and more evident as the war goes on. The people are supporting McClure's nobly. But it wants *your* aid too.

Here is your chance to enlist under the McClure banner; and to do so under money-saving circumstances. Resolve right now that you will go through this war with "Win-the-War" McClure's. Just a $2.00 bill covers the cost of a two-year subscription—just $2.00 brings $4.80 worth of rich entertainment; to say nothing of the uplift and inspiration that comes to you from contact with the editors and authors who are solidly behind America and her Allies. *Let the coupon come today.*

McClure's Magazine
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"Win-the-War" Authors in "Win-the-War" McClure's

Mary Roberts Rinehart, whose story "His Letters", aroused enthusiastic comment when it appeared in September McClure's, and whose clear-visioned article, "The Gains of War" appears in this issue, will continue to bring McClure readers the uplifting messages that have made her probably the most popular woman writer on the war.

Cleveland Moffett is digging into war-time labor conditions. He will bring McClure readers sound, penetrating articles dealing with workers in factories; the servant problem; and other angles of the labor situation. Interest and helpfulness, Mr. Moffett's major qualities, abound in this series.

"Love-Mad Lucy", by Richard Washburn Child, a humorous story describing the adventures of a submarine with a whale, appears in November McClure's.

Gertrude Atherton's novelette "Out In Front" is scheduled to appear soon. McClure's recently gave to the world Mrs. Atherton's thrilling novel, "The White Morning". "Out In Front" is a different kind of story, but just as strong and appealing.

Achmed Abdullah will contribute more of his splendid colorful stories.

Anna Steese Richardson, who has done so much to entertain and uplift McClure readers, was sent to the war front by McClure's to bring vital articles on war conditions to our subscribers. She has now returned, and a splendid series of articles by her on the work of the "Red Triangle" and on the activities of our army organization in France, will be gripping features of coming numbers of McClure's.

Porter Emerson Browne, the noted playwright-novelist, whose fiction and satirical articles have done much to keep McClure's high in the affection of its readers, will continue to bring our readers his clever, stimulating articles and stories dealing with the war and its reactions.

"The Sea-Saw", a fascinating new novel by Sophie Kerr, begins in November. This clever writer's absorbing stories of Washington diplomatic life have secured for her an amazing hold on McClure readers. "The Sea-Saw" will give her a deeper place than ever in the affections of our subscribers.

STORIES OF BUSINESS AND SUCCESS

McClure's constructive stories of business in relation to the war have been widely circulated by private concerns among their employes. More are coming. Edward Mott Woolley is at work on a splendid series. James W. Collins and Frank Goewey Jones are other McClure writers who can be counted upon to bring business men fresh and invigorating views.

McClure's during the coming year will maintain its reputation as "the best illustrated magazine in America". Neysa McMein's glorious war illustrations will appear on the front cover. Clarence F. Underwood, James Montgomery Flagg, W. H. D. Koerner, W. V. Chambers and F. Graham Cootes will bring to McClure's their best work.

For all these reasons McClure's deserves first place on your magazine list for next year, and when it can be bought at the low price stated elsewhere on this page, the wise thing to do is to order it at once.

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ant hour was spent in the saloon with music and singing. One of the Australian prisoners was a very good singer and pianist, and provided very enjoyable entertainment for us. On Sunday evenings, after the six o'clock "supper," a small party met in the saloon to sing a few favorite hymns, each one choosing the ones he or she liked best. This little gathering was looked forward to by those who took part in it, as it formed a welcome break in the ordinary monotonous life on board.

The only Japanese left on board were some stewards, cooks, and the stewardess. A German chief mate and chief engineer replaced the Japanese, and other posts previously held by the Japanese were filled by Germans and neutrals. The times of meals were changed, and we no longer enjoyed the good meals we had had before our capture, as most of the good food had been transferred to the *Wolf*. *Chota hazri* was done away with, except for the ladies; the meals became much simpler, menus were no longer necessary, and the Japanese cooks took no more trouble with the preparation of the food.

However, on the whole we were not so badly off, though on a few occasions there was really not enough to eat, and some of the meat was tainted, as the freezing apparatus had got out of order soon after the ship was captured.

We steamed gently on a southwesterly course for about five days, and on the succeeding day, October 12th, changed our course many times, going northeast at 6:30 A. M., southeast at 12:30 P. M., northeast again at 4 P. M., and north at 6:30 P. M., evidently waiting for something, and killing time, as we were going dead slow all day. The next morning we had stopped entirely: we sighted smoke at 10:20 A. M. — it was, of course, the *Wolf*, met by appointment at that particular time and place. She came abreast of us about 11:20 A. M. and we sailed on parallel courses for the rest of the day. She was unaccompanied by a new prize, and we were glad to think she had been unsuccessful in her hunt for further prey.

She remained in company with us all next day, Sunday, and about 5 P. M. moved closer up, and after an exchange of signals we both changed courses and the *Wolf* sheered off, and to our great relief we saw her no more for several days. There was always the hope that when away from us she would be seen and sunk by an Allied cruiser, and always the fear that when she came back to us we might again be put on board her. The Germans seemed to have a perfect mania for taking photographs — we were, of course, not allowed to take any. One day, Lieutenant Rose showed me photographs of various incidents of the *Wolf's* cruise, including those of the sinkings of various ships. I saw, too, on this day a photograph of the *Hitachi* flying the German flag and one showing the damage sustained by her from the *Wolf's* firing. There were ugly holes in the stern quarters, but all above the water-line. The German officers would take with them to Germany hundreds of pictures giving a complete photographic record of the *Wolf's* expedition.

We cruised about again after the *Wolf* had left us for a couple of days, and on the 17th were stationary all day. Several sharks were seen around the ship, and the German sailors caught two or three fairly large ones during the day and got them on board. On the 18th the sea was rough and we were gently steaming to keep the ship's head to the seas; but on the following day we again changed our course many times. Saturday morning, October 20th, again saw the *Wolf* in sight at 6:30. She was still alone and we proceeded on parallel courses, passing about midday a few white reefs with breakers sweeping over them. Shortly after, we came in sight of many other reefs, and at 2 P. M. we anchored, and the *Wolf* tied up alongside us within a snug and sheltered spot. We were almost surrounded by large and small coral reefs, against which we could see and hear the breakers dashing. It was a beautiful anchorage, and the waters were evidently well known to the Germans. Some of the seafaring men among us told us we were in the Cargados Carajos Reef, southeast of the Seychelles, and that we were anchored near the Nazareth Bank.

(*More of this stirring and absolutely true adventure next month*)

Bluffing the Boche — *Continued from page 14*

I should explain that I had a gaping wound in my head at the time. It looked ugly and angry and there was an incessant pulse beating in it. When I coughed, a bulbous-shaped mass would fly out. The bone had actually been torn from my skull and the brain was exposed. I decided to capitalize this wound in the following manner:

I prepared a letter and got it translated into German by an educated Flemish Belgian. It stated that I was a German soldier, an ex-prisoner of war from England, that I was deaf, dumb, paralyzed in the right arm and a bit crazy as a result of my barbarous treatment there. I was discharged from the army and any good German helping me to Meppen, a town near the Holland frontier, would be doing the Fatherland a service.

It was hoped, my letter explained, that the walking tour through the familiar scenes of rural life, that the joy of reunion with my wife and the war-baby I had never seen, would restore my wits. Any kind German helping me would further this pious aim. It was advised that, as far as was compatible with the times, people would not confront me with police or military uniforms as these reminded me of my woes and retarded my recovery.

At length, a wet night suited to my purposes (the guards cling close to their sentry-boxes in the rain) arrived. After all my comrades were asleep I crawled out of my barracks and into a deep ditch. Down this I crawled in fear of my life for the guards had orders to "shoot to kill" as a deterrent to prisoners escaping, and some of them would gladly have obeyed. After about three hours in the cold rain I succeeded in chiseling my way out through the wire fence and stood up beyond the camp a free man.

During the progress of my adventure my letter got me out of some rather exciting situations. Twelve kilometers south of Nienburg on the Weser it bluffed an old German landscape gardener who was straightening young fruit trees on the highway. In the village of L——, twenty kilometers south of Nienburg, it bluffed a village full of people, including a burgomaster, a sergeant and four soldiers. West of Wendt on the other side of the Weser it bluffed a corporal of a nearby prison camp who overtook me on the road.

Again, when I got sick and desperate it carried me, an honored guest, into a German cottage home, where I was treated right royally until my head sank on my arm on the table and I talked in my sleep.

I became a fugitive, and my letter bluffed my captors for a long time after my recapture. It might have got me away ultimately only I was too sick to travel and needed medical attention. So my bluff ended.

After he learned the truth a hare-brained officer, very young and very Prussian, wanted to shoot me at sunrise the next morning as a spy. I knew he couldn't shoot me like that in the interior without some form of trial and that he would get into trouble if he did. But I did not take much satisfaction out of that reflection. I did not want him to learn military law over my dead body.

However, my captor ultimately turned me over to the police and I was returned to my camp where I was sentenced to fourteen days' solitary confinement. My old doctor would not allow them to send me to prison. Instead he recommended me for exchange to Switzerland, and his recommendation was acted upon in due course. And so once more I went to Switzerland, but my stay there was short. I was so ill now that I was a care; so they mended me up as well as they could, and sent me home.

DON'T miss one of the few laughs the War allows! Wallace Irwin's "Letters of a German Propagandist" will begin to make you chuckle in next month's McClure's

"Dad! It's Come! It's Come!"

He knew it was true. He had known it for a long, long time. Old Uncle Joe Harrington had told him and old Uncle Joe knew, for he was blind. It had been his secret, and how carefully he had guarded it! How much he had dreaded the "shame"—and how he had hated those words which kept coming to his ears, "Keith Burton is blind—Keith Burton is blind."

* * *

Never was there a story so brimful of touching pathos and such delightful humor as this new novel of Eleanor Porter's. "The Key" is the title and it is Eleanor Porter at her best. You know what that means! This wonderful novel will make you cry—just as surely will it make you laugh—and when you have read it all, you are bound to say it is *the best story you have ever read.*

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The Good Angel of the Battle-field

From a War Hospital

Checkers is a favorite game with them all. The great joys of life otherwise are cigarettes and hand mirrors. Cigarettes there are, of course; a world in which everyone is not smoking has ceased to be imaginable. If there is anyone who is not, be sure it is merely to save a cigarette for some poilu.

Smoking, once a calendar crime for some of us, has lost all meaning—all relation. A sane world may possibly again recover a viewpoint about this habit; at present the reprobate cigarette appears as a good angel—the minimizer of suffering, the giver of a moment's pleasure where one longs to give all.

—Grace Ellery Channing in "The Saturday Evening Post."

The way to enjoy your smoke is to share
Its sweets with a soldier "Over There!"

VICTORY at Cantigny; victory at Chateau-Thierry; victory at the Marne. The "Yanks" are making good. With the new inflow of strength and pluck our boys bring, the Allied forces are bound to drive the Hun helter-skelter back to Berlin.

Yet do not forget that each victory carries with it its price in wounded and slain. We can do nothing for the dead except to honor them. But we can do something vital for our American wounded in the hospitals of France and England. We can send them that which seems little to us but which is yet of mind-saving, life-saving importance to them—"smokes."

In the harrowing scenes that now occur every hour in war hospitals, frequently men have undergone amputations, fully conscious and with only cigarettes or cigars to palliate the pain. The wounded on the other side are often asked if they would rather have an injection of morphine or some tobacco, and many of them say "The smoke!"

The ambulanciers pass along the rows of victims of war and rapidly put cartridges of joy between their lips, which relax into a gladdening smile of thanks. These men who went so valorously over the top to be brought back to the dressing station or the base hospital, betray no signs of murmuring over the fortunes of war, but how their faces shine with appreciation when they get the aroma of welcome fumes!

And if it is this way in the hospitals, be very sure the soldier's fag is of similar importance in helping him to withstand the loneliness and nerve-strain of life in the trenches.

The Rev. Walter J. Fornes, chaplain of the Third artillery, knows what a smoke means to a soldier.

Chaplains, it may be said, do more than administer spiritually to the enlisted men. They are in charge of the regiment post exchange and charged with caring for the physical comforts of the men.

He says:

"Smokes are the big things in a soldier's life. It kept me awake nights trying to figure how to obtain 30,000 cigarettes of one particular brand every three days, not to mention the many other brands required. Smokes are a real need."

Tobacco is a prime factor in creating an atmosphere of cheer when comrades foregather for a few hours of rest from their long vigils in the trenches. It is when pipes are lighted or cigarettes are glowing like fireflies in the watches of the night, in some deep shelter, that men return to their natural selves.

With the white clouds come the merry jest and the rousing song. Tobacco is indeed a cheery camouflage which conceals the discomforts of the soldier from himself and in whose fragrant smoke he sees visions of the bright victorious tomorrow.

Contributions ranging from 25 cents to $10,000 are solicited for this worthy cause, which is endorsed by the Army and Navy Departments, the Red Cross, Theodore Roosevelt, Rabbi Wise, Cardinal Gibbons, and every man on the firing line. $1.00 a month keeps one soldier supplied with smokes for the duration of the war. Send your money to "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund," 25 W. 44th Street, New York City.

Y. M. C. A. worker distributing cigarettes to wounded. The worker, Alfred Stokes (with pack), was recommended for citation for bravery for helping the wounded at this post under severe bombardment

THIS IS THE LIFE—

Oh yes, this job of keeping coins jingling into our fighting man's tobacco box has its rewards. In the midst of the work, a batch of letters fresh from grateful doughboys in France comes to our desk and in almost every one is a paragraph worth sharing with contributors to the Fund. Here are some that just simply had to be passed along:

A RAT HUNT IN THE TRENCHES

"So far in our life in the trenches we have not been troubled with what are known as 'Cooties' and which are much dreaded by the fellows. We have, however, been bothered by rats, and I surely can say truthfully that they are not very small. A small trench rat is about the same size as a good sized kitten, while the large could pass as dogs in the dark. They are not exactly what might be called real troublesome, but until you get used to having something walking over your face at night, and playing leap frog over your body, they are rather in the way. Until orders came out against it, some of the fellows had real pleasure in sitting in a corner of a dugout or billet and firing as soon as a rat showed his head above his hole. This sure is the life."

CORPORAL HARTGER JONKER, JR.,
Co. L, 126th Inf., A. E. F.

A MID-SUMMER SANTA CLAUS

"Here the other day we were trying to figure out a plan in getting some smoking tobacco. We are detached from our company and on the move so much that pay day is a thing of the past with us, so one can readily see the position we were in, out of money and no tobacco. Right on the last moment one of the boys looked up and saw the Lieutenant in charge of our work coming down our company street looking like a Santa, with as many red, white and blue striped boxes as he could carry, and we knew then that our mind would be relieved of the tobacco thought."

WM. J. BRANDON,
Chief Engineer's Office,
A. P. O. 714, A. E. F.

A DOUGHBOY IN DANGER

"If you send us any more of that good old *A-M-E-R-I-C-A-N* tobacco and cigarettes you had best arrange for some sort of insurance on the lives of the drivers who bring it in. This evening, I saw a limber coming down the village street with a grinning "doughboy" on the seat. He stopped, reached back and pulled off the tarpaulin so we could see the label on the boxes—and jumped for his life! You never saw so much action in your life. If you have ever seen a flock of chickens come flying after a handful of corn, you may have a faint idea of what this place looked like when that driver ducked. Oh boy!! . . . Je vous remercí!"

SERGEANT H. C. FICKLER,
Inf. Signal, A. E. F.

TYPICAL MARINE PLUCK

"Your package of tobacco was greatly appreciated. At present I am in a hospital. Was wounded in the last big drive, but hope to be back on the line soon."

DAVID B. MAURY,
Hq. Co., 5th Regiment,
U. S. Marine Corps.

10 LEADING NEWSPAPERS IN CUP COMPETITION

The International Silver Co. and the Mount Vernon Co., both of New York, have donated handsome silver cups, each worth $200, to "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund," to be awarded to the two newspapers that raise the largest amounts for "Smokes." There are two classes: newspapers about 50,000 circulation and those below 50,000 circulation. A cup goes to the leader in each class. The contest is still young, and a "dark horse" may yet come under the wire.

Circulation over 50,000	Amount raised
1. Providence Journal, R. I.	$61,935.05
2. Seattle Star, Seattle, Wash.	44,045.19
3. San Francisco Bulletin, San Fran., Cal.	21,772.00
4. Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.	11,110.19
5. Cleveland News, Cleveland, Ohio	10,875.43
Circulation under 50,000	
1. Oklahoma City Times, Oklahoma	$10,379.13
2. Hartford Times, Hartford, Conn.	7,078.69
3. Wilmington Evening Journal, Del.	6,299.50
4. Schenectady Gazette, N. Y.	3,553.62
5. Jersey Journal, Jersey City, N. Y.	2,670.61

A BUGLE NOTE FROM CHATEAU-THIERRY

"I take sincere pleasure in thanking you for your tobacco kit just received, well-packed, fresh, and choicely assorted.

"Your tireless labor in their behalf, as well as that of similar organizations, is not the least inspiration to the men of Cantigny, Belleau, Chateau-Thierry, and your watchfulness for their comfort will increase their watchfulness for your safety."

CORPORAL ROBERT FORBES,
Radio Section, G. H. Q.,
A. P. O. 706, American Forces.

FRENCH WOMEN WASH SOLDIERS' CLOTHES

"The French women do our washing. They come to camp to get the clothes and then bring them back just as white as snow. It is seldom that French women use hot water to wash clothes. They get down on their knees beside some river or stream, put a wide board in the water, wet the clothes, spread them on the board, rub soap on the clothes, and then brush them as you would a table or floor at home. Doubtless you wonder why this is, knowing how much easier it is to wash clothes in hot water. Wood is very scarce in France and only the wealthiest people have coal with which to heat their houses and cook. The washerwomen cannot afford either wood or coal with which to heat water."

JOHN B. CAMPBELL,
Co E, 105th Engineers (Reg.), A. E. F.

"I'm Flying To-day!" — *Continued from page 21*

"it happened like this. I was sailing quietly along when, all of a sudden, *woosh!* my motor speeded up about a hundred times above the limit. Naturally, if your propeller flew off, that's what your motor would do, isn't it? But I was so scared I never knew what the trouble was. All I knew was — *woosh, woosh* — no motor ever went like that before."

"His propeller sailed away over the trees like a bird. We thought he was done for, sure."

"Scared!" chuckled Kendrick. "Maybe I wasn't scared! I glided down all right, though. I made an all-right landing. *Woosh, woosh.* And I never knew what had happened."

"It's their spread of wing that makes 'em so safe," said the southerner. "Day after day you see 'em strike and crumple up, and in a minute the chap inside steps smilin', dazed-like out of the wreckage."

"When do you begin your flying lessons?"

"Not till the spring," the southerner answered easily. "It's too chilly for comfortable flying now."

Jack said, as they crossed the muddy field toward the Y. M. C. A. hut for tea:

"Old Calhoun'll never fly."

"No? Why not?"

"Cold feet."

"But there isn't any danger!"

"Of course there is! Landing is horribly dangerous till you get the knack. To fly is as easy as biking: a child could learn it: but landing is another story. You see, in landing you shut your power off just enough; you glide down, at just the right diving angle; and then, at just the right moment, a few feet from the ground, you redress, or flatten out; and if you do all these things in the proper way you land as lightly as a wisp of gossamer; but do one of them wrong, and you smash up."

In the Y. M. C. A. hut over their tea Jack still talked flying.

"I'll get my brevet here," he said, "in about a week. There are seven tests you must pass for your brevet. First, the solo hop — just up and then down again. Second, the *tour de pièce* — round and round the field, not too high, and a good landing to conclude. Third, spirals — cut your motor at 600 meters' altitude, and spiral down to a mark. Fourth, *épingle* — a hairpin-shaped turn, made with your motor stopped dead. Fifth, altitude test — go up 2,000 meters and stay there 75 minutes. Sixth, two *petites voyages* of 100 miles each — easy ones. Seventh, two triangular voyages with a map — difficult ones, showing that you can find your way across country and go where you want to, whether with the wind or against it. That's all."

"It must be hard," said Julia.

"No, it's not hard. The average cadet passes his tests and gets his brevet after 25 hours in the air and 50 landings. Your brevet promotes you to a first lieutenancy; first lieutenants, by the way, draw two hundred and ninety dollars a month in actual war flying: but the brevet is only the beginning. This school is only a primary school. You go from here to secondary and grammar schools where you learn acrobatics, machine-gunnery, combat work."

"Oh, but it must be hard. Aren't you afraid?"

"No, I'm not afraid," he said soberly. "I doubted myself at first, but I'm all right now."

He nibbled a *madeleinette* thoughtfully.

"Flying," he said, "is like bicycling or swimming or diving. It seems very difficult to learn, and then, all of a sudden, you have learned it. It seems thrilling, and then, all of a sudden, it is tame. Do you understand what I mean? I mean that I take a flight now with no more excitement than I take a swim."

He laughed and went on:

"In my altitude test, circling about for an hour up there, I got sleepy. Sleepy in an airplane! The only interesting test is the triangular voyage. You pick your way by means of a map. The map is fixed in a nickel frame in front of you, and there's a screw to move it back and forth on its rollers. It's fun to identify on the map the rivers and woods and roads and towns that spread below."

He sipped his tea.

"No, the brevet is nothing. It's when you come to trick flying, to aerial acrobatics, that the fun begins. Aerial acrobatics will weed a lot of us out. Those tricks, you know, are only done in small single-seaters: your double-seater is too clumsy: and so you don't go up with an instructor to learn to do them — no, you must go up and learn to do them all alone.

"All alone," he repeated. "Your solo hop is exciting, but it's nothing to your first *vrille* or barrel. Up you go alone. They've told you that if you keep your motor going and push your stick all the way over to the left, you'll begin to turn left-side somersaults — somersaults, I mean, one after another, on your left wing. Will you, really? You're going to try it, anyhow."

"What is the use of these dreadful acrobatics?" Julia asked.

"They've got a dozen uses. For example, an accident might throw me to-morrow into a *vrille*. Well, if it did, I'd be killed. I'd smash inevitably. But after I've learned acrobatics, then, if I'm ever thrown into a *vrille*, I can easily save myself. Acrobatics, you see, teach you your airplane — all its capabilities. These acrobatic stunts, too, are very valuable for dodging and duping machine-guns and anti-aircraft batteries."

Julia drew a long breath.

"I always hated blood," she said. "I always fainted. And now I work in blood. Can I stand it? I want to, but can I?"

She looked at him with her puzzled eyes.

"You said you doubted yourself at first. How is it you don't doubt yourself any more, Mr. Stanton?"

"You'll laugh if I tell you."

"No, I won't."

"I prayed," he said, in an embarrassed voice.

She did not laugh. In silence she gazed into the distance. Then she said:

"If ever people had need of prayer, you boys — you millions of boys who have been set to killing one another all over the world ——"

She ceased suddenly. She turned her head aside. He saw her with her little handkerchief dabbing at her eyes.

The football team strode past singing in the dusk. An airplane landed badly in the dim light amid roars of laughter. It was just like school or college, and the two friends put away their gloomy thoughts.

AN express train dumped him out at midnight in a black mud-hole. Rain was falling. The station agent could not understand his French. He, try as he would, could not understand the French of the station agent.

So, taking up his bag, the young man went forth into the cold wet night. Lieutenant Stanton had got his brevet and his promotion, and to-morrow he would enroll himself at the secondary school which lay somewhere behind this mud-hole of a town.

A hill rose before him. Its top gave forth a dim blur. He mounted toward the blur through ankle-deep mud hopefully, now and then stepping with a loud splash into a puddle.

Voices — voices somehow friendly and familiar — two stalwart figures descending the hill — the flash of an electric torch — salutes and friendly words.

These two young giants were soldier policemen from the flying school, and they would be glad to conduct him to the best hotel. They hailed from the Far West. The Oregonian was mate of a coasting schooner. The Dakotan had been an insurance agent.

"It's dull for us over here, sir, not knowin' the lingo," the insurance agent said. "Plenty of good-lookin' girls about, but, since you can't talk to 'em, what's the use?"

They reached the top of the hill, and entered a *place*, or public square, deep in mud. A dozen unimportant-looking buildings fronted the *place*. From one of them a light shone.

"There's your hotel, sir. No Waldorf, of course."

They left him. Plunging cheerily into the night, they disappeared.

The next morning was beautifully bright and cold, and an automobile — for the flying school was ten miles distant — awaited him in the *place*.

Soon they were out in the country. Biplanes in stately squadrons crossed the blue sky above them. The biplanes advanced in V's, in L's, and in Indian file.

"Like flights of wild ducks!" he cried.

And now the flying school itself appeared. A veritable city. There were broad, straight roads. There were admirable sidewalks. There were squares on squares of neat, one-story buildings. A mile-long freight-train lumbered to a siding. German prisoners worked lazily.

His room was comfortable — steam-heated room in a steam-heated building — and for dinner he had American fried ham — French ham is tasteless — with corn, potatoes, American jam, and a cake still warm from the oven. An excellent dinner on a table of new pine. No cloth or other effeminate table trappings, of course. No chairs, but new pine benches. And after dinner, while brawny young waiters in khaki noisily cleared away, he sat and talked with his brother officers over cigarettes and coffee in the great, clean, pine-smelling room.

He began work that afternoon with a lesson in machine-gunnery. The row of machine-guns was trained on a hill a hundred yards distant. Privates, hidden in a trench in front of the hill, marched back and forth with square paper targets, like political transparencies, fixed on long poles. You shot at those moving targets.

But first, in the warm sunshine of the windless winter afternoon, Captain Archie Freeman explained the importance of machine-gunnery in aviation. Machine-gunnery in aviation was like batting in baseball — you got nowhere without it. Each gun was mounted on a low tripod, and the gunner sat behind it on a low iron seat like a bicycle saddle.

R-r-rat-tat-tat!

Now the gunner takes careful aim at the shifting target. Now he presses the trigger. Rat-tat-tat! As long as he holds the trigger down the gun will keep shooting at the rate of six hundred shots a minute.

"In air fighting," said Captain Freeman, "the best range is 100 yards — our range here."

Lieutenant Stanton shot very well for a beginner. Squatted on the low iron saddle, sighting at the target that moved back and forth before him, he fired his belt of fifty cartridges in bursts of five or six at a time, getting fourteen hits in all. Then, amid compliments, he chewed his gum and puffed at his cigarette. Amazing how good this open-air life made him feel!

He began to fly at the secondary school, as he had begun at the primary one, in a double-control machine with an instructor. For they flew only Nieuports here, and these Nieuports, swift, slim, powerful, differed from the primary school or learners' machines as a racing skiff differs from a canal-boat.

At the end of a week he achieved his Nieuport solo hop. Then he tackled one by one his spirals and his hairpin turns.

He did well, but he was not elated. For, as he skimmed through the air in his Nieuport, other Nieuports somersaulted in the sky above him, or came slithering crazily down like autumn leaves. Their bodies were painted in a futurist design of great black and white squares. They were acrobatic planes, and his own plane beside them was a lumbering thing.

The acrobatic Nieuports—*avions de combat, avions de chasse* — had a wing spread of 15 square meters (his was 23 square meters) and across their wings from tip to tip they measured only 22 feet. Single-seaters, you must fly them alone from the start. No instructor, no double-control work, here.

And in due course he made his single-seater solo hop. The *avion* looked incredibly small in comparison with the *avions* he had flown hitherto. Small but mighty, it pointed its hooded nose indomitably at the sky. The upward slant of its body was very marked. Other *avions* at rest lay flat, pointing in peaceful fashion toward the horizon; but this *avion* pointed heavenward belligerently.

The young man was strapped in with three straps, one circling his waist, and one passing over each shoulder. His feet on the rudder and his hand on the stick, he regarded the simple apparatus ranged about him — the dial of his revolution counter, the dial of his altitude recorder, the small lever for regulating the gas, the large lever for regulating its speed. It took two strong men to start his great propeller. Now the motor was roaring like a hurricane. The mighty *avion* shook with repressed power. It darted over the grass. In

[*Continued on page 53*]

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Work or Fight!

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Have You Fallen Into Your War Stride?

by Paul Tomlinson

MOST of us are familiar with the order recently promulgated by the Government that all men of draft age must either be engaged in some productive employment or go into the Army. No one has questioned the fairness of this order. It has been recognized as entirely necessary to our successful conduct of the War, and we can see good reason for it. We understand now what a task it is to beat Germany, and that if we are to accomplish her defeat we must all bend every effort to that end. We also know the three essentials of victory — men, materials, and money. We know that men are being drafted, that materials are being commandeered; but what about money?

True, taxes are high, and mounting steadily higher. But we are not obliged to give our money to the Government, as young men selected by the draft are obliged to give their services. We are not required to buy Liberty Bonds or War Savings Stamps; indeed, we can, if we will, still spend our money for luxuries or non-essentials. But it is just as unpatriotic to spend our money for needless things as it is not to buy Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps. *Money is one of the essentials of victory.* It should either work or fight. And it should not only work, but work productively.

One of the most encouraging signs of our financial times is that in spite of the increased cost of living and heavy payments for Government bonds and taxes, savings deposits are steadily increasing. It would seem as if most people are responding to the Government's appeal for economy, and that the amount of money spent on luxuries is growing smaller. We are beginning to learn that money spent on non-essentials means keeping people employed in some unnecessary industry, with the result that the supply of labor for war work is affected. The Government's work order will remedy this state of affairs to some extent, but the voluntary and whole-hearted co-operation of every individual in the country is necessary. Our money must work or fight.

Now, fighting is the main business of the United States to-day, as it is of practically the whole world. The Government controls our fighting, its needs must come first, and it must have the loyal support of every one of us in order to make victory certain. On the other hand, is it entirely prudent to overlook the possibilities in an investment situation which is almost without precedent? We may profitably bear in mind that when the Government's requirements have been satisfied there are certain industries also deserving of our support. Provided, however, that we remember that the Fourth Liberty Loan will be offered presently, and that it *must* be subscribed.

THERE is not one of us who doubts that the Entente Allies will win the War, and we know that when the struggle is over the United States will be in a most enviable economic position. At the present time, however, there are many people who are not investing because they fear the Government is going to take all surplus earnings in taxes. But it is not to be thought of that any such policy will be adopted by Congress, for it would be not only short-sighted but a policy from which the Government would be the worst sufferer. Business and industry must be encouraged if the public is to have money with which to buy Liberty Bonds. Taxes will be high, make up your mind to that, but they will not be exorbitant.

Meanwhile, there are many reasons why investors might consider the purchase of high-grade securities. Our crops this year are probably the most valuable ever harvested, and they will be sold at prices to yield a splendid profit. Our ability to spend money was never so great. Our large industries are doing an enormous volume of business, and wages have never been so high. Another factor of importance is that the Government and business are now beginning to understand each other. The so-called "Captains of Industry" have almost without exception demonstrated that they have the interests of their country at heart. The result will be that much of the prejudice against and suspicion of "big business" will be removed. This will help business and the securities sold, to provide capital for business.

We have the largest gold reserve of any nation, and our banking system is probably the best in the world. The output of our various industries is almost unbelievably great. We have placed our railroads under Government control, thus removing the chance of railroad failures and receiverships, which would have been seriously disturbing to the financial market. As a matter of fact, our securities market is now the most stable and the broadest of any in existence. All of this means that we have almost unexampled opportunities for profitable investment.

Money invested in railroad bonds is working. In moving the great harvest the carriers are not only rendering the greatest possible aid to our cause, but they will probably have the largest business in their history. Moreover, a billion dollars is being spent this year on locomotives, cars, and necessary equipment, so the railroads should be in a position to handle this enormous business. An increase in freight rates has been granted them. What more can any investor ask for than the securities of some of our railroads?

The situation is somewhat different with many of our industrial corporations, though, as pointed out last month, certain exceptions have to be made. Short-term loans have been made by a number of industrial companies and in many cases they are most attractive. As a matter of fact, short-term loans, not only of industrial companies, but of railroads and Governments as well, will bear careful examination at this time. Money invested in many of these short-term loans also is working.

A list of nine Government

McClure's Financial Booklet

Eighth Edition

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
List of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent. and Safety
Bonds, Stocks, and Mortgages
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A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
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First Principles of Life Insurance
Investment Opportunities of the War

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Revision

NOT infrequently the return from investments may be increased through a revision of holdings.

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Bankers Mortgage Co., Des Moines, Ia., will send booklet 116 dealing with Iowa First Farm Mortgages and Tax Free Municipal Bonds.

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Am I the One to Go to France?

[*Continued from page 24*]

The Y. M. C. A. is sending canteen workers to France. Women of the highest type are needed. Described by Dr. John R. Mott, they should be "the choicest spirits among the women of America — women of social gifts and graces, of established Christian character, of sound health capable of enduring constant strain. They should possess quiet, undiscourageable enthusiasm, and above all should have the capacity to bring cheer and comfort to men in the face of the great realities involved in devotion even unto death in a great cause."

Each applicant must have a minimum of five hundred dollars toward her expenses; she must be able to pass a rigid physical examination, and give three references for character and personality. She must have the quality of leadership, and understand military discipline.

A college education is desirable, but not absolutely necessary, and a working knowledge of French is now one of the essentials.

Most of all, she must have a charming, delightful personality, that will take men back to the hut over and over because it is pervaded with the homelike atmosphere she has created.

The last group of women workers in the "Y" is the clerical staff. These women must have had several years of office experience, must be willing to work at anything required, under very trying circumstances. The strain is greater even than in offices in American cities, and to meet it they must be strong physically. They must be good team-workers, with infinite patience for details. Initiative, judgment, tact, and cheerfulness of spirit are needed.

At the request of American army officers, the French Government, and the owners of munitions factories in France, the Y. W. C. A. is sending women workers overseas. An applicant here must be physically fit, able to stand the cold and to thrive on the food available. She must be a "good sport," working harmoniously without any rowing, ready to do anything — teach the metric system or French or English, direct a cafeteria or a dressmaking class, get up a "sing" and translate the songs, and make a bare room attractive with a few yards of bright cretonne.

She must also know French, and have had special training in social or recreational work, or in the housing of girls. She must have made good in her line, for no amateur is accepted under any circumstances. She must have tact, to deal with army officers, with French gentlewomen who have never before done anything outside their own house, with French servants who find it difficult to get used to our American quickness, with French workmen when the best are in the army, and with the various types of women she is in France to serve — nurses in base hospitals, telephone girls, signal corps women, munitions workers. To get along with all these she must be democratic, disregarding social lines, able to meet any group — they're all ladies supposedly.

Am I the one to go to France with one of the other organizations?

A worker for the American Fund for French Wounded must present a doctor's letter saying she is quite capable of undertaking this work, and sign a contract for a year's service, releasing the Fund from responsibility. The work in France includes service in the Paris warehouse, where every woman serves an apprenticeship in the monotonous task of reshipping supplies from America; driving a motor to any one of the fourteen hundred Fund hospitals and repairing the car if it breaks down; and dispensary work in little villages.

An applicant must speak sufficient French to explain who she is and where she is going, to understand what is the matter with a patient at the clinics, and to get along in every-day matters.

Workers in the American Committee for Devastated France must pay all their traveling and living expenses, must speak French fluently, and give four references for character and efficiency, as well as a doctor's certificate. The contract calls for a minimum service of six months.

Women are sent over only in answer to special requests from the Commissioner in France, through the American Embassy in Paris, and from a varied group — a manual training teacher, dispensary nurses, dairy and chicken experts, motor drivers — all must have had practical experience. Just now, for their six thousand acres where the Committee is raising food in France, agriculturists are in great demand. But the requests are constantly changing, one or two of a kind, and another class is asked for, as this work develops in devastated France.

Last, but most important of all, are the workers needed by the Red Cross.

As its task in Europe increases, the need for capable men and women grows. Volunteers who can give their services and pay their own living expenses are desired.

Applicants must be distinguished for their integrity, ability, and loyalty. A thorough knowledge of French is a valuable asset, and is required for some positions. Women must be ready to obey orders, must be serious in purpose, dignified in deportment, and thoroughly qualified for the particular service they offer — social or clerical or canteen work.

The Red Cross also needs clerks, motor-truck drivers, warehouse workers; and men of tact, imagination and human sympathy, to secure information for friends and relatives about the dead, wounded, and missing.

Such are the high standards for service in France. How do you measure up to them?

Perhaps your place is not overseas, at all. Then find it in this country, for there is something for every man and woman to do, to help to win the War.

To McClure Readers

The special Financial Service Bureau of McClure's is maintained exclusively for the benefit of McClure readers.

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Financial & Insurance Department
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"I'm Flying To-day!" — *Continued from page 49*

an instant it was in the air, mounting with incredible speed toward the clouds.

In due course he mastered it, and in due course, promoted to the acrobatic field, he tried his first *vrille*.

The acrobatic field was the most thrilling of all. Here, day after day, young men soared up into the sky to essay impossible feats alone, while instructors and fellow-students watched from below. That was an anxious moment truly. Sometimes a young man would circle round and round for twenty minutes before he got up nerve enough to tackle the job assigned him. Sometimes he would come down, angry and ashamed, without having tackled it at all. Then a talk like this would ensue:

"Aha! cold feet, hey?"

"Cold feet nothin'! Motor trouble."

"Come off!"

"No — it was my motor — honest!"

Thus wisely, with a thumping lie, the young man would conceal his shame, and then he would go up again and redeem himself.

Jack Stanton's instructor, seated in a dummy plane before the hangar, explained the *vrille*.

"In a *vrille* you come falling down nose first, and as you fall you spin round and round like a top, your tail spinning in large circles, and your nose in very small ones. Look, there's one now!"

AND Jack, gazing up into the sky, saw a biplane falling. Its tail, as it fell, described great circles, which threw it into horrible positions. These positions, thanks to the tail's gyrations, changed continually. Now the biplane fell in a dive. Now it fell on its back upside down. Now it fell in a dive again. And now — now it smoothly regained its equilibrium and mounted up into the sky once more.

"For years," said the instructor, "the *vrille* was thought to be inevitably fatal. It's such a slow fall, you see. There's no control without speed, and in the slow *vrille*, tug as you would at rudder and stick, you couldn't get any response. So, tugging away, you spun down, down, till — crash! Hundreds of airmen died like that.

"And then," the instructor went on, "some lucky chap discovered that, instead of tugging at stick and rudder like a demon, the thing to do in a *vrille* was just to set them neutral. Just set them neutral, lean back and take it easy, and your *vrille* would change at once into a straight nose dive. That meant safety. You had speed now, and speed means safety and control."

Seated in the dummy plane, the instructor, his brief preface over, set the dummy rudder and stick neutral — set them, that is to say, in the center, as for perfectly straight and perfectly level flying.

"First act — how to get into our *vrille*," he said. "Second act — how to get out. First, then, controls neutral and pull stick sharply back, like this. That sends you mounting up in a steep curve. Well, when you're at the curve's apex, when you're nearly standing on your tail, shut off your motor — stall her — so, and swing your rudder to the right. Your nose will then turn down, and you'll begin to fall through the air with a queer right-side glide — a kind of diving side-slip. Diving and slipping thus, push your stick to the right, so, and what's the result? The result is that you're now in a full right *vrille*. Your nose is spinning to the right in small circles, and your tail in very large ones. A few years ago that would have meant death."

The instructor looked at the controls all pushed to the right.

"But we're losing altitude," he said. "We're getting dangerously near the earth. So now it's time for our second act. Second act — to get out of our *vrille* — controls neutral again. This stops the spinning. It changes the slow, flapping, spinning fall to a straight, swift one — a nose dive. You've now got speed; you're safe. Yes, safe in your nose dive, nothing is easier than to pull your stick back gently, thus. That brings your nose up, and the next instant you are flying normally once more."

"At what height," said Lieutenant Stanton, "shall I try my *vrille*?"

"The best height for all acrobatics is 700 meters. The air is just the right thickness there. But you're a greenhorn; you'd better go higher — 1,200 meters or so. And now, get in here yourself. Do me a *vrille* — the same as you'll be doing it up in the sky to-morrow."

Thereupon the young man took his place in the dummy plane and went through the *vrille's* evolutions.

"Very good; but," said the instructor, "you mustn't pull your stick back too hard at the end there, or you'll come out of your nose dive upside down."

"No!" And Lieutenant Stanton, horrified, gulped.

Thus, seated in the dummy plane before the hangar, he perfected himself in the *vrille* while high above him young lieutenants and captains circled in uncontrollable trepidation — circled, circled — and then took their courage in both hands and plunged, for the first time, into impossible feats.

He dreamed of *vrilles* that night, and he rose unrefreshed. The instructor put him through one more drill in the dummy, then told him to ascend and do a real *vrille* in the sky. He gulped.

Gulping, he got into his small and mighty biplane. He fastened the straps about his waist and those over each shoulder, and the two mechanicians started his propeller.

Curious eyes regarded him. Would he do his *vrille* at once, the curious eyes asked, or would he get cold feet up there?

Now he was climbing skyward. He knew how to do a *vrille*, as he knew how to make a back dive. He was certain of that, and the certainty comforted him. Hang it, though — suppose a chap who had never made a back dive was bidden, after a few oral instructions, to get up on a rock and do one, the penalty for failure being death? That was exactly Lieutenant Stanton's position, and it frightened him.

His altitude recorder marked 1,000 meters —1,200 meters.

And then, in a kind of rage, he set his controls neutral, pulled back his stick, duly stalled his engine, and duly kicked his right rudder. A queer, gliding dive ensued. So far, so good. He pushed his stick to the right, and found himself engulfed in the *vrille's* sickening and fearful revolutions. He gritted his teeth. He kept his eye on his altitude recorder. Altitude was being lost very fast. This *vrille* was horrible, but, after all, it wasn't half so horrible as his fear of it had been. Enough? Not yet. Enough? Yes. He set his controls neutral and got forthwith his nose dive. He pulled his stick back gently and got normal flight. Hurrah!

"A veteran," said the instructor, "couldn't have done a better *vrille*."

The plunge over, his other acrobatic feats came easier. The barrel, for example, did not phase him at all. The barrel, showiest of feats, is a series of sidewise somersaults — one, two, three somersaults on the right wing or the left, according as you use the right or left controls. Nothing could be more startling to behold.

Yet he found the barrel simple. Aside from a slight dizziness, he achieved it without difficulty. It was a mere matter of keeping his motor going and at the same time pushing his stick hard over in the direction he desired to turn. Result, somersault after somersault. To get out of his barrel, he put his controls neutral and pulled back on his stick, and in a moment found himself in a spiral. To get out of the spiral was, of course, a simple question of steersmanship.

He learned the right and left *renversement*. In the right *renversement* you threw your stick to the right, kicked your rudder to the right and shut off your motor. This turned you over on your right wing till you were upside down. Gravity, as you lay upside down, pulled on your nose and brought you into a nose dive. You got out of your nose dive by the usual procedure, a gentle pull back on your stick, and then, when you re-started your motor, you were going in the opposite direction. Squadrons flying in V's from the combat field would sometimes do a *renversement* simultaneously. Advancing at 100 miles an hour toward the north, they would suddenly turn over on one wing, dive, and in an instant be on their way in perfect V formation again — only, instead of going north, they would now be going south.

He learned the wing slip — learned, when banking steeply to the right, to give the left or reverse rudder which would send him slipping down sidewise. He got out of his wing slip by diving into it.

"You are ready now," they told him, "for the combat field."

He had improved in his machine-gun practise, and in the combat field they sent him up with a dummy or camera machine-gun to try his skill in mimic combat.

It was a dummy Vickers-Maxim, and to all intents and purposes it worked like the real thing; only each shot made a photograph instead of a wound. If your target, the enemy plane, appeared in the photograph thus made, you could be said to have hit it, and the nearer the center of the photograph the enemy plane lay, the nearer you had come to a bull's-eye.

"The fighting pilot in his single-seater," the combat field instructor said, "uses a Vickers-Maxim on account of its simplicity. The gun is synchronized to shoot between the blades of the propeller. It is placed, of course, in the bow, and for simplicity's sake it is immovable. To aim it, you just aim your airplane. Set you nose straight at the foe, and that sets your gun straight at him. The trigger is ready at hand here on the stick, and as long as your finger presses the trigger the gun will keep on firing. Very simple, isn't it? No dangerous confusion due to simultaneous aiming and steering — aiming and steering are one and the same process. No trouble about firing — just press the button and off she goes."

Then Lieutenant Stanton and his friends mounted into the sky above the combat field and shot at one another with their camera guns. At first they scored nothing but misses. Soon, though, their skill improved, and they were taught to make their mimic flights more realistic. It was thrilling to watch them as they manœuvered round and round one another high in air, diving, side-slipping, somersaulting, then suddenly rushing together for an instant like savage hawks.

The thing everybody tried for in these mimic duels was to get on an opponent's tail — to dart upon him from straight behind. Thus you were safe from his immovable, forward-pointing machine-gun.

They learned squadron flying. In splendid precision they advanced in V's and L's across the sky. They wheeled, they somersaulted, they dived, and their formation remained always unchanged and unimpaired. No flight of wild ducks was half so beautiful.

AND now, Lieutenant Stanton moves south to the final school of all, a school beside a lake, with snow-capped mountains rising in the distance.

At the lakeside school you fought mimic duels with real machine-guns, using tracer bullets. These tracer bullets left a trail of smoke behind them, a path which showed you exactly where your shots were landing. Poised above the lake were *saucisses*, reconnoitering balloons, that you tried to bring down in flames. Here were dirigibles to be attacked, there anti-aircraft batteries to be dodged. The school reproduced, in short, real battle conditions, and you passed from it to the war zone a trained war pilot.

So to the war zone Lieutenant Stanton passed, hurried a little, perhaps, by the "Kaiser's battle," the great German offensive of St. Quentin.

Lieutenant Stanton knew his business now. None could handle a fighting airplane better, none could shoot a machine-gun better, none could get on an opponent's tail with wilier tricks.

It all seemed simple and easy to him. But——

Lieutenant Stanton, drawing nearer to the "Kaiser's battle," looked grave.

But, under fire, how was he going to act?

Gazing from the window, he did not see the spring landscape with its snowy fruit trees. He saw himself in a small and mighty battle-plane high over the German lines.

And then the picture changed, and he saw his father and mother. He saw them distinctly — saw every wrinkle in their aging faces, every gray strand in their hair. His father and mother were smiling at him. Ah, the pride, the tender and solemn pride, of his father's and mother's smile!

"Oh, God," he prayed, "never to disgrace them! Always, always, to do them honor!"

Again, as after that other prayer, the young man was strangely comforted.

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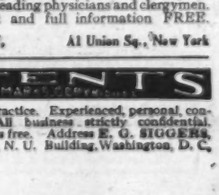

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The Hateful Person — *Continued from page 8*

wasn't up to his qualms. Sherman was contemptuous of those who spoke so highly of it. Sherry, he thought, was infinitely more sinful, and more appetizing; but a man of average self-control could readily dispense with even sherry, and never miss it. He didn't know that his defense against the stimulants had been miraculous; and that already he had taken twice as much as Rossing had intended.

The girl across the table laughed softly at Sherman. She had nothing to say to him, and he had nothing to say to her.

"Too bad you don't dance," remarked the girl, after a long silence.

Sherman looked at her, and marveled. She couldn't have been more than nineteen; she was a delicately tinted brunette, with big, childlike eyes and a profusion of curly hair which accentuated her immaturity the more. She was dressed quietly, and she spoke quietly; there was nothing about her save her intonation to betray the defects of education and of refinement. She was a fair duplicate, in her outward aspect, of nine out of every ten girls who graced his Sunday school.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said it's too bad you don't dance."

"I never thought so," said Sherman, "as much as I do this minute."

"Honest?" She was brightly skeptical.

"Honest," said Sherman. "I'll never stop wishing I could have had a dance with you to-night." And he was truthful in the assertion, but not because of the personality opposite. He meant that he should have welcomed the opportunity of a laboratory test; but he was misunderstood, and got credit for a bit of flattery. "I'm sorry—I didn't catch your name?"

"Helen," she said, dismissing her patronymic as immaterial and irrelevant to the issue.

"Helen," echoed Sherman. Mindful of his classics, he smiled pityingly. "If I didn't know better," he said, "I'd believe you came direct from Troy yourself."

"Utica," she corrected blandly.

"That's near enough to be epic."

The girl breathed a slow sigh of weariness.

"You're a funny one," she said. "I can't dope you out a little bit. Don't you ever talk American?"

Sherman perceived that in life, as well as in sermons, the only method of reaching the common people is to descend to the level where they congregate. He wasn't in the least fascinated by his vis-à-vis; but he knew that she must be attractive to a fair majority of discerning bipeds; and furthermore, he was sensible that he had at hand a possible solution to a problem which had often been submitted to him. He was curious to tabulate his inclinations over a period of hours; to see if, in the course of time, and under the stimulus of Rossing's pharmacopœia, he should harbor less and less aversion to Miss Helen Homer. He argued that if his attitude toward her suffered a pronounced change, if eventually his aloofness were softened, and he could look upon her with gratification, he would possess evidence which couldn't be controverted. He beckoned to a hovering waiter.

"Quart," said Sherman.

"The same? Yessir!"

Rossing and his partner were busily engaged upon the encore; Sherman looked at Miss Homer, and bestirred himself to action.

"You must see some queer people, take it by and large," he said.

"Yes, I do," she agreed, pointedly.

"It seems to me," said Sherman, "that it might be very interesting."

Miss Helen Homer yawned in answer.

"Fill it up," she told the waiter.

"But I suppose," said Sherman, "that if you come to lively places like this *every* night, you ——"

"Lively!" snorted Miss Helen Homer. "Call *this* lively? Deadest hole on Broadway!"

"Dead!" said Sherman stupefied. "Dead! Did you say *dead*?"

"Awful. . . . Aren't you going to drink yours?"

"Of course." Sherman took it, wincing. "Why did we come here, then?"

"Oh, your friend likes it. What is he, anyway — a minister?"

Sherman choked, and half strangled.

"Not exactly that. What *do* you call lively?"

"Oh, there's some new places," she responded. "Lots of 'em."

Sherman was unexpectedly restless; the potency of the wine had begun its long impeded victory.

"Why don't we go there?"

"Why, I didn't know you wanted to!" she said in astonishment. "Lord knows *I'm* willing!"

"Just a minute!" said Sherman, and without appraising what it was that spurred him, he got awkwardly to his feet, and managed to arrive at the edge of the clearing, where he lingered until he caught Rossing's eye.

"What's the idea?" demanded Rossing, coming to a halt.

"We're ready to move on, Jimmy." Sherman was abruptly filled with the certainty that nothing on earth was of similar magnitude to the urgent necessity of moving on.

"Where?"

"I don't know. She's bored." He was tremendously solicitous for her boredom; and he resented Rossing's apparent unconcern.

"After this dance — that all right?"

"I — guess so," said Sherman, retreating.

To Miss Helen Homer he indignantly reported that Rossing was diffident, and his face glowed at the affront that had been put upon her.

"Never mind — they can follow us if they want to. We'll tell the doorman."

"And leave this?" Sherman indicated the product of France for which he had paid eight dollars.

"There's plenty more where that came from," scoffed Miss Helen Homer. "Got a taxi?"

Sherman didn't want to leave Rossing behind him; but he was startlingly submissive to suggestion. It seemed to him as though the progression had originated with him, and not with the girl. Moreover, Rossing had belittled him. Sherman quivered with antagonism and zeal, and suddenly he was at the mercy of his aberrations.

"Get a taxi," he said to the nearest servitor. His heart glowed with power; he hadn't spoken thus insolently to a waiter since his freshman year. "I'm beginning to understand," he commented aloud.

"WHAT?" asked the girl.

"I didn't say anything," said Sherman. He was strangely peaceful, and strangely agitated at the same moment. The fraternity of man was a topic very near to him, and cogent.

"That taxi ready? Wait ——"

"What's the matter?"

"One last bubble!" said Sherman, filling both glasses. It was the first time he had tasted an intoxicant for no ulterior cause — the first time he had touched alcohol because he wanted it. . . . Somehow he failed to realize that this was properly the end of the first lesson. It may have been because he had just now capitulated unconditionally to the enemy, and he was thinking in circles.

A mile further north, they entrenched themselves in a salient of potted palms, and ordered fresh relays of expensive effervescence. Sherman was growing painfully alert; and he was exquisitely sensitive both to sound and color. There was an ache in his chest, and an ache about his temples, and inanimate objects were almost imperceptibly blurred before him, but all harshness had slipped away from his comprehension; and he was cognizant of a pervading mood of mellow kindness toward a universe which was immeasurably kind to him. Sociology was a very good joke indeed; Sherman wondered how he had been so stupid as to ignore deductions which, if he had been really intelligent, he could have made without quitting his study. Men, he said gleefully to himself, are capable of anything; and the nature of man is elastic. How else could he sit at ease with a pretty lady, and feel no sense of shame? Was he not as human as the rest of mankind? And what was the harm in it, provided that the conscience of the man was free from blemish? Sherman was learning rapidly. And even although he was slowly acquiring enjoyment from his surroundings, no lightnings had yet blasted him; was it credible that there was a flaw in his theology?

"Now *this* is what I call lively!" said Miss Helen Homer. She reached for his hand, and patted it demonstratively. "Thanks for bringing me up here. I'd have had the willies in another minute down-town."

"I'm glad you like it. . . . That's weird music, isn't it?" Sherman was hearing it as from an immense distance.

"Hawaiian." She evidently considered that the adjective was inclusive. Perhaps it was.

Sherman stared at her, and shook his head perplexedly.

"I can't make it out," he said.

"Make what out?"

"Everything. You and me — and the whole thing."

"Why bother?"

"That's my business — bothering about things."

"On a newspaper?" she inquired.

"No — I'm a. . . a teacher."

"Oh!" Her curiosity was short-lived. "You're not a New Yorker, are you?"

"No. I'm from the West."

"Come here often?"

"Not very." Sherman wished that the ventilation was more adequate.

"That's too bad."

"Is it?"

"Yes — I know a gentleman when I see one."

Sherman was profoundly affected by the aged blandishment.

"How do you?"

"Oh, by the way you treat girls."

"Ah!" He was more pleased than he could have expressed. "That's very nice of you."

"I'm not trying to be nice."

"No?" Sherman started in affright; he had been smitten with the fantasy that his center of gravity had deserted him utterly.

"No — only straight."

"You don't profess to — to *like* me, do you?"

"Of course I like you." She lifted her glass to imply a dedication. "Well,——"

"The same to you," said Sherman, duplicating her gesture.

They sat for a brief period of incommunication, during which the music jangled effectually, and the keynote of the whole room rose a pitch or two. Sherman, metamorphosed to a giddy being unfamiliar to himself, fell unwittingly into the cast of an exhorter addressing lectures to Sherman.

"You, Sherman," apostrophized the lecturer. "Know what you're doing? You do, eh? This isn't sociology. You're having a good time, Sherm, old boy! Pretty wicked, aren't you? Think you're a regular hyena, don't you? Why don't you get up and leave — why don't you?. . . . Look here, Sherman, this is too much! Yes, that's what I said — too much! *You* know why men fall for this sort of stuff, don't you? You've got the system, all right. Easy. Nothing to it but a little froth and a little don't-care-a-hang, and there you are! You won't roast the next man who comes to you, will you? Not much you won't! You can talk turkey to him, can't you? You bet you can! Well, why don't you get out now? What are you sticking around for! You started all right — wanted information. Now you've got it. Pay your check and leave. Oh, I don't care. Go as far as you like! You're *all right*, Sherm — . . . . Say, *isn't* she pretty?"

Sherman laughed, and nervously bit the anterior end from a cigar.

"Helen," he said, thickly, "I'm a fool."

"No, you're not."

"Yes, I am — I'm an. . . I'm an egregious fool."

"Why, what makes you say that?"

"Listen to that Hawaiian music — and I can't dance!"

"Oh, piffle! We can talk, can't we?"

"I — that's right. Certainly. Where's Jimmy? He said he'd stay with me."

"I'm glad he didn't — aren't you?"

"Yes. Where is he?"

"I don't know. We told the doorman ——"

"*I* didn't tell the doorman."

"Didn't you? Then they won't follow us, will they?"

"Yes," said Sherman obstinately. "Jimmy *said* he would. Good old Jimmy."

"Aren't you happy?"

"Oh, yes. Very. Aren't you?"

"Perfectly." She raised the fragile glass, and Sherman obediently raised his own. The rims touched melodiously.

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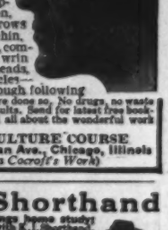

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"That's the stuff," said Sherman.

He was aware, now, of an intangible curtain of haze drawn between him and the material world. Then, too, he was annoyed by the presence of a subliminal self which was doing all the talking, and conducting its affairs in a manner unbecoming to Sherman. He couldn't blame this alter ego, because the girl was really attractive; but he did essay to tender a friendly warning, and found himself laughing when he should have been academically composed.

"You're a sweet boy," said Miss Helen Homer, inclining toward him and covering one of his hands with one of hers.

"Am I?" Sherman was transported, by the magic of Gaul, to a ship at sea; but with a final effort, he effaced the illusion.

"Yes, you are. . . . How long are you staying here?"

"In New York? Not so very long."

"I'm sorry," she said.

He laughed spasmodically.

"Oh, you say that to everybody."

"No, I don't."

"Of course you do," persisted Sherman. "You *must!*"

"How do you make that out?"

"I don't know — I just do. You *have* to say it."

"It's different with you."

Sherman utilized his free hand to convey his glass to his lips.

"How?" he demanded. His face was preternaturally stern and rigid.

"I don't know — but it is."

"I'm sorry, too," he said, involuntarily.

"You *do* like me, don't you?"

"Like you!" said Sherman. His grip tightened, and the girl looked under her brows at him.

Then in a flash he was transfixed with horror. At arm's length from them were two young people, and as Sherman's glance fell upon them, they kissed across the table. The girl laughed ingenuously.

"Nothing slow about *him!*" she said.

The emphasis stung Sherman. Temptations, of a type he had never remotely suspected, crowded to overthrow his reserve. He was shaken by emotions which scattered into flight all his battalions of resistance. His heart was driving abnormally. The soft seductiveness of the two hands held between his own was irresistible. He leaned forward; the girl drooped toward him; their lips met. Instantaneously, he felt the foundations of his world give way. His brain whirled, and deafened him.

"Let's go," said Miss Helen Homer, squeezing his hands with a firm pressure.

Sherman struggled to his feet, fighting for his lost poise. He was inconceivably confused and helpless; he was buffeted by gusts of impulse which he could neither forestall nor oppose. The girl clutched his arm. Together they went uncertainly in the direction of the door. Then, unexpectedly, on the threshold appeared Jimmy Rossing, wild-eyed and fearful.

Sherman paused, and looked at Rossing, and at the girl. His lips moved, and he fumbled at his waistcoat. He passed a hand over his forehead, and exhaled stertorously. Jimmy Rossing? What was Jimmy doing here? Oh, yes. . . .

"W-wait ——" he said.

"What is it?"

Rossing was coming toward them, but Sherman turned, and regained the table behind the palms. Coffee was still in the pot; he poured it out, and drank it greedily. It scalded him, but he put blind faith in its merit.

"Hal! Hal!" That was Rossing at his elbow.

Sherman wheeled, steadying himself by the back of a chair, and as he saw his friend standing there in petrified anxiety, Sherman knew why.

"H-hello, Jimmy," he said, hanging his head.

"You didn't leave word, Hal —I've been chasing all over town for you ——"

"Don't — a-scold me, Jimmy ——"

"I won't. But for God's sake, come with me!"

"I'm going to. . . ." He linked arms with Rossing, and allowed himself to be led to the coat-racks.

"Two taxis," snapped Rossing.

On the sidewalk, the girl was waiting. Rossing spoke to her, transferred an unseen benefaction, helped her into a closed car.

"J-just a second!" said Sherman. He removed his hat, and thrust his head through the open window.

"Thank you," he said, "for a very pleasant evening . . . . m-most charming hostess. . . ." There was the echo of a vicious slap, and Sherman withdrew his head quickly, and rubbed his cheek. "Hell hath no fury. . . . where we going, Jimmy?"

For reply, Rossing drew him into the second motor. Sherman sank back, and closed his eyes, and sighed heavily.

"Hal — you scared me to death!"

"All right — I'm sorry."

"I hope you're satisfied!"

Sherman, somewhat revived by the black coffee and the night air, coincided languidly.

"Guess I am."

"You'll take that train, too — after I get you a Turkish bath! This party's finished, you idiot!"

"Guess so," said Sherman, stupidly.

He had to be awakened when the car stopped, and it was early dawn before even the ministrations of expert masseurs restored a modicum of subjectiveness to him. Then, before he went to sleep, he smiled broken-heartedly at Rossing, who was nearby, and summoned him with a gesture.

"Jimmy, old man ——"

"Yes?"

"I — I got what I wanted, Jimmy."

"Did you?"

"Yes — I'm glad you came when you did. But Jimmy ——"

"Yes?"

"I can't. . . . I can't. . . ."

"Can't what?"

"It tastes so good," said Sherman, swallowing hard. "It *tastes* so good — so nice and sparkly — that's all, Jimmy, that's all there is to it. And . . . how can I tell folks . . . how can *I* make 'em stop? They think I'm an old granny, Jimmy. They think I don't *know*. I didn't, either. I do, now. I know everything. But I can't *tell* 'em I know ——"

"Can't you?"

"No — no," said Sherman, agonized. "I can't tell 'em, Jimmy — they're only human — and they wouldn't believe me, Jimmy — they wouldn't believe me! Isn't *that* the — isn't *that* the awful part of it, Jimmy? *They wouldn't believe me — even when I know!*" And writhing in anguish at the thought of the good he could never do, because of the liberty and freedom of the great republic, he lapsed into silence.

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Unmasking the Slacker

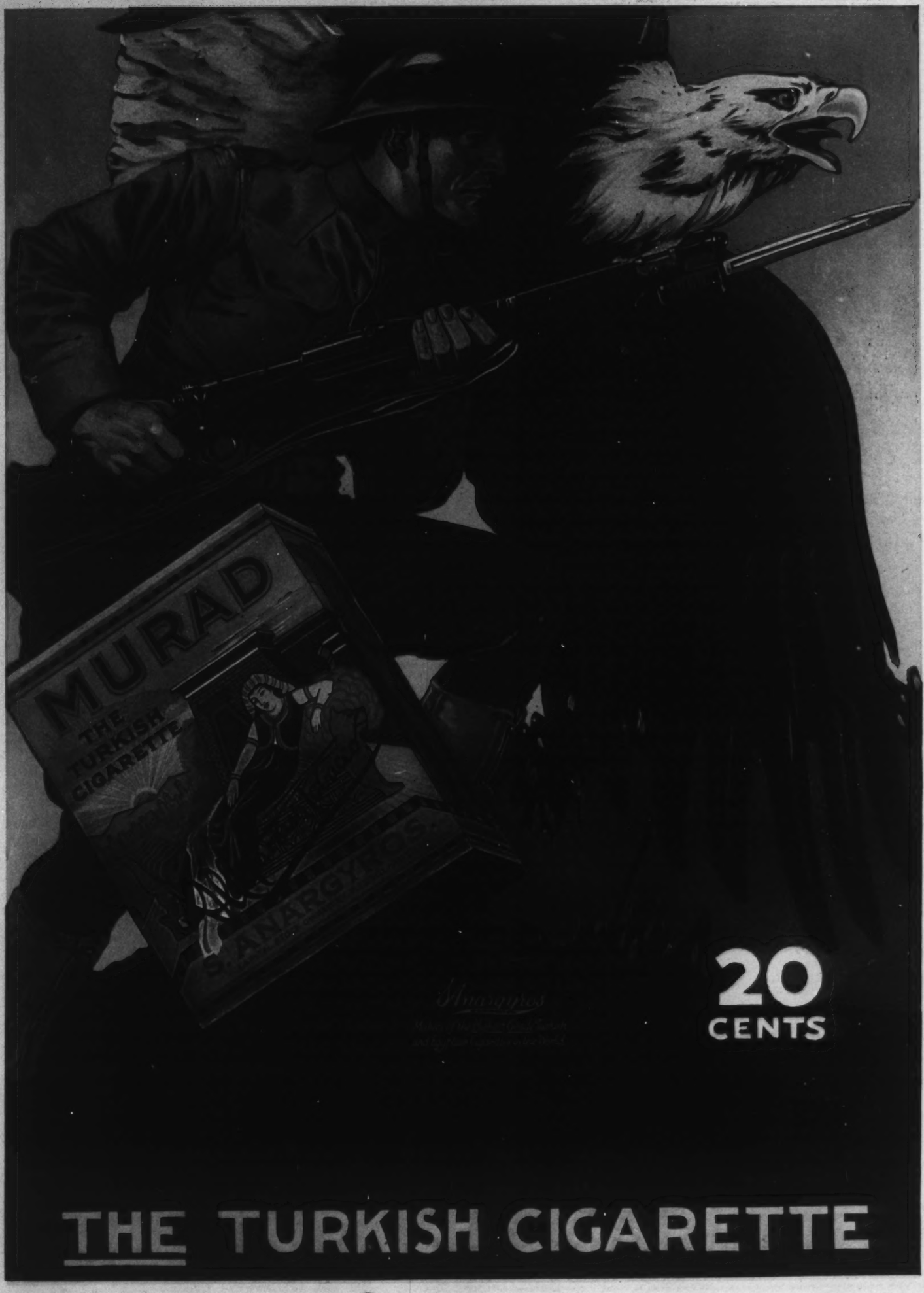
[*Continued from page 28*]

examination and pretended to be afflicted with epilepsy, catarrh, and kidney trouble — the most fantastic combination that could be conceived. Cases of simulated "guard-house back," in which the slacker curls up and tries to make the doctors believe that he cannot bend, are not rare. They are unmasked simply and effectively. At Camp Pike one "guard-house back" slacker refused to stretch out even on the ground. The doctor let him lie. That proved too much. The back eventually wearied and straightened out so rapidly as to bump the head.

It was in the African battalions of the French army that the imitation of jaundice by means of picric acid was first observed. By some telepathic process the American slacker learned the trick. When picric acid is swallowed in a protective shell of unleavened bread or cigarette paper, the skin becomes discolored a greenish-yellow. But since the fever and itching which accompany jaundice are lacking, the physician is not fooled.

Poison ivy has been used to produce a resemblance to virulent skin disease. Eczema is mimicked by abrading the skin with a knife or sand-paper, or by rubbing it with croton oil, sulphur or acids. Ulcers are produced by potash or soda lye, sulphuric acid, hydrochloric acid, or by the mere application of a hot copper penny.

In the ghastliest class of all we find the men who have all their teeth extracted by cheap dentists; the fools who lay a finger on a railway track and allow a car to cut it off — always a finger of the right hand; and the cowards who shoot themselves in the leg or the arm with their own rifles.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